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LIFE AMONG GERMAN TRAMPS.

WITH PICTURES BY WARNER ZEHME.

WILLIAM II. of Germany is the ruler of about fifty millions of people. A small fraction comprises the nobility, while the great majority are commoners, and the rest, about one hundred thousand, are roving beggars. His imperial majesty is probably well acquainted with his nobles, and he thinks that he understands the commoners, but the tramp who passes his castle now and then is a foreigner at home. Yet he is found in every city, town, and village, and there is hardly a home in the empire which he has not visited. He tramps the public highways as freely and fearlessly as the laborer, and rides on the royal railways as boldly as a king. His business in life is to prey upon the credulity of the charitable, and to steal when the eye of the law is not on watch. In spite, however, of all this publicity, but comparatively little is known of his real life and character. Various books and pamphlets have been written about him, but they have usually been grounded on second-hand information, as I have looked in vain for any account of a personal study of tramp life.

Being desirous of knowing the real facts in the case, I at first supplemented my reading by various conversations with beggars as they lounged around near my home in Berlin, and occasionally invited some of the more intelligent into my study, and plied them as cleverly as possible with all sorts of questions. But they invariably fooled me, and told the most romantic of tales, believing, probably, that they were what I wanted. Time after time I have said to them, "Oh, come now, give over this

story-telling, and let me have something that is really true." But they seemed unable to comprehend my purposes, and, true to their national traits, it was not in them to take part in any scheme which they could not understand. How to get at what I desired was the question. I called at the Bureau of Statistics, hoping surely to find here carefully tabulated statistics of vagrancy; but I was disappointed.

Dr. Berthold,¹ who kindly told me all he knew, said that Pastor von Bodelschwingh was the man who had made the best census of tramping, and he had claimed that there were 200,000 arrests in Germany each year for begging; that 100,000 of them represented irreclaimable vagabonds, 80,000 bona-fide seekers of work, and the remaining 20,000 the maximum number of reclaimable beggars. Dr. Berthold continued: "The only way to know the entire truth about the tramp is to live with him. I had the intention to do this myself, but I delayed it too long, and now I am too old." He was very kind, and gave me some valuable hints, but admitted that nothing very definite was known about the wandering beggar.

I finally decided to give up these fruitless investigations, and to become a tramp myself in order to achieve my ends. I felt fairly equipped for such an undertaking, having had a two-years' residence in Germany, and having also played the tramp in my own country. My plan, however, was not to study the enforced

¹ Dr Berthold is a well-known statistician, writer, and authority on matters pertaining to German Labor Colonies.

vagrant, but rather the man who wanders because he desires to, and prefers begging to working. And in that which follows I have attempted to describe my experiences with voluntary beggars only.

On April 11 I made ready for the journey. My outfit was a close copy of the fashions in trampdom, my clothes being both old and easy to bear. I took no pass with me because, in the first place, I could not get a German

what very closely resembles the common American freight-car, except that it is win-dowed, and occasionally has planks braced against the sides to serve as seats. The floor, however, or a piece of baggage, is the more customary resting-place. A ride in this miserable box costs two pfennigs the kilometer, and the passengers are naturally of the lower order of travelers, including the tramps, who make quite as much use of fourth-class privileges as our own vagrants do of the freight-trains.

My companions on the first trip were a queer lot. In one end of the car was a band playing the vilest music for the few sechser (five-pfennig pieces) occasionally thrown down to them. Their only rival was a little tambourine girl, who danced and rattled her noisy instrument as if her life depended upon her agility, as no doubt it did. The other travelers were market-women, laborers, and journeymen, and a fellow called Peasant Carl, who was more of a tramp than anything else, in spite of the fact that he had a trade. We were soon talking on various subjects, and it was not difficult to lead the conversation to the subject of tramp life. Carl was considerably surprised to find that an American should be "auf der Walze" (on the road), and needed some proof ere he was convinced that I was a roadster. My old clothes and general forlorn condition were not sufficient, and I was compelled to tell him quite a story. Once satisfied on this point, he turned out to be a good friend, and among other valuable facts that he generously gave me were scraps from the German tramp vocabulary, which he said might "come handy," since I was a stranger. I found that *Kunde*, or customer, was the general word for vagrant, but as the term vaguely covers the thousands of traveling journeymen in the community also, another term has been invented for the genuine tramp, none other than *Chausseegraben-tapezirer*, or upholsterer of the highway ditches. What could be more genuinely, deliciously German?

As this dialect is rather unique, and as different from the German language proper as black from white, I am tempted to give a few more words, tabulating them, for comparison's sake, alongside their American equivalents:

English.	German.	German Tramp Dialect.	American Tramp Dialect.
Bread	Das Brod	Der Kramp	Punk.
Water	Das Wasser	Der Gänsewein	
To beg	Betteln	Abklappen	To Batter.
To walk	Laufen	Tibbeln	To Drill.
Policeman	Der Schutzmann	Der Putz	The Bull.
The Gendarmes	Gendarmes	Der Deckel	
Village	Das Dorf	Der Kaff	Jerktown.
Whisky-flask	Die Schnappsflasche	Die Finne	The Growler.
(The) Passport	Der Reise-Pass	Die Flebbe	
Hunger	Der Hunger	Der Kohldampf	



A BERLIN TYPE.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

pass, and, secondly, I was anxious to find out just what experiences an unidentified man must go through. If I were to repeat the experiment I should do differently. Having decided to begin my investigations in Magdeburg, there being various reasons why I should not play the beggar in Berlin, I left my home on the date mentioned, and hurried through the streets to the railway station, where I invested a few groschen in a fourth-class ticket. My first afternoon was consequently spent in



THE FOURTH-CLASS CAR.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

This vocabulary will give a fair idea of the dialect. It is much more complete than the American, affording, as it does, ample means whereby entire secrecy can be secured in public places. It is spoken by both *Handwerksburschen* and tramps, and it is my opinion that the former were not the originators, as is sometimes averred, but have rather acquired a fair knowledge of it by associating year after year, on the road, with beggars.

On my arrival in Magdeburg, my friend Carl suggested that we go to Die Herberge zur Heimath, a lodging-house somewhat above the common grade, where we could at least have our supper, but where I could not lodge, having no pass. This institution must be distinguished from the ordinary Herberge, or low-class lodging-house, and has a history worth more than a passing paragraph. It is a sort of refined edition of the Salvation Army

Shelter, and was founded on religious and humanitarian principles largely by the efforts of Professor Perthes of Bonn, whose first enterprise of the kind, at Bonn, has been so widely copied that at least three hundred towns of Germany now furnish this comfortable and respectable refuge to the traveling apprentice or journeyman, and, if he will conform to its usages and requirements, to the tramp also.

Entering the main room of the Heimath, I was surprised to see Carl rap on a table and the men sitting at the same to follow suit. I found out later that this meant "Hello," and that the afterknock indicated "All right." Shakinghands is also a customary greeting in German trampdom, but hardly ever in American vagrancy. Tramps also call one another "Brother," and use the pronoun "thou" invariably in preference to "you." The inmates of the Heimath, I soon found, were drawn from three



THE PEN.

ENGRAVED BY F. ATKIN.

classes. First, the apprentice making his first journey, and usually a very stupid fellow. The tramp was here also, but only, I think, to prey upon the Handwerksbursche, for no whisky is sold on the premises, and prayers are held morning and evening, a custom which all true roadsters despise. The rest were men fairly well on in life, who work occasionally and beg the remainder of the time. I counted altogether sixteen recognized beggars (Chausseegrabentapezieren), but made no attempt to make their acquaintance, having decided not to study them in foreign quarters, but to seek them in their real homes. For Die Herberge

zur Heimath is not a tramps' nest, although some Germans think so, and as soon as I had had a fair supper, for which I paid three cents, I left with Carl for another domicile. We were not long in finding the Herberge proper, or perhaps improper, where life is seen in all its dirtiest phases. Entering the common meeting-room, and saluting as usual, we sat down at a table where there were other tramps also. I was immediately asked: "Wo kommst Du her? Wo willst Du hin? Was hast Du fur geschäft?" I answered these questions as cleverly as I could, and was soon deep in various conversations. Before I had been talking long,

I made the acquaintance of a beggar belonging to the class called Kommando-Schieber. These fellows beg usually within very small districts, and know every house that is "good" for a meal or a pfennig. My newly made friend was kind enough to instruct both Carl and me in regard to Magdeburg.

ging-letters. You can easily make quite a *stoss* [haul] if you work the plan well. Still, it's risky for strangers. If you're going to stay here long, you'd better make friends with the *Herbergsvater*. He's a pretty good *kerl* [fellow], and if you let him know that you've got a little money, he'll look out for



HUNTING FOR HIS PASS.

ENGRAVED BY P. MITCHELL.

"This town is rather *heiss* [unfriendly]," said he, "but if you look out and beg very carefully you can get along. A great trick here now is to tip the *portier* of good houses, and thus get the pull on every flat in the building. You've got to look out for the *Putz*, though, for if you're caught, you're sure for twenty-four hours in the *Kasten* [prison]. Another scheme that works pretty well with us fellows who know the town is to send around beg-

ging-letters. You can easily make quite a *stoss* [haul] if you work the plan well. Still, it's risky for strangers. If you're going to stay here long, you'd better make friends with the *Herbergsvater*. He's a pretty good *kerl* [fellow], and if you let him know that you've got a little money, he'll look out for

you when the *Putz* makes his inspection now and then. There's nothing, you know, like standing in with them that's *klug* [clever], and you can bet that fellow is. . . . What do you say to a schnapps, brother?"

He had earned his drink, for he gave me a great many hints which were necessary to successful begging. One of them was about getting a pass. "Now, if you can scrape a little coin together," he said, "I'll tell you how to

get a Flebbe that no Putz can find out whether it's forged or not. You see that fellow over there near the window—well, he looks like a fool, but if you can give him five marks, he'll get you a 'Wanderbuch' that'll pass you anywhere. But don't go at him too clumsily, you know; take the matter easy. Nothing like taking your time, brother, is there?" I agreed that this was orthodox tramp doctrine, and determined to think the matter over, which I did, and came to the conclusion that I might eventually get into more trouble with a false pass than without any. And later experience approved the decision.

quantity. Carl continued begging even after his breakfast, while I remained in the lodging-house talking with some of the inmates. I was surprised to see how fairly well dressed the German tramp is. The men in the Herberge were clad much more respectably than their American *confrère*, and seemed to have a desire to appear as decent as possible. Their intelligence was also very fair, every one being able to read and write as well as cipher. This, however, is not so surprising, for they were by no means young. It is my opinion that the majority of German tramps are over thirty years of age. There are some boys on the road,

it is true, but by no means the number found in American tramping. And I am happy to say that my experience convinces me that their treatment by the elder men is much more humane than in my own country. There is not in the German, either, that viciousness which seems ingrained in the character of the American vagrant. The latter is a more generous fellow, however, than the German, as I learned by practical experience. When some of the tramps returned to the Herberge in the afternoon, I tried their good fellowship by asking several for a *sechser* with which to buy a cup of



SLEEPING IN A BARN.

ENGRAVED BY ROBERT VARLEY.

My first night in this tramps' nest was one I shall never forget. I slept with an old beggar in a bed long since given over to other lodgers, who fought us that night as if we were Frenchmen. And the stench in the sleeping-room was similar to that in a pigsty. Any complaint, however, would have been useless, for the price paid was only three cents, and for that sum of money one could not expect very much. Then, too, the host asked for no "Legitimations-Papier," and this was an advantage which must be set over against most of the annoyances. Nevertheless, I was glad enough to turn out early in the morning and look for a breakfast, which was soon found, but thoroughly European in

coffee. I offered my very sore foot as an excuse for not having myself begged. But they were not touched in the slightest. One fellow said, "If you can't beg your own money, why, you'd better get off the road, for no other *Chausseegrabentapezirer* will hustle for you." An American beggar would, as a rule, have handed me a penny, if he had it. But these men sat drinking their beer, schnapps, and coffee, utterly incapable, at least then, of a bit of brotherly charity. They had plenty of money too. During the day nearly every one had begged from ninety pfennigs to one mark twenty, while Carl returned about five o'clock with three marks in hand.



"ARE YOU CLEAN?"

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

I think the usual wage for diligent begging is between one mark fifty and four marks, in addition to the three meals. Of course there are a few who are much more successful. One fellow at the Herberge, for instance, who had been in England and could speak English quite well, claimed that he begged forty marks in one week last winter from the Americans in Dresden. Another vagrant told a story of a man he had met in south Germany on the road with two hundred marks in his pocket, which he had collected in two weeks in Munich. It is a great amusement for the tramp off duty to figure out

the possibilities of his calling, and to illustrate the same with stories. There was one beggar in the room who even kept an account of his income and expenses. I saw the record for March, and found that his gains had been ninety-three marks and a few pfennigs, not including the meals which he had had in various kitchens where the servants were friendly. I must say right here, however, that such success is found only in cities. For I sampled the charity of the country time after time, and it is worth a bare living only, or, as Carl was wont to say, "One can't get fat on it."

We were convinced of this as soon as we had left Magdeburg, and started afoot for Brunswick. Carl begged in every village that we passed through, but he could seldom get more than twenty or twenty-five pfennigs, with numerous slices of bread. I made no attempt to beg money, but visited several houses and asked for food so that my companions might not suspect me. I was fairly well treated, at least quite as charitably as I would have been in the States, and I think that, taking the country as a whole, the rewards of begging in Germany are much higher than in either England or America. The people seem bound to give, although they have had beggars among them for centuries.

My second night on the road was quite as interesting as the first. I had stopped with Carl and two other men in a little village not far from Brunswick, where there was no *Herberge*, and only one inn, or *Gasthaus*, as it was called. We asked the woman in charge if we could lodge for the night, but she was by no means friendly, saying we were unclean. She told us to go to the barn, where we could sleep for a groschen apiece. As there was nothing better to do, we followed her instructions, and spent the night, which was cold for April, on some bundles of straw. I was fairly well repaid for this unpleasant experience by the various conversations which I overheard. One tramp was philosophizing in a maundering way over his life on the road, and what first brought him there. He reasoned that as he was born lazy, the blame should be put on his parents, but he finally concluded that the Schnappsflasche also had had a hand in the business. Another companion said: "Why should I work, when I can beg more than I can possibly earn? Now if I should follow my trade I could earn about eighteen marks a week. But as a beggar I can beat that by ten marks. No, brother; it is n't all the blame of the Schnappsflasche that we're on the road. I, for one, am here because I can do better than anywhere else. Isn't that so?" And he nudged me for an answer.

"Well," I said, "we lads on the road seem to have more money than most laborers, but we seldom have a decent place to lay our heads. For instance, what sort of place is this we're in now?"

"Yes, that's true," he returned; "but then, we're never sick, always happy, and perhaps we're just as well off as anybody else. You forget that we never work, and that's a great thing in our favor. Those lads who have their homes have to work for them, and don't you forget it. It's my opinion that the home is n't worth the labor."

I think this latter opinion is quite general in German vagrancy, and is one of its main

causes. Liquor, however, is just as much of a curse in Germany as anywhere else, and brings more men into trampdom than is calculated. The Schnappsflasche is in nearly every tramp's pocket, and he usually empties it twice a day. It is a wonder to me how he can do it, for the schnapps is almost pure alcohol, and burns the throat terribly. Yet I found just outside of Brunswick a female tramp, nearly sixty years of age, who could empty *Die Finne* in a single "go," and seemed healthy too. This woman was the only feminine roadster I met during the journey, and I think she is one of the very few.

About noon of April 14 I arrived in Brunswick with Carl, who was on his way to Bremen, where he intended shipping as a coal-trimmer for New York, if possible. He was disgusted with Germany, he said, and felt that America was the only place for his nervous activity. He was somewhat surprised, however, as I was too, to find in Brunswick three American negroes who seemed to think quite the contrary of their country. One was an "actor," and the other two were ex-waiters, and they were traveling about the community and getting their living by dancing and singing in the streets and saloons. Charley—the actor—said: "We're doin' pretty well; have our three squares a day, and all the booze we want. Can't do better than that at home." I explained this to Carl, as none of the negroes spoke German; but he could not be convinced that gold was not lying loose in the streets of American cities. In the afternoon his hatred of Germany was not quite so intense, as he begged a mark and a half in about two hours. One man that he visited was a member of "The Society against Begging and Vagrancy," and had a sign to that effect on his gate-post; but Carl found him, it seems, a generous Samaritan. This interested me considerably, for I had heard good reports of this society and its members, as well as of its success in fighting vagabondage. I asked several fellows what they thought of the organization. One tramp claimed that he always visited its members,—at least those having signs on their gates,—for he was quite as apt to be well treated as not. Others were drastic in their criticisms, and said that the society would let a man starve rather than feed him. Carl, I think, was about right when he said that some members of the society fed vagrants, and some did not, and it was all according to chance.

From Brunswick a crowd of tramps, including myself, rode in a fourth-class car to a little station called Peine, in the direction of Hanover. A few of the men remained here in order to take in the *Verpflegung-Station* until the next day. This station, of which there are



CHAUSSEEGRABENTAPFZIRKERN.

ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

about two thousand in Germany, is a place where a man professing to be penniless can have a night's lodging, together with supper and breakfast, for a few hours' work. I moved on toward Hanover with fifteen other men who were bound in the same direction. They all had money, and no love for the Verpflegung-Station. We tramped along at a pace of about five kilometers to the hour — the usual gait of

tramps when they are compelled to use the highways. They can usually beg enough food on the road, and thus the walking is not so disagreeable, for the German roads are superb.

At one little village where we stopped for refreshments the crowd took the place by storm, and the people were actually frightened into giving us bread and meat. It is true that the fellows were rather violent and used threat-

ening language, yet there was no need to fear them, as they would hardly have attempted to do any great harm. For the German tramp, as a rule, though a great talker and "blower," is a coward, after all, and when answered rather roughly usually subsides. At the village of Lehrte we again boarded a train, and rode into Hanover late in the evening. Some of my companions went to the Heimath, but the majority hunted out the common Herberge, and I followed the crowd. I was treated in the same fashion as at Magdeburg, and was asked no questions about a pass. There was great excitement in the Herberge over several little auctions, which the tramps were conducting for their own benefit. Some had coats, vests, and trousers to sell, while others were crying the virtue of old buttons, collars, cuffs, neckties, and even pocket-books, the latter being found in almost every tramp's pocket. He finds them companionable, he says, whether he has any money or not. Several coats sold for five and ten cents apiece, while trousers brought higher prices. Knives were also on the market, and fully a dozen changed hands. I was struck in these auctions by the absence of Jews. In fact, I met only three during the trip, and they were extremely well dressed. I fancy that a tramp's life hardly offers inducements to men of their predilections. Yet one would think that no work and a fair reward for begging would satisfy even their trading propensities.

The trip from Hanover to Bremen was rather uninteresting, with only one incident worth recording. Five tramps, including myself, had stopped on Easter night at one of the large bonfires that the peasants had built, just outside of Hanover, to commemorate the great holiday. When we arrived they were carousing most jovially, and seemed only too glad to welcome other companions; so we all took part, and danced around the fire, sometimes with the peasant girls, and then again by ourselves or singly. The peasants took no notice of the fact that we were tramps, and shared their sour milk and brown bread with us as if we were their best friends. One old fellow took such a fancy to Carl that he actually gave him a *sechser*. I was surprised to see him accept it, for the old man needed it much more than he did. This illustrates very truthfully the utter lack of friendly consideration in the character of the German tramp. One of the American species would have returned the penny with thanks, for he is a generous fellow, and can appreciate other interests than his own. But the *Chausseegrabentapezirer* has the least tender feeling of any beggar of my acquaintance. Even as a boon companion he falls far below the standard, and would never be tolerated in American trampdom. I can now understand why the

great majority of German beggars in America are compelled to remain by themselves, and to choose companions from their own ranks. Their selfishness bars them out of the true brotherhood.

In Bremen poor Carl suffered a keen disappointment. He found that he could not ship as a coal-trimmer without a pass permitting him to leave the country. I advised him to seek work, and to earn money enough to pay his passage to New York. His trade was not overcrowded, and he had had a chance to labor in nearly every town we had visited, and I knew that he could succeed in Bremen. He finally decided to follow my advice; but the resolution weakened him so that I fear for a week at least he was a sorry-looking fellow. When we separated, he said, "Auf wiedersehn in Sheekago in '93." Indeed, nearly every tramp that I met intended to cross the ocean in '93, and to take part in Germany's exhibit at the fair. Of course they have not all succeeded, but some most certainly have. And what will the Americans do with them? Who can tell?

While I was sitting in the Heimath in Bremen, who should come in but a policeman and a detective. They passed around among the laborers, journeymen, and vagrants, asking a few questions, and looking occasionally at the men's passes. I was in somewhat of a tremble, and expected to be quizzed also. But, as luck would have it, they passed me by, and I escaped a searching. They arrested one tramp, but he was the only unfortunate I met during my travels. I learned afterward that he was sentenced to two days' imprisonment. An American beggar would have told the judge that he could stand on his head that long, but the German took it more seriously. From Bremen I decided to go south, and compare my experiences in northern Germany with tramp life in the vicinity of Cologne. I left Bremen with seven men on the train, and traveled the first day as far as Osnabrück, where I made an unnecessary halt, for I found nothing new or interesting there. There were plenty of tramps, it is true, but they had no news to impart, except that Osnabrück was a poor town. One youngster could hardly say enough against its hospitality. He claimed that he had even begged of the clergymen, and all that he received were "a few paltry pfennigs." I must admit that the boy was not far from correct in his judgment, for I visited several houses, and all I got was a dry piece of bread, which was given me by an old woman wiser than she was generous. Learning that I was a foreigner, she must needs know all about my ancestors, where I had come from, and where I was going. And then she made me listen to a long account of her boy in Piper City,—she



ON THE ROAD.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.



AN AUCTION.

ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

was not sure whether it was in North or South America,—and asked me if I had ever met him. I told her that I had not, and she was nearly dumfounded. She thought that in the States, “where there were so few people,” everybody should know everybody else. I left her to her surprise and chagrin.

The city of Münster was my next stopping-place, and a greater contrast to Osnabrück could hardly exist. At the Herberge I learned that the town was considered one of the best between Hamburg and Cologne. The evidence was certainly convincing, for the tramps had all the liquor they could drink, as well as numerous bundles of food. Two fellows were doing a good business in exchanging their bread and *wurst* (sausage) for groschen which

others had begged instead of something to eat. I invested a few *sechser* in these wares, and was most bountifully repaid, receiving half a loaf of bread and two good-sized sausages for two and a half cents of our currency. This custom is very prevalent in German trampdom, and will illustrate the machinery of vagrancy. Some men will beg only for food, while others devote most of their lives to looking for money, and in almost any Herberge, even in the Heilmath, these two parties can be found trading as if they were in a market. They scold, jew, and fight one another while the trade is progressing, but when the bargain is finished good fellowship is again resumed. And the joviality in the Herberge after the “market” was as boisterous and companionable as if there had not

been the slightest trouble. Even the innkeeper took part, and danced around the room with his guests as if he were as much of a tramp as any of them. I think he had been a roadster some time in his life, for he entered into the schemes and plans as earnestly as the law allows. Some of the men were discussing the number of charitable families in Münster, and more especially those "good" for money. One man, in order to make good his point, enumerated by name the families friendly to beggars. The innkeeper, not agreeing with him,

pieces. It is needless to say that such a man is invaluable to beggars. They hold him dearer than any other member of the clan, and pay him most liberally for his wisdom by spending nearly all of their money in his inn. This they can afford to do, for without his information and protection, they would encounter hardships and difficulties insurmountable. During my stay at the Herberge, the proprietor sent out as many as eight fellows to different parts of the town, well posted and equipped for successful begging. Three of



DANCING AROUND A BONFIRE.

ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

gave his own census of the Münster people, and it was most interesting to hear from his lips just what citizens were worth visiting and what not. Having conducted a tramp hotel in the city for years, he had found it to his interests to gather and dispense information useful to his customers. He could tell exactly what house was "good" for a meal or a "hand-out," and could also map out the districts sure to yield pfennigs, groschen, or half-mark

these men returned while I was still there, having averaged three marks and a half apiece in about five hours. If they had worked for this length of time their wage would have been about one mark apiece.

The journey from Münster to Düsseldorf is so tiresome afoot, and there is so little of interest lying between the towns, that I made the trip by rail, with three companions bound for Bavaria. These men had been tramping

around in northern Prussia for nearly two months, and were thoroughly disgusted with their experiences. This was not surprising, however, for the Bavarian as well as the Saxon tramps think there is no prosperity outside of their own provinces, and, wander as much as they will in foreign parts, usually return to their own fields, feeling that they made a mistake in leaving. Begging in these provinces is also much more remunerative than anywhere else in Germany. Even the religion in Bavaria favors mendicancy, and it is only necessary to stand on a Sunday morning in front of some church to make a very fair haul. The tramps loaf around in the neighborhood of the churches and *stossen* (tackle) the poor Catholics as they pass in and out, usually getting a pfennig at least. One old roadster, thankful that he had lost a leg in the war of 1870, was unusually successful; but I heard afterward that he had been in the city for years, and probably the people take care of him as a sort of relic. He was rather clever, too, and had formed some sage opinions on charity and poverty. "The poor people," he said, "are the best friends we have. They give ten times where the rich man gives once." This is an indisputable fact.

In Cologne, where I arrived April 21, the tramps were planning trips into southern Germany, Switzerland, and the Tyrol. I had intended to make at least one of these excursions, but I was tired, nauseated, and homesick. I made quick work with the towns of Elberfeld, Essex, Barmen, and Dortmund, and once settled down in Berlin, with almanac and gazetteer before me, found I had been 15 days "auf der Walze," had traveled over 1000 kilometers, studied more than 70 towns and villages, and met 341 voluntary vagrants, all of them, however, less voluntary than I.

The German tramp, if these experiences justify me in judging him, is a fairly intelligent fellow of not more than average tramp education, more stupid and less vicious than his American *confrère*, and with the traits of his nationality well stamped upon him. He is cautious, suspicious to a degree, ungenerous, but fairly just and square-dealing in the company of his fellows. He is too much of a Bohemian to be a Social Democrat, but has not enough patriotism to be easily fired with enthusiasm for his Kaiser. He loves schnapps and hates what he calls the "verdammte

Heiligkeit" such as Die Herberge zur Heimath seeks to cultivate. He has generally served his three years in the army, but will dodge the recruiting officer by skipping his country whenever possible, if he has not. Notwithstanding this pervasive lack of patriotism, he has his own dangers for the country. In the February riots in Berlin (1891) he was out in force, not for labor rights as against capital, but lending his shoulder to the wheel which he fondly hoped might turn in the direction of a general overthrow of the existing social state and order.

In regard to the public on which the German tramp lives and thrives, it is only necessary to say that it is even more inanely generous than its counterpart in the United States. With all its groans under taxes, military and otherwise, it nevertheless takes upon itself voluntarily the burden of the voluntary vagrant—the man who will not work. This is the more surprising when one recollects that the entire theoretical treatment of beggars in Germany is founded on the supposition that each one is a

bona-fide seeker of labor. The community practically says to the culprit: You can make use of our *Verpflegung-Stationen*, where you can work for your lodging and meals, and have also a half-day to search for work, if you can identify yourself as a seeker of labor. We not only offer this, but also attempt to guarantee you, through the efforts of our philanthropists, a casual refuge in Die Herberge zur Heimath, while you are out of work.

And if, through untoward circumstances or through your own carelessness and weakness, you have fallen so low that the *Stationen* and the Heimath cannot take you in because your identification-papers are irregular, and you appear more of a vagabond than an unfortunate laborer, we then invite you into the Labor Colonies, founded also by our philanthropists, where you can remain until you have earned good clothes and a respectable name. But if we catch you begging, we will punish you as a vagrant; consequently you would do better to make use of all the privileges we offer, and thus break no laws. This is the theory, and I consider it a good one. But the man who will not work passes through these institutions as freely as the man who will, owing to the lack of determined discrimination on the part of the officers, and the desperate cleverness of the offenders.



ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBEURGER.

A TYPE.

Josiah Flynt.

PLAGUE ON A PLEASURE-BOAT.

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. WYLLIE.



TANGLED IN THE MAIN-SHEET.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

FEW persons would think of counting infectious disease among the vicissitudes of yachting. Notwithstanding the fact that the hygienic environments of a fairly appointed pleasure-boat are well nigh perfect, it sometimes happens that the worst forms of plague break out on board these craft, and, owing to the comparatively limited space to which the passengers and crew are confined, produce even greater terror and inconvenience than attend similar visitations on board crowded ocean liners. Many years ago I had an experience of this sort, which it may be seasonable to refer to now, in view of the recent ravages of cholera in Europe.

In the year 1867 I was making a passage from Kingstown to the Clyde on board the 36-ton cutter *Storm*, manned by a crew of five men, shipped at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, none of whom were acquainted with the Irish Channel; and as I was the only amateur on board, and possessed some local knowledge, I was obliged to act as pilot for the run.

On the way to Scotland we put into Carlingford Loch, where a regatta took place the day after our arrival, at which the Carlingford

Challenge Cup was won in gallant style by the 36-tonner *Echo*, then the property of Vice-Commodore William Izod Dogherty, of the Prince Alfred Yacht Club, as good a sailor and as genial a host as ever trod a deck. I served as a man before the mast on this occasion, which has remained a red-letter day in my mental log, as the *Echo's* victory was the first winning event in which I had taken part. I had previously sailed so many unsuccessful races that I was beginning to regard myself as a sort of Jonah, and was somewhat apprehensive that the same notion might get into the heads of superstitious sailing-masters, and lead to my being dropped from the roll of eligible hands. The spell was broken, however, at Carlingford.

I must admit that my personal exertions contributed rather to the excitement of this particular occasion than to its successful result. My station was at the main-sheet, and my duty was to pay it out gently, and belay it securely, as circumstances demanded. This was a position of responsibility and trust, confided to me, as an experienced and trustworthy hand, by my friend Captain Oliver, an excellent and suc-

cessful racing skipper of the olden times. His confidence had nearly proved singularly misplaced. At a critical moment in a jibe, when the main-boom was poised almost exactly over the rudder-head, and it had become my duty to let the main-sheet run out at moderate speed, keeping it in check by a round turn over the end of the quarter-bitts, I felt my leg grasped suddenly with considerable force, and, looking back to see who the untimely joker might be, I discovered to my dismay that, as I knelt on the deck with my back to the bow, a loop of the main-sheet had lassoed my calf as neatly as a cow-boy would a steer. As the rope tightened I could do nothing to help myself, and in a few seconds the imprisoned leg must have been jammed in the bitts with disastrous consequences to limb, if not to life, had not my frantic yell brought to my assistance a deft-handed mariner, who took in the situation at a glance, and set me free by a turn of the wrist, easy enough when one had command of the loose end of the rope. The same motion jerked the main-sheet free at the very moment when a mountain squall struck us. The sheet ran out with lightning speed until the big knot at the end flew past my ear like a musket-ball. The boom brought up against the lee rigging with a mighty shock, which caused the good ship to sink her nose into the water, and to elevate her stern, while her towering pyramid of canvas—over 125 feet from the deck to the end of the 50-foot balloon-topsail yard—appeared to surge forward over the bows, as if she were about to turn a somersault.

There was a moment of breathless suspense, during which we all expected to see the mast go by the board, or the topsail come down by the run; but the stanch weather-rigging, and the equally reliable steel-wire backstays, held their own. The incident became a thing of the past, no bones having been broken either literally or metaphorically—a state of things for which I had much reason to be thankful.

As soon as he recovered his voice, Captain Oliver brought his broad palm down on his brawny thigh with a slap that sounded like the discharge of a carronade, and exclaimed, with his favorite expletive, "But, sir, that was bad work." No name was mentioned, but a guilty conscience made me hang my head, thereby pleading guilty to the shocking nautical crime of having let the main-sheet run away with me.

The day after the race opened with a gale from the southwest, but it moderated in the afternoon, so that about 4 P. M. we determined to avail ourselves of the fair wind, and to run across to the Isle of Man, about fifty miles to leeward, where we meant to lay in a season's

supply of wines, spirits, and tobacco, commodities which in those days were to be had almost duty-free in the hospitable ports of the self-governed little kingdom which enjoys practical independence under its own legislature, known as the "House of Keys," and the administration of a governor appointed by the British crown. Having snugged down to suit the weather, we were soon scudding along the lovely shores of this landlocked arm of the sea, which in point of mountainous grandeur is not surpassed by anything to be found among the Norwegian fiords or the Scottish lakes.

Carrying only trysail, reefed foresail, and storm-jib, the eleven miles of inland water were quickly run through, and we found ourselves in the open, running before a heavy following sea, and rapidly leaving in the distance the rugged peaks of the Mourne and Carlingford mountains, which rise sheer from the sea-level to a height of 3000 feet at the entrance to the loch. The racing speed at which we swept along before the fierce gale soon brought the Manx highlands into view, the famous detached cliff known as the "Calf" marking the southern extremity of the island, and towering to a height of some 800 feet.

As soon as the lighthouse which crowns the summit threw its beams over the waters, I surrendered the deck to the English skipper, and having previously impressed on him that the second harbor light, after passing the Calf, marked the port of Douglas, our next stopping-place, I went below and was soon wrapped in that dreamless slumber which the tired yachtsman can evoke at will.

How long I slept has never been ascertained exactly, but I awoke with that feeling which every one has experienced of having been an unconscionable time in the land of Nod. Almost at the same moment the sailing-master entered the cabin and reported that we were then closing up with the second harbor light on the east side, but that there was also a bright light visible some distance at sea, which he thought must be a light-ship.

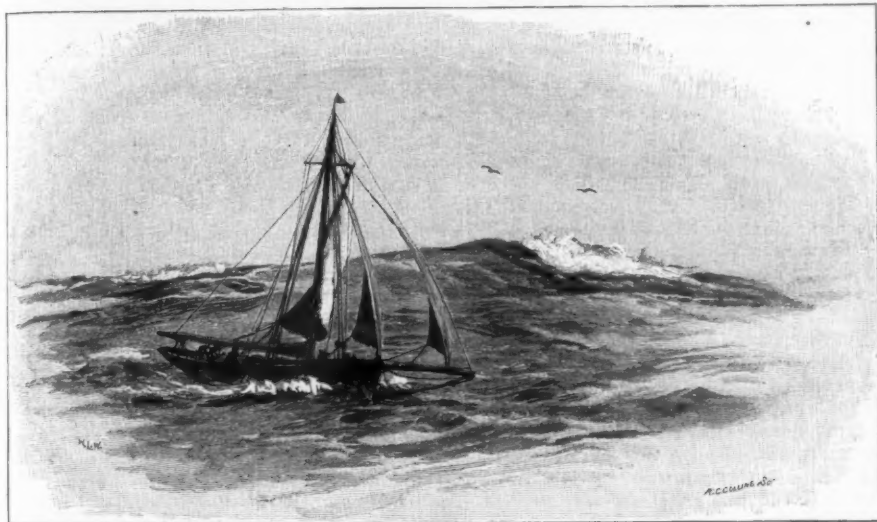
Getting my head above deck with as little delay as possible, I saw that a light-ship was indeed close by, showing that we had over-run our distance by some sixteen miles, and were then off Ramsay, near the northern end of the island. In response to my indignant and, I fear, by no means polite remonstrances, the sailing-master assured me that a sharp lookout had been kept since rounding the Calf, and that only one harbor light had been passed. Although I received this statement with undisguised skepticism at the time, it turned out afterward that he was probably right. The frugal authorities at the southerly

port, Castletown, extinguished their beacon whenever all the fishing-boats belonging to the haven happened to be in port, as very likely they were that blustery night.

I had no business at Ramsay, and was not acquainted with the anchorage. I saw nothing for it, therefore, but to beat back to Douglas the best way we could. The port lay well to windward, and the wind, which was now blow-

good play to windward in the smooth sea, aided by the tremendous wind, which sent us smoking through the water like a steamer, half decks under most of the time.

The night scene was now strange and weird. On the starboard hand the Manx highlands towered black and apparently perpendicular, like an ebony wall 600 feet high, throwing a dark shadow over the sea, projected by the light



UNDER SHORT SAIL.

ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

ing a hurricane, appeared to come down from the mountains at an angle which prevented the formation of waves, while it lashed the sea into white spray which swept along in close clouds a foot or two above the surface, looking exactly like the low-lying fog often seen hanging over meadows at sundown.

When the yacht came up into the wind she was buried to the companion, notwithstanding the very modest show of canvas, and the fact that she was one of the ablest of old "Wully Fife's" build, and had many tons of lead stowed below the cabin ceiling (the lead-mine bolted to the keel had not as yet been evolved in naval architecture).

On the second tack an incident occurred which is unique in my experience, although it constantly happens in nautical romances written by landsmen. A sail split into ribbons, and blew away. In this case it was a foresail, made by Lapthorne, which succumbed to the fury of the gale; and as the spitfire jib was too small to work with alone, we had to take it in, and set a No. 3 well out on the bowsprit to balance the aftersail. Under this jury-rig we made

of the moon, which at intervals shone with great brilliancy, and appeared but little elevated above the summit of the gigantic barrier. Outside the line of shadow the dark hulls of several large ships, which were lying to under the shelter of the island, showed above the illuminated spray, like aerial machines floating on clouds. As we approached one of these vessels, a square-rigger of about 2000 tons, which lay almost directly in our course, it became a question whether or not we could pass her to windward. She was lying to, under spanker and jibs, and as she came up to the wind every now and then, and fell off again, her performance suggested that the wheel had been left to take care of itself. Finally deciding that she was forging ahead a little, we elected to pass her to leeward, giving her a good berth. In passing we were becalmed by her lofty sides, and our little ship sprang upright, and oscillated from port to starboard, when suddenly released from the extra pressure put upon her when we bore away without slacking a sheet. When broad off the ship's waist, I caught a glimpse of a group of sailors, doubtless the deck

watch, taking it easy round the cook's galley-pen, and at the same time not only smelled but tasted the sulphurous fumes of the burning coke, which even at that moment reminded me of the peculiar odors for which the tunnels of the London Metropolitan Railway had already established a cosmopolitan reputation. I noticed also the white form of our youthful cook and steward emerge from the fore-hatch, and marked him staring with open-mouthed astonishment at the black mass to windward. He had been thrown out of his bunk when the yacht suddenly righted and rolled over to starboard in the lee of the big ship. The other hands sat on deck, well aft, in the shelter of the substantial bulwarks with which yachts were supplied in those days, keeping their heads low out of the way of the trysail blocks, which flapped from side to side in the slack wind. These trifling details became of importance in the light of subsequent developments; for to the relative positions occupied by the steward and the other hands at this encounter I have always attributed the catastrophe which overtook him, and the immunity which they enjoyed.

At that period cholera was raging in the Baltic and North Sea ports, and cases had occurred in Liverpool; but it had not as yet made its appearance in Dublin, nor did it at any time obtain a foothold at the Carlingford watering-places, which, as every Irishman knows, are such salubrious localities that not even the oldest inhabitant dies there unless he be smothered between two feather-beds—a popular Hibernian remedy for hydrophobia, too much mother-in-law, and other crying evils.

As, therefore, none of the places at which we had touched within the preceding three weeks had been infected, it seems reasonable to infer that the cholera germs, which developed in the person of the unfortunate steward a few hours later, must have blown on board our craft when we passed to leeward of the big ship. I have often thought that the mouthful of sulphurous vapor which I inhaled, in passing, may have done its work as a germicide and saved me from sharing his fate.

About daybreak the captain came aft, and whispered into my ear that the steward was ill in the fore-castle, complaining of severe internal pains, and showing other symptoms of cholera. The very mention of the dread plague gave me the cold shivers. Having a vivid imagination in those days, I had an instantaneous vision of an infected ship, deserted by its crew, and myself left alone in a strange port, in sole charge of a 36-tonner. The men were not articulated, and were as free to depart as domestics were ashore, a privilege of which these latter often availed themselves, abandoning their employers to escape the plague. I know now that none of

those stanch seamen would have thought of deserting our ship had old Nick himself blown on board, attended by all the plagues of Egypt in addition to the cholera bacillus, which in those days was still an unknown quantity even in scientific circles.

Giving the tiller to the mate, I followed the skipper below into the fore-castle, where we found the sufferer lying on a locker, his face drawn and twitching with pain, and presenting in a marked manner the cadaverous bluish appearance characteristic of the disease. We assisted him into the vacant lady's cabin aft; laid him on a mattress, covered with his own hammock and blankets; applied salt heated on a pan to the abdomen; and administered chlorodyne and brandy internally in frequent small doses. Under this treatment the patient appeared to revive a little; and as we were now close up to Douglas, I left him in the hands of the skipper, and went on deck to resume my occupation as pilot. The gale had blown itself out, and we beat into the roads against a nice breeze, which enabled us to pick out without difficulty likely-looking moorings belonging to some absent native. Having ascertained that the bridge was well up to our weight, we made it fast to the bits, and were thus securely linked to the Manx soil, avoiding the delay and labor incidental to letting go our own anchor, and ready to start again at a moment's notice—a state of things for which we had afterward much reason to be thankful, but for which, it must be admitted, we were indebted rather to chance than to foresight.

Our substantial and beamy 18-foot boat was immediately launched off the deck, and manned by the skipper, one hand, and myself. The sick sailor was brought up, wrapped in blankets, and made as comfortable as his circumstances would permit in the stern-sheets, on his own hammock, to which the captain had adapted two boat-hook handles as bearers, converting it into a handy field-ambulance. We rowed ashore to the beach a little to the right of the harbor pier, where a watchman was generally on duty at the regular landing-place.

Disembarking without obstruction, I took the front berth as carrier, and with the captain in the shafts behind, started off at the double for the city infirmary, with the situation of which I was familiar. Arrived at the door, I kicked vigorously, and the moment the door was opened a little, I threw my weight against it, the captain put on pressure behind, and we literally burst into the hall before the sleepy janitor had time to administer the usual interrogations as to whether the case was chronic or accident, medical or surgical, answers to which in this emergency might have resulted in a refusal to admit the patient be-



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

"WE ELECTED TO PASS HER TO LEEWARD, GIVING HER A WIDE BERTH."



TAKING THE COOK ASHORE.

ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

fore dispensary hours in the morning—a danger to which I was quite alive, having had previous hospital experiences. Disregarding the torrent of “lowland Scotch” which the old porter poured forth as soon as he recovered his voice, I called in a peremptory tone for the house surgeon. Almost at the moment I spoke, a head was protruded from a side room, and I was called on by name to “come in.” I found myself in the doctor’s sleeping-room, and recognized him as a man who had been in my class at the University of Dublin.

Hoping I had found a friend in court, I put him in possession of the facts in a few words—some too many, however, for I very indiscreetly gave my own diagnosis of the case. At the word cholera the doctor looked grave, as well he might, and told me that I had committed a flagrant breach of laws recently enacted by the House of Keys, by bringing a sick man ashore without a permit, and that the least penalty for the offense would be imprisonment in Peel Castle, a medieval fortress at the other side of the island, immortalized by Sir Walter Scott. “However,” he added, “the thing has to be met sooner or later, and as the poor devil is here, we must do the best we can for him.”

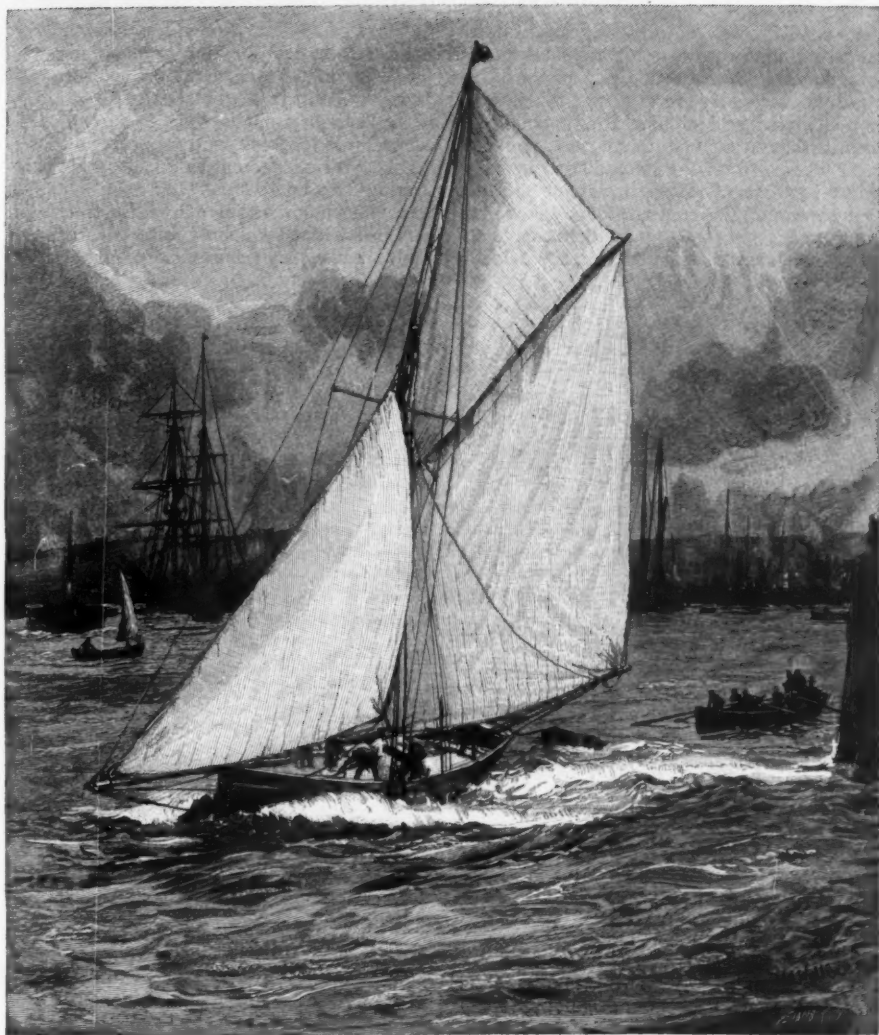
Having arranged a little by-play for the mystification of the old janitor, who was the myrmidon of the authorities, and might have got

the friendly doctor into trouble had the latter appeared to submit too easily to an unwarranted intrusion, we passed together into the hall, this private interview not having lasted longer than the few minutes occupied by the doctor in getting into his clothes.

His countenance, after examining the patient, confirmed our worst suspicions. We were indeed in contact with the destroying specter whose wing at that moment overshadowed Europe, and struck terror into the hearts of nations, producing paroxysms of popular dread which would now be regarded as cowardice.

Turning to me, the physician, as in duty bound, entered a vigorous protest against the irregularity of my conduct in having brought the man ashore, and called on me to take him back again forthwith. I assured him, in a tone calculated to reach the ears of the janitor, but not those of the sufferer, that if the sick man were not kept in the hospital, I would leave him on the steps outside rather than take him back to the yacht. This declaration suddenly convinced the old Scotchman that I was an unchristian brute—a conclusion at which he was certain to arrive, in any case, when he learned that I was an Irishman; for the Saxon Scotch invariably regard Highlanders, Hibernians, and other Celts as “leetle mair than sauvages.”

Yielding apparently to a dire necessity, the



SLIPPING AWAY FROM THE AUTHORITIES.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

doctor directed us to carry the patient into an empty detached ward which had, to all appearances, been in readiness for some such emergency, although it was probably expected that the first occupant would have arrived in more orthodox fashion. Here he was put into a comfortable bed, under the care of a skilled nurse, who quickly put in an appearance, and I may finish the history of the case by recording that under the skilful hands of the doctor and his assistants the man finally recovered, although his disease was officially described as unmistakable Asiatic cholera of the most malignant type.

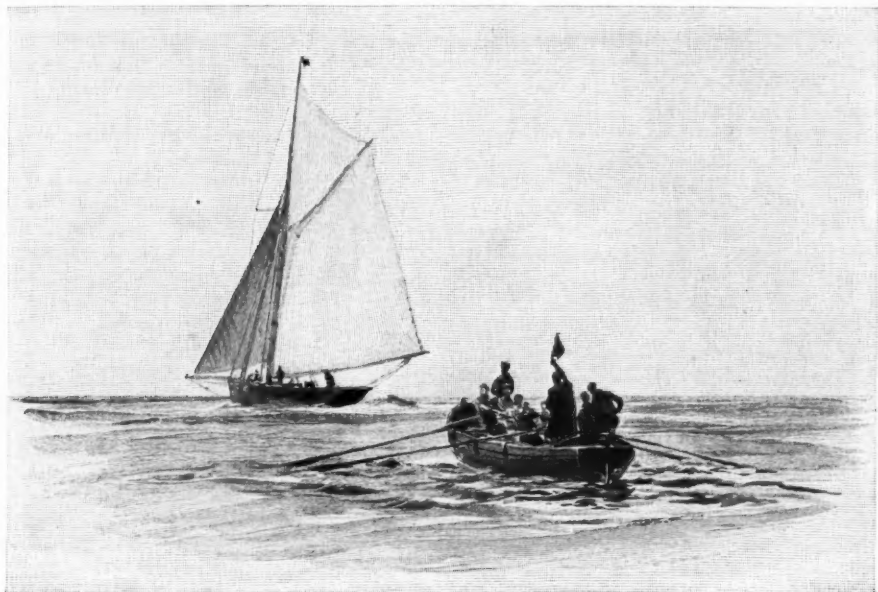
After a friendly glass of grog in the pharmacy, and supplied with an ample stock of disinfectants for use on board the yacht, we left the hospital and regained our boat. When leaving I tipped half a sovereign to the old porter, on the off chance that it might induce him to keep his mouth shut, or only open that capacious receptacle for the purpose of pouring in some of the choice usquebaugh which was to be had on the island free of duty, and to which none of his countrymen were ever known to entertain the least objection. As a matter of fact, our backs were scarcely turned before

the sly old fox was off to the high bailiff, with the result that a warrant was immediately issued for my arrest, which came within an ace of being duly executed, as I shall presently narrate.

While rowing off to the yacht, I noticed with surprise that during our absence the trysail had been taken in and the mainsail set up. The captain explained this by informing me that he had warned the men not to go below until he returned, and that to give them ample occupation on deck he had ordered the main-

tin plate containing a quantity of sulphur in the forecabin and in each cabin, ignited a spirit-lamp under each, and, having previously closed the doors in the bulkheads, he came on deck. Without saying a word to anybody, he stepped into the boat, and mopped her thoroughly with the potent fluid, not forgetting even the oars and spurs.

Having completed this exhaustive process of local disinfection, which in point of thoroughness and efficiency seems to me to have been



"BEYOND PURSUIT."

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIS.

sail to be got up and other preparations made for getting under way. This was only taking time by the forelock, as our original plan contemplated merely a stoppage of a couple of hours at this port, while taking in stores.

When we got on board, we found the sail-room open, and the men handing up the jib-headed topsail, and also the balloon-jib, which the state of the weather suggested we might be able to carry on our way to Scotland in lieu of the working foresail, which had been blown away in the gale. The topsail was sent aloft and laced to the mast, the balloon-jib set up, the sheets toggled on, and the clue triced up out of the way by the foresail downhaul, leaving the big sail ready to let fall at a moment's notice.

In the mean time the captain went below alone, and soused dilute carbolic acid over every place and thing which had been associated with the sick man. He then placed a

well up to the most approved modern standard, the captain and I sponged our hands and garments with the germicide, and then stood together on the companion-stairs for about a quarter of an hour, during which time volumes of sulphurous vapor rolled up from the main cabin, saturating not only our clothing, but our lungs—a very disagreeable experience, recalling, by an association of ideas which I need scarcely explain, Lord Palmerston's reply to the South African wine-grower who wanted his lordship to indorse Cape sherry as a cure for gout. Having tried a sample, the great statesman is reported to have said with characteristic urbanity, "Sir, your wine is a delicious beverage, but I rather think I prefer the gout."

As soon as the vaporizer in the cabin had burned itself out, and the atmosphere become breathable, the crew were sent below to have their breakfast off whatever cold viands the

cook's pantry might afford, helped out with bottled beer and cold tongue from the cabin stores. The forecabin and the lady's cabin remained hermetically sealed for several hours longer.

I contented myself with a frugal but unwholesome meal of *pâté de foie gras*, washed down by a small bottle of Burgundy, which I took on deck, keeping a bright lookout all the time on a certain emporium situated near the shore end of the pier, a famous mart for all sorts of delicacies appreciated on board ship, especially those excisable articles which we had come here to lay in "in bulk." I did not expect that any legal action would be taken against us until later in the forenoon, if at all, and I was determined to risk a visit to this seductive establishment as soon as the tardy proprietor opened his shop for business.

In counting on delay, however, I reckoned without my involuntary hosts, the Douglas harbor authorities, nor had I calculated on the activity of the hospital porter, who was probably liquidating a part of my misspent half-sovereign in the tavern near the high bailiff's house at the very moment when three suspiciously respectable-looking citizens presented themselves on the field of my sea-glass, attended by a gorgeous functionary wearing a laced cocked-hat and a robe trimmed with fur. This party walked to the end of the pier, and stood there gazing in the direction of the *Storm*, which must have made a pretty picture, lying head to wind in the morning sunshine, with all sail set. Their gestures and attitudes convinced me that their interest was centered on that craft, and my guilty conscience invested the aldermanic-looking individual with the dignity of high bailiff at least. After an apparently earnest confabulation with his modest-looking associates, the dignitary addressed himself to

some of the crew belonging to the harbor-master's barge, which hung from davits close at hand. When I saw them handling the tackles, and preparing to let the boat fall into the water, it struck me that the time had arrived when discretion became the better part of valor. Our crew was still below finishing breakfast, but the trusty captain stood by my side, watching the proceedings on the pier with an anxious eye.

"Captain," said I, "these fellows are coming off here. We had better give them the slip."

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied he; and without calling the hands, or making another remark, he walked forward, cast the bridle into the sea, and, coming aft with the buoy-rope in his hand, taking care to pass it outside the rigging, he belayed it on the quarter. A fresh breeze blew off the land, and the ebb-tide ran out fast. Held by the stern, the combined forces turned the yacht on her own length. As soon as her bowsprit pointed in the right direction, the captain let go the hospitable moorings, and overhauled the main-sheet. I took the helm, and laid her on her course for Scotland. She gathered way rapidly, and was going at the rate of eight knots, the balloon-jib pulling like a team of horses, and the crew dancing round on deck making everything shipshape, by the time the harbor barge swept round the pier-head, propelled by four stalwart oarsmen. Upon seeing that we were beyond pursuit, the high bailiff (he may have been only the parish beadle) stood up, and waved his cocked-hat at the flying yacht.

The chances are that our pursuers were as glad to be rid of the pest-ship as we were to escape. If so, everybody was pleased, and we may safely conclude that whatever he may think of the yarn, the reader is gratified now that it has spun itself out, and at last reached the end.

J. Stuart Stevenson.

THE COLD METEORITE.

WHILE through our air thy kindling course was run,
A momentary glory filled the night;
The envious stars shone fainter, for thy light
Garnered the wealth of all their fires in one.
Ah, short-lived splendor! journey ill begun!
Half buried in the earth that broke thy flight,
No longer in thy brodered raiment dight,
Here liest thou, dishonored, cold, undone.
"Nay, critic mine, far better 't is to die
The death that flashes gladness, than alone
In frigid dignity to live on high;
Better in burning sacrifice be thrown
Against the world to perish, than the sky
To circle endlessly, a barren stone."

William Reed Huntington.

TAKING NAPOLEON TO ST. HELENA.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT DIARY OF THE TRIP, WRITTEN BY
THE ADMIRAL'S SECRETARY.¹

	Captain Ross.	
Count Las Cases.		Madame Montholon.
Grand Marshal Count Bertrand.		Sir George Cockburn.
Sir George Bingham.		Bonaparte.
Officer.		Countess Bertrand.
Officer.		General Montholon.
General Gourgaud.		Any Stranger.
Mr. Glover (Admiral's Secretary).		

PLAN OF THE TABLE DURING THE VOYAGE.
(FROM MR. GLOVER'S MANUSCRIPT.)

A NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE TO ST. HELENA, PARTICULARLY RELATING TO THE ACTIONS AND CONVERSATION OF BONAPARTE, ONCE THE SCOURGE OF MANKIND, BUT NOW THE *DETENU* OF THAT NATION WHOSE ATTEMPTED DESTRUCTION HAD BEEN THE MAINSPRING OF HIS ACTIONS FOR MANY YEARS.

July 26, 1815.—Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn was appointed by the Government to convey Napoleon Bonaparte to St. Helena, which had been selected as the spot of all others most likely to secure him against returning to Europe. The *Northumberland*, Captain C. B. H. Ross, which ship was in the Medway, was hurried round to Portsmouth with all possible expedition. She arrived there on the 31st, when the utmost exertions were made to complete her for foreign service.

August 2-5.—On this day Sir George Cockburn arrived at Portsmouth, and on the afternoon of the third, notwithstanding the ship was in the greatest possible state of confusion (from the hurried manner in which stores of every description had been put on board), we sailed from

Spithead, with the *Bucephalus* and *Ceylon*, troopships having on board the second battalion of the 53d Regiment, commanded by Colonel Sir George Bingham. A company of artillery, commanded by Captain Greatly, was also on board the *Northumberland*. We had calm weather with light airs occasionally, which greatly enabled the ship being put somewhat to rights.

August 6.—About noon, when off Berry Head, we discovered a squadron which proved to be the *Tonnant*, having the flag of Lord Keith, commander-in-chief of the Channel fleet; the *Bellerophon* (having on board Napoleon Bonaparte and his suite); and the *Eurolas* frigate. Sir George Cockburn went on board the *Tonnant* when the squadron anchored to the westward of Berry Head. On communicating with the *Tonnant*, we found that Lord Keith had sailed suddenly with his squadron from Plymouth to prevent any difficulty or unpleasant consequences in removing Bonaparte to the *Northumberland*, it being understood that a writ of *habeas corpus*, or subpoena, had been taken out to remove him to London, to appear as evidence at some trial, in consequence of which it was determined that this ex-emperor should be removed at sea. During the afternoon a conference was held by Lord Keith, Sir George Cockburn, and Maréchal Bertrand, relative to the transshipment of the French party; and after dinner Lord Keith, accompanied by Sir George Cockburn, went on board the *Bellerophon* to make known to Bonaparte that it was necessary to remove him to the *Northumberland* as quickly as possible and convenient, for the purpose of being conveyed to St. Helena. Bonaparte protested strenuously against this procedure, and the right of the British government thus to dispose of him. Sir George, however, contented himself by observing that as a military officer he must obey his instructions, and therefore expressed a hope that

¹ This diary by John R. Glover, secretary to Rear-Admiral Cockburn, is here first published by arrangement with T. Fisher Unwin, Esq., of London. The original is in possession of the Reverend O. M. Grindon, The Vicarage, South Wraxall, Bradford-on-Avon, England, whose father-in-law married the widow of Mr. Glover. Mr. Grindon writes: "I can assure you that there is not a shadow of reason for supposing that the Napoleon MS. has been, even partially, printed before."

Careful inquiry fails to reveal any such publication of the narrative, which is not only unique as a contribution to Napoleonic literature, but has added interest in connection with Las Cases' account of the same voyage in his "Memoirs of Napoleon," both in the resemblances and in the differences which mark the two accounts. The longer sub-title is part of the original MS., which has been followed verbatim, except in one or two instances of manifest error.

EDITOR.

he (Bonaparte) would be ready to move the next day with such of his followers as it was determined were to accompany him.

August 7.—After breakfast Sir George Cockburn went again on board the *Bellerophon* to examine the baggage of Bonaparte and his followers, at which they were excessively indignant. Nevertheless, everything was inspected, but no one of the French officers would attend. All the arms were delivered up, and 4000 napoleons were detained by Sir George Cockburn, and delivered to Captain Maitland to be forwarded to the treasury; after which the luggage was transhipped, and every necessary arrangement made. About two o'clock Bonaparte came on board the *Northumberland*, accompanied by Lord Keith. On coming on deck he said to Sir George Cockburn (in French), "Here I am, General, at your orders." He then begged to be introduced to the captain, and asked the names of the different officers on deck, to what regiments they belonged, and other questions of trifling import. He then, with Sir George Cockburn, Lord Keith, and some of his followers, went into the after cabin, where he was left. The following persons were allowed to follow Bonaparte into exile, and came at the same time with him from the *Bellerophon*, viz.: General Comte de Bertrand, grand marshal of the palace; General de Montholon; General Gourgaud; Comte Las Cases, and his son, about thirteen years of age; Comtesse de Bertrand, with three children; Comtesse de Montholon, with one child; three valets de chambre; three valets de pied; a maitre d'hôtel; a chef d'office; a cook; a porter; a lamp-lighter (*lampiste*); and a male servant of Maréchal Bertrand's. The following persons were allowed to come on board from the *Eurotas* frigate to take their final leave of Bonaparte, viz.: Lieutenant-Colonel Resigny, Lieutenant-Colonel Schultz, Le Chef d'Escadre Mercher, Captain Autrié, Captain Rivière, Captain St. Catherine, Captain Piontkowski, and Lieutenant-Colonel Plaisir, the major part of whom appeared affected on quitting their quondam master, most particularly Piontkowski, who, after using every entreaty in vain to be allowed to accompany Bonaparte, solicited most earnestly to be allowed to become a servant. But this was also refused, and they all returned.¹

The admiral after this went into the after cabin with some of the officers, and, finding Bonaparte seemed to assume an exclusive right to this cabin, he desired Maréchal Bertrand to explain that the after cabin must be considered as common to us all, and that the sleeping-cabin could alone be considered as exclusively his. Bonaparte received this intimation with submission and apparent good humor, and soon

after went on deck, where he remained a considerable time, asking various questions of each officer of trifling import. He particularly asked Sir George Bingham and Captain Greatly to what regiments they belonged, and when told that Captain Greatly belonged to the artillery, he replied quickly, "I also belonged to the artillery." After conversing on deck for some time, this ex-emperor retired to the cabin allotted him as a sleeping-cabin, which is about nine feet wide and twelve feet long, with a narrow passage leading to the quarter-gallery. The admiral had a similar sleeping-cabin on the opposite side. The after cabin is our general sitting-room and the fore cabin our mess-room; the others of the party are accommodated below by the captain and some of the officers giving up their cabins, and by building others on the main deck. Thus this man, who but a short time since kept nations in dread, and had thousands at his nod, has descended from the emperor to the general with a flexibility of mind more easily to be imagined than described. He is henceforth to be styled general, and by directions from our Government he is to have the same honors and respect paid him as a British general not in employ.

Our mess now consists of Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn; C. B. H. Ross, captain of the *Northumberland*; Mr. J. R. Glover, secretary to Sir George Cockburn; Sir George R. Bingham, colonel of the 53d Regiment (a passenger); General Bonaparte; Maréchal Bertrand; Major-Generals de Montholon and Gourgaud; Le Comte de Las Cases; and Mesdames Montholon and Bertrand. At 6 P. M. dinner was announced, when we all sat down in apparent good spirits, and our actions declared our appetites fully equal to those spirits. General Bonaparte ate of every dish at table, using his fingers instead of a fork, seeming to prefer the rich dishes to the plain dressed food, and not even tasting vegetables. Claret was his beverage, which he drank out of a tumbler, keeping the bottle before him. He conversed the whole of dinner-time, confining his conversation principally to the admiral, with whom he talked over the whole of the Russian campaign, and attributed the failure of it in the first instance to the burning of Moscow, in the next to the frost setting in much sooner than was expected. He said he meant only to have refreshed his troops for four or five days, and then to have pushed on for St. Petersburg; but finding all his plans frustrated by the burning of Moscow, and his army likely to perish, he hurried back to Paris, setting out with a chosen body-guard, one half of which was frozen to death the first night. He said nothing could be more horrible than the retreat from Moscow, and indeed the whole of the Russian cam-

¹ See full and probably more correct list, p. 831.—ED.

paigned; that for several days together it appeared to him as if he were marching through a sea of fire, owing to the constant succession of villages in flames, which arose in every direction as far as the eye could reach. He said the burning of these villages, as well as of Moscow, was attributed to his troops, but that it was invariably done by the natives. After dinner he did not drink wine, but he took a glass of noyau after his coffee, previous to rising from table. After dinner he walked the deck, conversing principally with the admiral, and to whom he said, during this conversation, that previous to his going to Elba he had made preparations for having a navy of a hundred sail of the line; that he had established a conscription for the navy; and that the Toulon fleet was entirely manned and brought forward by people of this description; that he had ordered them positively to get under way and manœuvre every day the weather would permit, and to occasionally exchange long shots with our ships; that this had been remonstrated against by those about him, and it had cost him much money to repair the accidents which occurred from the want of maritime knowledge, such as ships getting foul of each other, splitting their sails, springing their masts, etc.; but he found this tended to improve the crews, and he determined to persevere in his plan. After walking for some time, he proposed a round game at cards, in compliance with which the admiral, Sir George Bingham, Captain Ross, and myself assembled with General Bonaparte and his followers in the after cabin, where we played at *vingt-un* [*sic*] (which was the game chosen by the ex-emperor) till nearly eleven o'clock, when we all retired to our beds.

Could any person ignorant of the events which had so lately occurred have witnessed the group at cards, he never could possibly have imagined that it consisted of a fallen emperor, a fallen marshal, two fallen generals, an ex-count, two ex-countesses, an English admiral (guardian of the fallen), and an English colonel, captain, and secretary in office; nor could he have distinguished any difference in the countenances of those fallen and those in the plenitude of their power.

As the ship had not been fitted for so many passengers, there was difficulty in providing them with adequate room and accommodation, as each asked and expected a separate apartment. The general was provided as before mentioned, Captain Ross gave up his cabin to Marshal and Madame Bertrand, I gave up mine to General and Madame Montholon, and it was arranged that General Gourgaud and Count Las Cases were to sleep on sofa-beds in the after cabin, until cabins could be built for them between decks.

August 8.—The weather unpleasant; wind from northeast, with much swell. We lay to most of this day off Plymouth, waiting to be joined by the squadron destined to accompany us. The *Havannah*, *Zenobia*, and *Peruvian* joined during the day. The last was despatched to Guernsey to procure French wines, and rejoin us at Madeira. Owing to the swell and consequent motion, but few of our guests were able to come to table, and the general did not make his appearance during the day.

August 9.—The *Zephyr*, *Icarus*, *Redpole*, and *Ferret* joined from Plymouth, which completed our destined squadron (except the *Weymouth*, store-ship). We proceeded down Channel with a fresh wind from the northwest and much swell. The ex-emperor made his first appearance this day about two o'clock, and after walking a short time on deck he went into the after cabin, where he played at chess until dinner was announced. During the first part of the dinner he was very reserved; but after taking a few glasses of wine, he threw off that reserve and conversed freely, but chiefly with the admiral, of whom he made many and particular inquiries relative to India and the state of our forces there. He said that formerly he had corresponded with Tipoo Saib, and on going to Egypt he entertained hopes of reaching India; but the removal of the vizir, and the change of politics with the Ottoman Porte, with other circumstances, had frustrated his hopes and prevented him pursuing that career which he had at first contemplated. He sat but a short time at dinner, and then went on deck, where he walked, keeping his hat off and looking round steadfastly and rather sternly to see if the British officers did the same. However, as the admiral, after saluting the deck, put his hat on, the officers did the same (the admiral having previously desired that the officers should not be uncovered), and thus not a British head was uncovered, at which he was evidently piqued, and soon retired to the after cabin. His followers were constantly uncovered in his presence, and watched his every motion with obsequious attention. About 8 p. m., General Gourgaud begged of us to join the *vingt-un* party, which the admiral, Sir George Bingham, Captain Ross, and myself did, and played until about half-past nine, when Bonaparte retired to bed. During this evening he talked but little and appeared sulky; however, this produced no alteration in our manners toward him, neither was he payed more respect than any other officer present. This afternoon the *Zenobia* was despatched to put letters into the post-office at Falmouth, off which place we were.

August 10.—The weather moderate; the wind to the westward, with considerable swell

from that quarter. As soon as the *Zenobia* rejoined, we made sail on the starboard tack. Our passengers, with the exception of the general, were all assembled at the second breakfast about half-past ten. This meal consisted of soup, roasted meat, a haricot, marmalade, with porter and claret as a beverage (which, I understand, is the constant breakfast of the general), the ladies, and even the children, drinking both porter and wine with water. Between two and three Bonaparte made his appearance on deck, asking various questions as to the names of the vessels with us, the probable time of our voyage to Madeira, etc. His fellow-prisoners are ever uncovered in his presence, and in speaking to him invariably address him either "Sire" or "Votre Majesté," but the admiral as well as the officers at all times address him as general. However, the difficulty of repressing the inclination to pay him marked attention is evident, and the curiosity of both officers and men in watching his actions is very easily perceived. About four o'clock he retired to the after cabin, where he played at chess with General Montholon until dinner-time. He appeared to play but badly, and certainly very much inferior to his antagonist, who nevertheless was determined not to win the game from his ex-majesty. At dinner he ate heartily of every dish, his fork remaining useless, whilst his fingers were busily employed. During dinner, in conversation with the admiral relative to our contests with America, he said Mr. Madison was too late in declaring war; that he had never made any requisition to France for assistance; but that he (Bonaparte) would very readily have lent any number of ships of the line Mr. Madison might have wished for, if American seamen could have been sent to man them and carry them to America; but that, the affairs of France beginning to go wrong about that period, it was out of his power to afford any material assistance to the American government. During the dinner he drank very heartily of claret out of a tumbler, but nothing after dinner except a glass of noyau. When coffee was served, he swallowed his hastily, and got up from table before many of us were even served, and went on deck, followed by *Maréchal Bertrand* and *Comte Las Cases*. This induced the admiral to desire the remainder of the party not to quit the table, and directed the steward in future to serve coffee to the general, and such of his followers as chose to take it, immediately after the cloth was removed, whilst we would continue at table and drink our wine.

Bonaparte walked the deck, asking various trifling questions, until nearly dark, when our *vingt-un* party was again formed. The general was again unlucky, losing ten or twelve *napoleons*, but with perfect good humor. About half-

past nine he retired to his sleeping-cabin. General Gourgaud (who was one of the general's aides-de-camp at the battle of Waterloo), in conversation with the admiral, said that during that battle, when the Prussians appeared, General Bonaparte believed them to have been General Grouchy's division, he having left between 30,000 and 40,000 men with that general under orders to advance (in the direction from which the Prussians came) if from the firing heard General Grouchy should have reason to suppose the day was obstinately contested by the English; and this he said induced Bonaparte to persist in his efforts so long, and occasioned (when it was discovered that there was nothing but Prussians on the French flank) so general and complete a rout. He said Bonaparte was forced off the ground by Soult, and he proceeded as quickly as possible afterward to Paris; but so great were the panic and disorder among the French soldiers that many of them, without arms or accoutrements, actually arrived in Paris, some behind carriages, and others in carts, etc., on the same day with the general and his attendants, not having halted once from the moment of their quitting the field, and reporting everywhere as they passed that all was lost. Our latitude to-day at noon was $49^{\circ} 41' N$.

August 11.—The weather bad and squally, with an unpleasant swell and wind from the northwest. Our guests were all seasick, and General Gourgaud was the only one able to sit at table. Bonaparte did not quit his cabin the whole day. *Maréchal Bertrand*, in a conversation relative to General Bonaparte's return, stated it was actuated by what the papers mentioned of the distracted state of France, and that he was received everywhere as a father returning to his children. Our latitude to-day was $48^{\circ} 48' N$, longitude, $5^{\circ} 58' W$.

August 12.—The weather moderate; wind to the westward, with much swell, which caused so unpleasant a motion as to prevent our female guests from assembling at the breakfast-table. About three o'clock Bonaparte made his appearance upon deck; but owing to the motion, he found it difficult to walk. However, with the help of Sir George Bingham's arm, he walked for about half an hour, asking commonplace questions, and pitying those on board the brigs in company, which seemed to roll and pitch very much. General Montholon, *Comte Las Cases*, and the two ladies complained much of seasickness; nevertheless, we all assembled at five o'clock at dinner, except General Montholon. Bonaparte was more silent than usual, and did not eat so heartily, apparently affected by the motion. After dinner he walked a considerable time with the admiral, in earnest conversation. About eight we adjourned to the after cabin, and played the usual game of

vingt-un until near ten. The admiral told me that in the conversation with the general this evening, in speaking of Ferdinand of Spain, he (the general) considered him both a fool and a coward, that he was perfectly under the dominion of priesthood, and was merely a passive instrument in the hands of the monks. He added that he looked on King Charles of Spain as an honest, good man, but that he had lost everything by his attachment to a bad wife. Among other things he mentioned that Baron de Kolly, who was sent by the British government to bring off Ferdinand, was first discovered by his endeavoring to gain some person to his interest in Paris, and also from suspicion excited by the command of money which he appeared to possess; that upon his being arrested all his papers were discovered, and then it was determined to send off a police officer from Paris to personate Kolly at Valençay, to deliver the prince regent's letter, and to assure Ferdinand that everything was prepared for his escape, purposely to prove how he would act under such circumstances; but in spite of everything this sham Kolly could urge (and Bonaparte added that he was a clever fellow), Ferdinand's courage was not equal to the undertaking, and he obstinately refused to have anything to do with the supposed agent of Great Britain. The general said that until Kolly was discovered at Paris, the French government had no idea of our attempting to carry off Ferdinand; but however, he was quite convinced, had Kolly not been discovered, the pusillanimity of Ferdinand would have prevented all possibility of our success. Our latitude this day at noon was $46^{\circ} 30' N.$, and longitude $8^{\circ} 2' W.$

August 13.—The weather very fine, with calms. Napoleon has hitherto breakfasted in his cabin. Our other guests were all assembled at the second breakfast, and it was evident from their appetites that they had forgot their seasickness. During the forenoon Madame Bertrand expressed great regret at having undertaken the voyage; she also expressed hopes that Maréchal Bertrand and herself would be allowed to return to England in the course of twelve months. Between two and three the general came on deck, and walked until nearly dinner-time. He made many inquiries relative to a French merchant brig spoken by one of the squadron, which was fourteen days from Havre. He seemed anxious to know how long we should be in reaching Madeira, and whether we were likely to anchor there. At dinner the Rev. George Rennell, chaplain of the ship, who had been invited to dine with us, happened to sit opposite the general, the latter observed him with peculiar attention, and during the whole of the dinner-time he was completely

occupied in asking questions relative to the Protestant religion,—asking what were the forms of our church service; whether we used music; whether we used extreme unction; whether we prayed for the dead; how many sacraments we had, and how often the sacrament was performed; whether our religion was similar to either the Calvinist or Lutheran; whether length of time was necessary to study, and how long so before a clergyman could be ordained; how many different sects of dissenters we had in England; whether we believed in transubstantiation—in fact he asked almost every possible question. He also asked Mr. Rennell whether he had ever seen the Roman Catholic worship performed; and being answered in the affirmative (in Spain), he said, "Ah, there you would see it with every pompous effect." After dinner he walked until nearly dark, when he retired to the after cabin. I went in shortly after, and, on taking up one of his books, of which he has a very good collection, he asked me if I had ever read Ossian. I replied I had in English, when he said, "I do not know what it is in English, but it is very fine in French," and immediately offered me the book he had in his hand, and which was Ossian. After conversing a few minutes he asked, "What is the hour?" and being told it was eight, he said, "It is time to play at vingt-un." Madame Bertrand, seeing that I appeared somewhat surprised, it being Sunday evening, said, "Do you never play cards on Sunday?" I replied it was not customary. Bonaparte said, "Why, the upper circles in London play cards on Sundays," to which I assented. He then said, "The admiral, I suppose, will not dislike it. Send for him and the colonel" (meaning Sir George Bingham). Cards were produced, and we played for about an hour (but neither the admiral nor Sir George Bingham joined the party), when Bonaparte went to bed. Our latitude at noon was $45^{\circ} 42' N.$, longitude, $8^{\circ} 10' W.$

August 14.—Light winds, with a continuation of fine weather. Bonaparte, as usual, breakfasted in his cabin. He walked the deck both before and after dinner, and spent the evening playing at vingt-un; but nothing occurred in his conversation worthy of notice. Both he and the admiral appeared distant to each other. Madame Bertrand during the day made many anxious inquiries as to our opinions whether the English ministry would allow her and the maréchal to return to England. To-day, in a conversation with Mr. Barry O'Meara, late surgeon of the *Bellerophon*, who was permitted by Lord Keith, at the request of General Bonaparte, to accompany him to St. Helena (and who is now considered one of the general's suite), he told me that on July 15 the

following persons quitted France with Bonaparte.¹

To-day at noon our latitude was 45° 13' N., and longitude 9° 5' W. We had still light airs, with the wind to the westward, and with much less swell than usual. This being Bonaparte's birthday, all his followers appeared dressed in their best. He walked as usual before dinner, and appeared particularly cheerful. He asked numerous questions relative to the Cape of Good Hope: as to the color of the natives; their disposition; what inland traffic was carried on; how far the interior had been explored. During the dinner he reverted to his northern campaign, saying had he succeeded in that, he seriously intended to have invaded Great Britain. At dinner we all drank his health in compliment to his birthday, with which civility he seemed much pleased. He walked a considerable time with the admiral after dinner, talking of the invasion of England. He said that when the demonstration was made at Boulogne, he had most perfectly and decidedly made up his mind to it (the invasion); that his putting guns into the praams and the rest of his armed flotilla was only to deceive and endeavor to make us believe he intended to make a descent upon England with their assistance only, whereas he had never intended to make any other use of them than as transports, and entirely depended on his fleets being enabled to deceive ours by the route and manœuvres he intended them to make; and that they would thereby be enabled to get off Boulogne, so as to have a decided superiority in the Channel long enough to insure his making good a landing, for which he said everything was so arranged and prepared that he would have required only twenty-four hours after arriving at the spot fixed on. He said he had 200,000 men for this service, out of which

6000 were cavalry, which would have been landed with horses and every appointment complete and fit for acting the moment they were put on shore; and that the praams were particularly intended for carrying over these horses. He said the exact point of debarkation had not been fixed on, as he considered it not material, and only therefore to be determined by the winds and circumstances of the moment; but that he intended to have got as near to Chatham as he conveniently could, to have secured our resources there at once, and to have pushed on to London by that road. He told Sir George Cockburn he had ordered his Mediterranean admiral to proceed with his fleet to Martinique to distract our attention, and draw our fleet after him, and then to exert the utmost efforts to get quickly back to Europe; and looking into Brest (where he had ordered another fleet under Ganteaume to be ready to join him), the whole was to push up Channel to Boulogne, where he (Bonaparte) was to be ready to join them, and to move with them over to our coast at an hour's notice. And in point of fact, he said, he was so ready, his things embarked, and himself anxiously looking for the arrival of his fleets, when he heard of their having returned indeed to Europe; but instead of their coming into the Channel, in conformity with the instructions he had given, they had got to Cadiz, where they were blocked up by the English fleet, with which they had had a partial engagement off Ferrol, and thus, he said, by the disobedience and want of management of his admirals, he saw in a moment that all his hopes with regard to invading England were frustrated, with this additional disadvantage (which he had fully foreseen when he first turned in his mind the idea of such an attempt), that the preparations at Boulogne had given a stronger military bias to every individual in England,

¹ GÉNÉRAUX.—Le Lieutenant-Général Comte Bertrand, grand maréchal; le Lieutenant-Général Duc de Rovigo; le Lieutenant-Général Baron Lallemand (refused permission to go), A. D. C. à sa Majesté; le Lieutenant-Général Baron Gourgaud, A. D. C. à sa Majesté; Le Comte Las Cases, conseiller d'état.

DAMES.—Madame la Comtesse Bertrand; Madame la Comtesse Montholon.

OFFICERS.—Lieutenant-Colonel De Planat; M. Maingant, chirurgien de sa Majesté. Mr. Barry O'Meara, surgeon of the *Bellerophon*, accompanies the general as his surgeon in lieu of M. Maingant, who was re-landed in France.

ENFANTS.—Three children of Madame la Comtesse Bertrand; one child of Madame la Comtesse Montholon.

OFFICIER.—M. Las Cases, page.

SERVICE DE LA CHAMBRE.—M. Marchand, 1st valet de chambre; M. Gilli, valet de chambre; M. St. Denis, valet de chambre; M. Navarra, valet de chambre; M. Denis, garçon de garde-robe.

LIVRÉE.—M. Archambaud, 1st valet de pied; M. Gaudron, valet de pied; M. Gentilini, valet de pied.

SERVICE DE LA BOUCHE.—M. Fontain, 1st maître d'hôtel; M. Freron, 1st chef d'office; M. La Fosse,

1st cuisinier; M. Le Page, cuisinier; two femmes de chambre de Madame la Comtesse Bertrand; one femme de chambre de Madame la Comtesse de Montholon.

SUITE DE PERSONNES QUI ACCOMPAGNENT SA MAJESTÉ.—One valet de chambre du Duc de Rovigo; one valet de chambre du Comte Bertrand; one valet de chambre du Comte Montholon; one valet de pied du Comte Bertrand. The foregoing went on board the *Bellerophon*.

OFFICERS.—Le Lieutenant-Colonel Resigny; Capitaine Antré; Capitaine Piontkowski; Sous-Lieutenant St. Catherine; Lieutenant-Colonel Schultz; Capitaine Mercher; Lieutenant Rivière.

SUITE DE SA MAJESTÉ.—Cipriani, maître d'hôtel; Rosseau, lampiste; Archambaud, valet de pied; Livian, garde d'office; Fumeau, valet de pied. The above on board the *Myrmidon*.

N. B.—The names were copied from the original French list delivered on board the *Bellerophon*. General Gourgaud, one of the first mentioned, went to England with a letter to the Prince Regent; but, not being permitted to land, he returned on board the *Bellerophon* when that ship arrived in Torbay.

and enabled ministers to make greater efforts than they otherwise perhaps would have been permitted to do. He added that he believed, however, the English administration had entertained great alarms for the issue, if he had got over, as his secret agents at the Russian court reported to him that Great Britain had most pressing urged that court with Austria to declare war against France for the purpose of averting from England the danger of this threatened invasion, which he said, however, he had given up from the moment he found his fleets had failed. Having then turned his whole attention to his new enemies on the Continent, his force collected at Boulogne enabled him to make the sudden movement which proved fatal to General Mack, and gave him (Bonaparte) all the advantages which followed. In short, the account he gave very much tallied with Goldsmith's relation of the same circumstances as given in his "History of the Cabinet of St. Cloud."

During the conversation Bonaparte told the admiral in a manner not at all suspicious that Admiral Villeneuve decidedly put himself to death, though the general in talking of him seemed very strongly impressed with an idea of that admiral's unpardonable neglect, disobedience, and negligence throughout. He also said that he had ordered Admiral Dumanoir to be tried by a court martial for his conduct at the battle of Trafalgar, and that he had exerted all his influence to have him shot or broke, but that he had been acquitted in spite of him; and he added that when the sentence of acquittal was given, Admiral Cosmao (who was one of the members of the court, and whom he said he decidedly considered to be the best sea officer now in France, and whom he had therefore lately created a peer) broke his own sword at the time that of Dumanoir was returned to him, which act Bonaparte seemed most highly pleased with. In the course of the evening he told Sir George that he had prepared a strong expedition at Antwerp, destined to act against Ireland, which he had only been prevented from sending forward by his own affairs taking an unfavorable turn on the Continent. He was in very high spirits this evening, and was very fortunate at vingt-un, which seemed to please him the more as it was his birthday. Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were $43^{\circ} 51' N.$ and $10^{\circ} 21' W.$

August 16.—Our fine weather continued, with light airs. Bonaparte walked before and after dinner, and was particularly cheerful in conversation, asking a variety of questions relative to St. Helena and the Cape of Good Hope. He inquired most particularly as to the number of respectable families at St. Helena, the number of ladies there, and how many officers' wives

were in the squadron. After dinner to-day he had a long conversation with the admiral, whom he assured, on his word of honor, that on returning from Elba he had not held communication or correspondence with, nor had he received any invitation from, any of the marshals or generals whatever, and that it was entirely owing to the representations in the public papers of the state of France that he was induced to return, and no longer to hesitate in taking the steps he did. He stated that, on reaching Grenoble, the garrison showed an inclination to resist his progress, but that on his putting himself in front, throwing open his greatcoat to show himself more conspicuously, and calling out, "Kill your emperor if you wish it!" the whole immediately joined, and that afterward he received nothing but congratulations and proofs of attachment all the way to Paris. *Maréchal Bertrand* related to me the foregoing circumstances in a very similar manner, adding, however, that at first Bonaparte found some difficulty in inducing the officers to espouse his cause, and that many of them, on being sent for by Bonaparte, stated that they had taken the oath of allegiance to Louis XVIII., and consequently that as their troops had deserted them their appointments were null and void, and that they had acted up to their faith as far as regarded Louis. Bonaparte then asked them if they would accept commissions from him, when there were very few but what replied in the affirmative, and served under his banners. *Bertrand* also said that as they proceeded toward Paris their forces increased most rapidly; that he felt convinced that *Maréchal Ney* left Paris with a full intention of opposing Bonaparte, but, finding his army to a man quitting him, he espoused the cause of Bonaparte, and became a strenuous supporter of his. Bonaparte, amongst other things, told the admiral that on his return to Paris from Elba he had paid too much attention to, and had submitted too much to the opinion of, the Jacobin party, which he was now persuaded had not been so requisite as he then conceived it to be; and that had he depended altogether on his own popularity, he should have succeeded better. He said the circumstances of the times compelled him to form his army quickly, and how he could; and in consequence of not having time to examine and weed it, many officers remained in it who had received their appointments from Louis XVIII., and who were much disaffected to him, and anxious to betray him. He said many of his officers deserted previous to the battle of Waterloo; and in speaking of the French nation he said that the lower orders of the people were the most sincere, the most firm, and at the same time the best dispositioned in the world; but in the proportion as

you rose the class their characters became the worse, and above the bourgeois they were too fickle and too volatile to be at all depended on. They had one principle for to-day and another for to-morrow, according to the circumstances of the moment; and he attributed his Waterloo disasters solely to the disaffected officers of his army. In talking of the battle he assured the admiral he had never for a moment mistook the Prussians for Grouchy's division, but that he knew early in the day that the Prussians were closing on his flank; that this, however, gave him little or no uneasiness, as he depended on General Grouchy also closing with him at the same time, and he had ordered a sufficient force to oppose the Prussians, who were in fact already checked. And he added that he considered the battle throughout the day to be very much in his favor, but that so soon as it was dusk the disaffected officers promulgated the cry of "*Sauve qui peut!*" which spread such confusion and alarm throughout his whole line that it became impossible to counteract it, or to rally his troops, situated as they were. But, he said, had it been daylight an hour longer, he was positive the result would have been very different; he further said that had he been able, when the alarm and confusion first took place, to have placed himself in a conspicuous situation in front, it would have insured the rallying of all his troops around him; but as it was, treachery and darkness combined rendered his ruin inevitable. He said that on the morning of June 18 he did not entertain the most distant idea that the Duke of Wellington would have willingly allowed him to have brought the English army to a decisive battle, and consequently he had been the more anxious to push on, and if possible to force it, considering nothing else could offer him a chance of surmounting the difficulties with which he was surrounded; but, he added, could he have beaten the English army, he was positive scarcely one would have escaped being either killed or taken, in which case the Prussian army (having been already beaten on the 16th) must have made a precipitate retreat, or most probably would have been dispersed, and certainly entirely disorganized. It was his intention then to have pushed on by forced marches to have met the Austrians before any junction could have been made between them and the Russians, which would have placed the game in his own hands, even if hostilities had been obstinately persevered in; though in the state of things he had built on the idea that a victory over the English army in Belgium, with its immediate results, would have been sufficient to have produced a change of administration in England, and have afforded him a chance of concluding an armistice, which he said was really his first

object, as he felt that France was not equal to the efforts she was then making, and it was perfectly impossible for her to think of making any adequate resistance against the numerous forces of the allies, if once united and acting in concert against him. He said that things, however, having taken the turn they did against him, he was compelled to act as he had done, and he felt convinced that Great Britain had not pursued the wisest policy by refusing him an asylum, as he was ready to have pledged his honor, and would have done so, not to have quitted the kingdom, nor to have interfered in any manner directly or indirectly with the affairs of France, or in politics of any sort, unless hereafter requested so to do by our Government; that the influence he had over the minds of the people of every description in France would have enabled him to have kept them quiet under whatever terms it might have been thought necessary for the future security of Europe to impose on France; but that if terms at all repugnant to the vanity of the French nation were acquiesced in by the Bourbons, it would render them more unpopular than they even are at present, and that the people, sooner or later (waiting a favorable crisis), would rise *en masse* for their destruction. He said the disbanding of the French army was of little or no consequence, as the nation was now altogether military, and could always form into an army at any given signal. The admiral, in answer to the observations he had made, said that after the events of latter years, he did not think the Government of Great Britain could be supposed to have sufficient reliance in him (Bonaparte) to have allowed him to take up his residence in England, due reference being had to the present state of affairs in France and to the feelings of the allies on the Continent, however conscious he himself might be of his own integrity and of the sacredness with which he would have observed any stipulations to which he would have pledged his word of honor. The admiral observed that he therefore was surprised at his not retiring in preference to Austria, where his connection with the emperor would have afforded him a strong claim to more distinguished reception and consideration. Bonaparte replied that had he gone to Austria he had no doubt but what he would have been received with every attention, but that he could not bring himself to submit to receive a favor from the Emperor of Austria after the manner in which he had now taken part against him, notwithstanding his former professions of affection, and his close connection with him, which latter, Bonaparte added, had not by any means been sought for by himself. He then gave the following curious relation respecting his marriage with Maria Louise. He said that,

when at Erfurth, the emperor Alexander took an opportunity one day of pressing upon him how important his, having a legitimate heir must prove to the future repose of France and Europe, and Alexander therefore advised his setting aside Josephine, to which if he would consent the emperor offered him in marriage a Russian princess (he believed Princess Anne was named). But Bonaparte said he did not at the moment pay much attention; for, having lived so long with Josephine in such harmony, and having so much reason to be satisfied with her, the idea of causing her pain disinclined him from entering further on the subject; added to which, he said he was already well aware of the falseness of the character of the emperor Alexander. He therefore merely observed in reply that as he was living on the best possible terms with Josephine, he had never even thought of an arrangement of the nature mentioned by his imperial majesty. However, some time after, when at Paris, being strongly urged by his own friends on the same point, and Josephine having herself assented, he sent to Russia to acquaint Alexander of his wish and readiness to espouse the Russian princess who had been proffered him when at Erfurth. This intimation, he said, the Russian Government received with every outward mark of satisfaction, professing its readiness to accede to the match, but at the same time starting difficulties upon various points, and most particularly with regard to securing the princess the right of exercising her own religion, to which end it was demanded that a Greek chapel might be established for her in the Tuileries. This, Bonaparte said, he did not care about himself; but being a thing so uncouth, added to other points requested by Russia, much discussion and many difficulties arose with regard to the Russian alliance, when some of his ministers, with Beauharnais, his son-in-law [*sic*], waited on him and pressed the advantage which might result should he consent to ask in marriage an Austrian princess, adding that the Austrian ambassador would readily engage for his court coming into any arrangement he (Bonaparte) might wish for this object. To which he replied, if such was the case, and the affair could be concluded at once, he should not on his part make objections to this new plan, and would give up the idea of forming a Russian alliance. This being the case, it was instantly agreed upon to take the contract of marriage of Louis XIV. for a guide in arranging his with the Austrian princess; and such was the expedition used that the necessary documents were prepared, signed, and sent off for the approbation of the Emperor of Austria before twelve o'clock that night. The latter acceded without hesitation

to everything, and by his manner of forwarding it gave all reason to believe he was not only satisfied, but most highly pleased with the arrangement; and thus Bonaparte said he became the emperor's son-in-law without any other solicitation or intrigue on his part, and without having even once seen Maria Louise until she arrived in France as his wife. He therefore thought the emperor's conduct toward him since his reverses began was not in unison with his conduct or profession toward him in prosperity, or such as he had a right to expect from the father of his wife; and consequently he said he would rather have gone anywhere in his distress, or have done anything, than have placed himself in a situation to have been obliged to ask protection *as a favor* from a prince who he thought had behaved toward him so unjustly. He finished by saying he had been deceived by the English, but, harshly and unfairly as he considered himself treated by them, yet he found comfort from feeling that he was under the protection of British laws, which he could not have felt had he gone elsewhere, where his fate might have depended on the whim of the individual. He scarcely said anything as to his wish to have escaped to America, although in different conversations with his followers they have implied he was very anxious to get there and to live as a private individual without meddling with politics. He played his game of vingt-un as usual, and went to bed about ten o'clock. Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were 42° 59' N. and 10° 42' W.

August 17.—Light winds and pleasant weather. This day the *Peruvian* rejoined us from Guernsey, where she had been sent for French wines. Captain White having brought some French newspapers, they were read with avidity by our guests. At dinner Bonaparte remarked that the *presidents des departemens et des arrondissements* appointed by Louis were with very few exceptions the same persons that he (Bonaparte) should have appointed had he continued in power. In the evening, when talking of himself, he told the admiral that he had been placed in chief command as a general officer at the age of 24; that he made the conquest of Italy when he was 25; that he had risen from nothing to be sovereign of his country (as consul) at 30, and that if chance had caused him to be killed the day after he entered Moscow, that his would have been a career of advancement and uninterrupted success without parallel; and he said the very misfortunes which afterward befell the French army would in such case most probably have tended rather to the advantage than disadvantage of his fame, as, however inevitable they were, they would have been attributed to his loss, rather than to their true cause.

We played our usual game of vingt-un, and Bonaparte quitted the table abruptly, and went to bed earlier than usual. Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were $41^{\circ} 57' N.$ and $11^{\circ} 11' W.$

August 18.—Moderate weather. Bonaparte renewed his questions to-day relative to the Cape, and asked particularly whether any caravans went from thence to Egypt, and whether any person had ever penetrated across the country. In the evening he talked much with the admiral about the Queen of Naples, saying he had had much correspondence with her, as well while she was in Sicily as in Naples; that his general advice to her was to remain quiet, and not interfere with the arrangements of the greater powers of Europe. By letters received from his wife he learned that after the Queen of Naples had returned to Vienna, she had taken great notice of, and had been very kind to, his son; and that in a conversation she had with his wife, she had asked her why she did not follow him (Bonaparte) to Elba. Maria Louise answered that she wished to do so, but that her father and mother would not allow her. The Queen of Naples interrogated her as to whether she really liked him, when, being answered in the affirmative, and Maria Louise speaking further in his favor, the queen said to her, "My child, when one has the happiness to be married to such a man, papas and mamas should not keep one away from him whilst there are windows and sheets by which an escape to him might be effected."

In the course of the evening he told the admiral he considered the Russians and Poles to be decidedly a braver race of people than all the rest of Europe, except the French and English, and in particular very far superior to the Austrians. He said the Emperor of Austria possessed neither firmness nor stability of character; that the King of Prussia was *un pauvre bête*; that the emperor Alexander was a more active and clever man than any of the other sovereigns of Europe, but that he was extremely false. He asked the admiral if he was aware that, when in friendship with him at Erfurth, he had signed with him a joint letter to the King of England to require the relinquishing of the right of maritime visitation of neutrals. He said that Russia was much to be feared if Poland was not preserved in an independent state, to be a barrier between Russia and the rest of Europe. He added, however, that whatever might be decided on this subject at the congress, he did not think that Russia would succeed in making Poland an appendage to that empire, the Poles being too brave and too determined ever to be brought to submit quietly to what they considered as disgrace and national degradation. Bonaparte spoke in high

terms of the King of Saxony, and said he was the only sovereign who had kept faith with him to the last. In the course of conversation he mentioned that the Bourbons were most cordially hated in France, and that nothing but the allied forces could keep them on the throne; that the nation might be quiet for a short time, but that in a few years there would, in his opinion, be a general insurrection. We played as usual at vingt-un until near ten, when Bonaparte retired. Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were $48^{\circ} 50' N.$ and $11^{\circ} 20' W.$

August 19.—We had light airs and pleasant weather. Our guests were all in good humor. General Gourgaud, who was one of Bonaparte's aides-de-camp at the battle of Waterloo, persisted that, whatever Bonaparte might say to the contrary, he did mistake the Prussian army for General Grouchy's division, and he attributed their disasters in a great measure to that mistake. He boasted much of the exploits of that day; amongst other vauntings he declared that at one time he might have taken the Duke of Wellington a prisoner, but he *desisted* from it, knowing the effusion of blood it would have occasioned.

Bonaparte to-day gave the admiral an amusing account of his being admitted a Mussulman when in Egypt. He said the sheiks and other chiefs there had many consultations on the subject, but at last they admitted him and his followers among the faithful, and with express permission to drink wine, provided that on opening every bottle they would determine to do some good action. Bonaparte requiring an explanation of what was intended by the term good action, the head sheik informed him such as giving charity to people in distress, digging a well in a desert, building a mosque, and such like. He said that had he continued in Egypt, things would not have taken the turn they did; that Kleber was an excellent man and good soldier, but that he did not understand or try to manage the people of the country, and that his assassination was caused by his having beaten one of the principal sheiks, which was considered an indignity to the whole. Bonaparte said that General Menou, who succeeded Kleber, was a brave man, but without abilities. He also stated that the Turks have at different times sent persons to murder him (Bonaparte), but that the people of the country, from his having humored them, invariably gave him sufficient warning, and prevented the assassins getting near him; whereas he said the man who killed Kleber (who did not attempt to gain the good opinion of the country) was suffered to hide himself in Kleber's garden, and when the general was walking there alone, the assassin sprang upon him unawares, and stabbed him, after which, instead of attempting to escape, he sat down at one

end of the garden until he was taken by the general's guard, which was almost immediately after he had perpetrated the deed. However, Maréchal Bertrand, who relates this event in a very similar manner, affirms that the assassin did attempt to escape, and that after a strict search he was found concealed in a well in the garden. Bonaparte, in answer to some questions put to him by the admiral, said that if everything had even turned out in Egypt equal to the most sanguine hopes and wishes he entertained on sailing for that country, yet that nevertheless he should have returned as he did, in consequence of the information he received from France.

Bonaparte played at vingt-un as usual, and was in uncommon high spirits. Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were $39^{\circ} 9' N.$ and $11^{\circ} 26' W.$

August 20.—The weather continued fine, but we had much swell, to which I attributed Bonaparte's not walking before dinner. Divine service was performed, but not one of our guests had the curiosity to witness the ceremony. At dinner Bonaparte asked the clergyman many questions relative to the Protestant religion, and in what it differed from the Roman Catholic. He walked after dinner, and then went direct to his sleeping-cabin without playing at cards. Our latitude and longitude to-day were $37^{\circ} 19' N.$ and $12^{\circ} 14' W.$

August 21.—Our weather continued much the same. Captain Hamilton of the *Havannah*, and Captain Mansel of the 53d, dined with us, and Bonaparte, who was in very good spirits, conversed more than usual, asking numerous questions on various trifling subjects. We assembled at the card-table earlier than usual, and the game was changed from vingt-un to lottery, and we became as noisy a group as ever assembled on such an occasion. Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were $35^{\circ} 56' N.$ and $13^{\circ} 16' W.$

August 22.—We got the northeast wind which usually prevails in these latitudes, with fine weather. Bonaparte requested the admiral to write for some books for him from Madeira. At dinner he asked many questions about the different islands in the Atlantic, particularly to what nations they belonged, on which points his ignorance was most glaring. Talking of the West Indies, he said that had he continued at the head of the French Government, he never would have attempted the reoccupation of St. Domingo; that the most he would have established with regard to that island would have been to keep frigates and sloops stationed around it to force the blacks to receive everything they wanted from, and to export all their produce exclusively to, France; for, he added, he considered the inde-

pendence of the blacks there to be more likely to prove detrimental to England than to France. This latter remark is a reiteration of his feelings with respect to England, as in all the calculations he makes, the proportion of evil which may accrue to our nation seems to bear in his mind the first consideration. In the evening we played at vingt-un, and he retired about his usual hour. Our latitude and longitude to-day were at noon $34^{\circ} 58' N.$ and $13^{\circ} 31' W.$

August 23.—Our northeast wind veered to the east, freshened, and the weather became hot, hazy, and unpleasant. About two o'clock we made Porto Santo, and afterward Madeira. Bonaparte did not walk before dinner; at the meal he appeared pensive and out of spirits. He asked the admiral some questions relative to Madeira, as to its extent, how long it had been discovered, and by whom. Immediately after dinner he went on the poop, and observed the island very particularly as we ran along it until we brought to off Funchal after dark, when he went to the after cabin; and after playing a few games at piquet with Madame Montholon, he retired to his own cabin, evidently out of sorts. This day at noon we were about nine leagues E. S. E. of Porto Santo.

August 24.—We remained lying to off Funchal, the *Havannah* and troop-ships anchored in the roads to procure water and some cattle, and I went on shore to procure some wine and fruit. Mr. Veitch, his Majesty's consul, visited the ship, of whom Bonaparte asked numerous questions with respect to the island, its produce, the height above the level of the sea, its population, etc. Mr. Veitch dined on board, and after dinner Bonaparte walked with him and the admiral a considerable time, conversing on general topics, when he retired at once to his bedroom without joining the card-table. This day at noon we lay to off the town of Funchal, Madeira.

August 25.—We had a continuation of the violent and most disagreeable siroc wind, which commenced on our first making the island; and such was the superstition of the inhabitants, that they attributed this destructive siroc to Bonaparte being off the island, and were extremely apprehensive that their crops, which were nearly ripe, would be more than half destroyed. The frigate and troop-ships did not join until about three o'clock, having been much retarded by the violence of the weather in procuring supplies, which supplies, owing to the same cause, took us until dark in receiving, after which we made sail to the southward. The heat of the siroc, and the disagreeable nature of the wind, added to the motion of the ship, which was very considerable, evidently affected General Bonaparte. At dinner he ate very little, and was out of spirits; this evening

he played at vingt-un for about half an hour only, and then retired to his bedroom. During the day, at the recommendation of the admiral, he had his standing bed-place removed, taking a large cot in its stead. This day at noon we were about seven leagues S. W. of Madeira.

August 26.—Though the wind continued from the east, its siroc qualities had left it, to our great relief, and this proved a cool, pleasant day, with little or no motion. This change brought General Bonaparte out of his cabin earlier than usual, and he appeared in better health than he had been for some days. Having been on shore, he asked me what number of priests and churches there were at Funchal, and if there was any theater. After dinner he walked a considerable time with the admiral, talking generally of the affairs of Europe, and, among other things, he told the admiral he had observed in some of the French papers brought from Guernsey that the King of Prussia was about to change the nature of his government, and to admit a national representation in it, which he foretold would produce the greatest difficulties both to the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria. He said he knew there were many revolutionary spirits in both those countries, and that the nations of the Continent were not adapted for a representative government like England. On the admiral's remarking that he had, however, adopted it in the constitution which he had himself established in France, he acknowledged he had done so, but added that it was not because he considered it a wise measure for the nation, but because his situation at the moment required him to yield this point to the popular feeling, and it being, he said, at the time his particular interest to substantiate any innovations, and, in short, whatever differed essentially from the old system of government, thereby to render more difficult the restoration of the former order of things, and therewith the dynasty of the Bourbons. He went again over the old ground of the military bias of the French nation, and the impolicy of exasperating the French people. He spoke much of their determined aversion to the Bourbons, which he said could not but be materially increased by the idea of that family being again put in possession of the government by means of foreign troops, who had carried ruin and devastation into the greater part of the country. Therefore he was quite sure the troubles of France were by no means at an end; they might be said to be smothered for the moment by terror, and by the presence of the allied troops, but if these forces withdrew from the country whilst the recollection of recent events remained fresh in the minds of the people, he averred that a general insurrection in France

would take place immediately, and it would cause much difficulty and bloodshed ere it could be again suppressed. In the course of conversation he mentioned that he had left his brother Jerome at Paris, who had determined to remain there in disguise for some time until he saw the turn affairs were likely to take; he added that he did not know what had become of him (Jerome) afterward, as of course he had not been able to hear from him since. After his walk with the admiral he went into the after cabin, and before we had formed our card-party he retired to his sleeping-cabin. Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were $30^{\circ} 53' N.$ and $17^{\circ} 22' W.$

August 27.—General Bonaparte walked some time with the admiral, during which he mentioned his having expended £3,000,000 sterling in the improvements at Cherbourg; that he had constructed there a basin, or rather a kind of inner harbor (as it was without gates), which would contain thirty sail of the line, and had fifty feet of depth at low water. The outer road, which he said was now perfectly safe in all winds, would also contain thirty sail of the line more. He had arranged everything for building ships there, and, in short, for making it a naval port of the first rank, and he added that he conceived such an establishment so situated would have caused us much difficulty with regard to our possessions of Jersey and Guernsey. The only thing he dreaded relative to this establishment, and which he was therefore taking every precaution to avert, was our getting momentary possession of the place by a *coup de main* at any favorable juncture, in which case he was aware that a few barrels of gunpowder scientifically placed might destroy in an instant what had cost so much time, expense, and labor to complete. This evening he played until about nine, and then retired to his cabin. To-day at noon we were about four leagues west of Gomera, with a fresh breeze from the northeast, running between the islands at the rate of about eleven miles an hour.

August 28.—Our northeast wind continued, but not so fresh as yesterday. The weather became hot, the thermometer being from 78° to 80° . General Bonaparte was particularly serious the whole of the day, and General Bertrand was very much out of sorts, in consequence of the admiral having refused to allow lights to be burnt in the sleeping-cabins all night. In the evening Bonaparte played at whist for a short time, and that very badly, and then retired to his sleeping-cabin. Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were $24^{\circ} 23' N.$ and $20^{\circ} 23' W.$

August 29.—We had moderate weather, with much swell. General Bonaparte complained much of the heat, and sat in his sleep-

ing-cabin *en chemise* with the door open reading till about two o'clock, when he made his toilet, and then came into the after cabin, where he played at chess until dinner-time. Of late he has taken no exercise excepting a short walk after dinner, and even during this walk he generally leans half his time against one or other of the guns. In the evening he did not join the card-party, but played at chess with General Montholon. Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were $24^{\circ} 23' N.$ and $20^{\circ} 23' W.$

August 30.—We had a fresh trade-wind, with disagreeable weather and heavy swell, which caused the ship to roll considerably. General Bonaparte seemed to suffer much from these causes; he ate very little, seemed disinclined to enter into conversation, and, after being a short time on deck after dinner, he retired to his own cabin without playing either at cards or chess. Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were $22^{\circ} 27' N.$ and $22^{\circ} 12' W.$

August 31.—The fresh trade-wind and swell continued. The general, however, appeared better, though the rolling of the ship seemed still to affect him. In conversation with the admiral he mentioned that when his army in Egypt was seriously visited by the plague, the soldiers, and indeed the officers, became so disheartened that as general-in-chief he found it an absolutely necessary part of his duty to endeavor to give them confidence and reanimate them by visiting frequently the hospitals, and talking to and cheering the different patients. He said he caught the disorder himself, but recovered again quickly. This evening Bonaparte played chess, and was in very good spirits. Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were $19^{\circ} 55' N.$ and $25^{\circ} 43' W.$

September 1.—We had a fresh trade-wind, accompanied with uncommonly thick weather, which prevented our making the island of St. Antonio as soon as was expected; but just as the sun set we found ourselves close to the southwest end of it, not having been able previously to discern any part. We brought to, with the intention of communicating with the islands in the morning, and of waiting for the *Peruvian* and *Zenobia*, which had been sent ahead to reconnoiter, and to search for a convenient watering-place. During this forenoon Bonaparte asked many questions relative to the Cape de Verde Islands. He also made some minute inquiries at dinner relative to the nature and cause of the Gulf Stream. This evening he played a rubber at whist, and then retired to his sleeping-cabin. Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were $17^{\circ} 45' N.$ and $25^{\circ} 4' W.$

September 2.—During the night it blew a heavy gale of wind, and our party were much alarmed. Soon after daylight the wind veered from northeast to east and from east to south-

east and south, still blowing so hard as to render it impracticable to communicate with the islands. About noon the two brigs rejoined without having been able to procure anything whatever, and giving an unfavorable report as to any chance of procuring water. We made sail to the southward and westward, the squadron being put to short allowance of water. General Bonaparte, in spite of the weather, made his appearance at dinner; but owing to the motion, he did not seem to enjoy himself, entering very little into conversation. This evening we played a short time at piquet. This day at noon we were about seven leagues off the southwest end of St. Antonio. Our latitude was $17^{\circ} 6' N.$

September 3.—The wind continued to the northeast, and became light, baffling, and calm, with very hot weather, the thermometer being from 82° to 83° throughout the day. Bonaparte complained much of the heat. To-day, in talking over the affairs of France, amongst other things he said that after his arrival at Paris from Elba he had received assurances from the King of Spain, and from the Portuguese, that whatever appearances they might be forced to make, he might depend on their not taking any active offensive part against him. Bonaparte played cards this evening for about an hour, and then retired to his cabin. Latitude and longitude this day at noon, $16^{\circ} 15' N.$ and $20^{\circ} 30' W.$

September 4.—Fine weather, with a moderate breeze from the northeast. General Bonaparte made his appearance in the after cabin earlier than usual, where he amused himself at chess until dinner-time. He was very cheerful at dinner, and after it he walked for a considerable time with the admiral, during which he related the Jaffa poisoning story, his statement of which was that, finding himself compelled to evacuate Jaffa, and leave it to be taken possession of by the troops of Djezza Pacha (whose cruelty of character was well known, and who invariably mutilated in the most barbarous manner such prisoners as fell into their hands), he ordered off before him all the sick of the army which could be moved, to facilitate which he even lent his own horses. When the chief surgeon represented to him that there were a few Frenchmen in such an advanced state of the plague that there did not remain even a probability of their recovering, and that the attempting to move them with the rest would endanger the whole army, Bonaparte, well knowing that if these unfortunate wretches fell into the hands of Djezza Pacha every possible cruelty would be practised on them in their last moments, asked the physician whether under the existing circumstances it would not be an act of charity to accelerate their death by opium; and on the physician declaring he did

not feel himself justified in adopting this proposed measure, he (General Bonaparte) ordered a council of all the medical men in the army to be assembled, to ascertain, in the first place, whether the removal of these people or of any of them might be effected without endangering in an unwarrantable degree the remainder of the army, and whether there existed any chance of adequate benefit accruing to them if their removal should be attempted. In the next place, if the council agreed on the absolute necessity of leaving some behind, then to consider whether it would not be better for the individuals themselves to relieve them of their sufferings by administering opium, rather than to leave them in the state they were to be tormented in their last moments by the cruelty of their implacable enemies, into whose hands they would inevitably be doomed to fall. He said this council was public, everybody knew what passed in it, and he therefore had been surprised at the many contradictory and ridiculous stories which he knew had got abroad respecting this transaction. He added that after this medical council had finished their deliberations, they reported to him it was their decided and unanimous opinion that these people ought not on any account to be removed, and that although they were of opinion there did not exist a possibility of their recovery, yet the majority of the council could not bear the idea of adopting such a measure as accelerating the death of an individual under their charge, however desperate his case might be; but they further stated that they had every reason to believe all difficulties on this head would cease by the natural consequences of the disease under which these poor fellows labored, if the general could so arrange as to retain the place

forty-eight hours longer, at the expiration of which time they considered it scarcely possible that one of them could remain alive. On receiving this report, Bonaparte instantly determined on retaining Jaffa the time specified by the council, and he continued in it himself with the whole army twenty-four hours, and then left a strong rear-guard to hold it the other twenty-four hours, at the expiration of which time, he said, the prediction of the council was pretty well verified by the death of almost every one of the patients in question, and that the two or three who were left were in the very last possible stage. (This latter part of the statement was corroborated by Captain Beattie of the marines, serving on board the *Northumberland*, who at that time belonged to the *Theseus*, and who was one of the first who entered Jaffa after the French had quit- ted it, and even before the troops of Djezza Pacha. He states there were only three or four Frenchmen found alive in Jaffa, and those in the last stage of the plague. Captain Beattie also states that he heard nothing of the Jaffa poisoning story until he returned to England.) Bonaparte further stated that he considered the measure he wished to have adopted as being more worthy of praise than the contrary, and said that had he been one of those afflicted, he should have considered it the greatest act of kindness to be so dealt with, rather than to be left to be tormented by the wanton savages of Djezza Pacha's army. Such is the statement from this man of the Jaffa story, which has caused so much talk. Bonaparte walked this evening much later than usual, and retired at once to his own cabin. Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were $15^{\circ} 34' N.$ and $26^{\circ} 36' W.$

(To be concluded next month.)

John R. Glover.

LIFE.

BEFORE we knew thee thou wert with us; ay,
 In that far time forgotten and obscure
 When, doubtful of ourselves, of naught secure,
 We feebly uttered first our human cry.
 We had not murmured hadst thou passed us by,
 And now, with all our vaunted knowledge sure,
 We know not from what source of bounty pure
 Thou camest, our dull clay to glorify.
 Yet—for thou didst awake us when but dust,
 Careless of thee—one tender hope redeems
 Each loss by the dark river: more and more
 We feel that we who long for thee may trust
 To wake again, as children do from dreams,
 And find thee waiting on the farther shore.

Florence Earle Coates.

WALT WHITMAN IN WAR-TIME.

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM THE CAPITAL.¹

WASHINGTON, Monday forenoon,
December 29, 1862.

DEAR, DEAR MOTHER: Friday the 19th inst. I succeeded in reaching the camp of the 51st New York, and found George alive and well. In order to make sure that you would get the good news, I sent back by messenger, to Washington (I dare say you did not get it for some time) a telegraphic despatch, as well as a letter—and the same to Hannah² at Burlington. I have stayed in Camp with George ever since, till yesterday, when I came back to Washington. About the 24th, George got Jeff's³ letter of the 20th. Mother, how much you must have suffered, all that week, till George's letter came,—and all the rest must too. As to me, I know I put in about three days of the greatest suffering I ever experienced in my life. I wrote to Jeff how I had my pocket picked in a jam and hurry, changing cars, at Philadelphia,—so that I landed here without a dime. The next two days I spent hunting through the hospitals, walking all day and night, unable to ride, trying to get information,—trying to get access to big people, &c.—I could not get the least clue to anything—Odell would not see me

at all—But Thursday afternoon, I lit on a way to get down on the government boat that runs to Aquia creek, and so by railroad to the neighborhood of Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburgh—so by degrees I worked my way to Ferrero's brigade, which I found Friday afternoon without much trouble after I got in camp,—when I found dear brother George, and found that he was alive and well. O you may imagine how trifling all my little cares and difficulties seemed—they vanished into nothing. And now that I have lived for eight or nine days amid such scenes as the camps furnish, and had a practical part in it all, and realize the way that hundreds of thousands of good men are now living, and have had to live for a year or more, not only without any of the comforts, but with death and sickness and hard marching and hard fighting, (and no success at that,) for their continual experience—really nothing we call trouble seems worth talking about. One of the first things that met my eyes in camp was a heap of feet, arms, legs, &c., under a tree in front a hospital, the Lacy house.

George is very well in health, has a good appetite—I think he is at times more wearied

¹ These letters have been selected from a volume, now in preparation by the literary executors of Walt Whitman, bearing the title "Hospital Letters," and are faithful copies of the originals. They are not published as having literary merit, but as throwing light upon the personality of the author of "Leaves of Grass," and especially as showing the spirit in which he entered upon and persevered in his self-imposed service to the sick and wounded of the war. To some it may seem undesirable to print these hastily scribbled, often penciled, often ungrammatical jottings, in which the great heart of the man is caught at unawares, off guard, and unveiled. From the point of view of the editors, it is important that the world should gradually come to know the man Walt Whitman—not specially as writer or philanthropist, or for any single feature or gift, but for his expansive personality, touching every shade and form of life.

Between Walt Whitman and his mother there existed a strong, perhaps exceptional, attachment. After the death of his father he was, in fact, the mother's chief counselor and aid. This woman, Louisa Van Velsor, born in 1795 and dying in 1873, possessed a remarkable nature, which, while not notable on the literary or esthetic side, was strong and clear-seeing and sympathetic. Walt always wrote to her in detail, when away from home. In 1848-49 he was in the South. The years between 1862-73 he spent in Washington. Few of the Southern letters seem to have been preserved. And while the Washington letters do not seem to present an unbroken chain, they are so

nearly complete as truly to reflect the main experiences of his personal history in the period between the first letter and the last.

The editors have had no wish or anxiety to straighten out the informalities of the letters, or to supply their breaks, or to subdue them to literary form. In their very simplicity and directness, and evident avoidance of topics which books and book-makers most affect, they reveal a side of his character and life of which the public has heretofore known little.

The letters tell their own story. Walt went to the field in the hurry of his alarm at the report that his brother George had been perhaps seriously wounded. From this immediate first touch with the sorrow and disaster created by the war, his drift into the ardent after-employment of volunteer nurse was easy though peremptory. In connection with the records herewith presented, and with the volume of which they form a part, the reader is referred to Whitman's "Drum Taps" and "Specimen Days." Except for one letter addressed to his brother "Jeff," and another sent to Jeff's wife, and a third written to Mrs. Price, the entire series are the direct confessions of son to mother, couched in all the simple verbal beauty of manly love and reverence.

HORACE L. TRAUBEL,
R. M. BUCKE,
THOMAS B. HARNED.

² His sister, wife of Charles Heyde, still living at Burlington, Vermont.

³ Thomas Jefferson Whitman, a brother. See Whitman's reference to him in "Specimen Days."

out and homesick than he shows, but stands it upon the whole very well. Every one of the soldiers, to a man, wants to get home.

I suppose Jeff got quite a long letter I wrote from camp, about a week ago. I told you that George had been promoted to Captain—his commission arrived while I was there. When you write, address, Capt. George W. Whitman, Co. K. 51st New York, Vol. Ferrero's brigade near Falmouth Va. Jeff must write oftener, and put in a few lines from mother, even if it is only two lines—then in the next letter a few lines from Mat,¹ and so on. You have no idea how letters from home cheer one up in camp, and dissipate home sickness.

While I was there George still lived in Capt. Francis's tent—there were five of us altogether, to eat, sleep, write, &c. in a space twelve feet square, but we got along very well—the weather all along was very fine—and would have got along to perfection, but Capt. Francis is not a man I could like much—I had very little to say to him. George is about building a place, half hut and half tent, for himself—(he is probably about it this very day)—and then he will be better off, I think. Every Captain has a tent, in which he lives, transacts company business, &c. has a cook, (or a man of all work,) and in the same tent mess and sleep his Lieutenants, and perhaps the 1st sergeant. They have a kind of fire-place—and the cook's fire is outside on the open ground. George had very good times while Francis was away—the cook, a young disabled soldier, Tom, is an excellent fellow, and a first-rate cook, and the 2d Lieutenant, Pooley, is a tiptop young Pennsylvanian. Tom thinks all the world of George—when he heard he was wounded, on the day of the battle, he left everything got across the river, and went hunting for George through the field, through thick and thin. I wrote to Jeff that George was wounded by a shell, a gash in the cheek—you could stick a splint through into the mouth, but it has healed up without difficulty already. Everything is uncertain about the army, whether it moves or stays where it is. There are no furloughs granted at present. I will stay here for the present, at any rate long enough to see if I can get any employment at any thing, and shall write what luck I have. Of course I am unsettled at present.

Dear mother, my love, WALT.

If Jeff or any one writes, address me, care of Major Hapgood, paymaster, U. S. Army, Corner 15th and F. Streets, 5th floor, Washington, D. C. I send my love to dear sister Mat, and to little sis²—and to Andrew³ and

to all my brothers. O Mat, how lucky it was you did not come—together, we could never have got down to see George.

WASHINGTON, Friday morning, Jan. 2, 1863.

DEAR SISTER:⁴ You have heard of my fortunes and misfortunes of course, (through my letters to mother and Jeff.) since I left home, that Tuesday afternoon. But I thought I would write a few lines to you, as it is a comfort to write home, even if I have nothing particular to say. Well, dear sister, I hope you are well and hearty, and that little sis keeps as well as she always had, when I left home so far. Dear little plague, how I would like to have her with me, for one day. I can fancy I see her, and hear her talk. Jeff must have got a note from me about a letter I have written to the *Eagle*—you may be sure you will get letters enough from me, for I have little else to do at present. Since I laid my eyes on dear brother George, and saw him alive and well,—and since I have spent a week in camp, down there opposite Fredericksburgh, and seen what well men and sick men, and mangled men endure—it seems to me I can be satisfied and happy henceforward if I can get one meal a day, and know that mother and all are in good health, and especially if I can only be with you again, and have some little steady paying occupation in N. Y. or Brooklyn.

I am writing this in the office of Major Hapgood, way up in the top of a big high house, corner of 15th and F. Street—there is a splendid view, away down south, of the Potomac river, and across to the Georgetown side, and the grounds and houses of Washington spread out beneath my high point of view. The weather is perfect—I have had that in my favor ever since leaving home,—yesterday and to-day it is bright, and plenty warm enough. The poor soldiers are continually coming in from the hospitals, &c. to get their pay—some of them waiting for it to go home. They climb up here, quite exhausted, and then find it is no good, for there is no money to pay them—there are two or three paymasters' desks in this room, and the scenes of disappointment are quite affecting. Here they wait in Washington, perhaps week after week, wretched and heart-sick—this is the greatest place of delays and puttings-off, and no finding the clue to any thing—this building is the paymaster general's quarters, and the crowds on the walk and corner, of poor, sick, pale, tattered soldiers are awful—many of them, day after day, disappointed and tired out. Well, Mat, I will suspend my letter for the present, and go out through the city—I have a couple of poor fellows in the hospital to visit also.

WALT.

¹ Wife of Thomas Jefferson Whitman.

² Eldest daughter of T. J. Whitman.

³ A brother. ⁴ Written to Mrs. T. J. Whitman.

Saturday evening, Jan. 3d.

I write this in the place where I have my lodging room, 394 L. street, 4th door above 14th street. A friend of mine William D. O'Connor, has two apartments on the 3rd floor, very ordinarily furnished, for which he pays the *extraordinary* price of \$25. a month. I have a werry little bedroom on the 2nd floor. Mr. & Mrs. O'Connor and their little girl have all gone out "down town" for an hour or two, to make some Saturday evening purchases, and I am left in possession of the premises—so I sit by the fire, and scribble more of my letter. I have not heard anything from dear brother George since I left the camp last Sunday morning, 28th Dec. I wrote to him on Tuesday last—I wish to get to him the two blue woolen shirts Jeff sent, as they would come very acceptable to him,—and will try to do it yet. I think of sending them by mail, if the postage is not more than \$1.

Yesterday I went out to the Campbell Hospital to see a couple of Brooklyn boys, of the 51st. They knew I was in Washington, and sent me a note, to come and see them. O my dear sister, how your heart would ache to go through the rows of wounded young men, as I did—and stopt to speak a comforting word to them. There were about 100 in one long room, just a long shed neatly whitewashed inside. One young man was very much prostrated, and groaning with pain. I stopt and tried to comfort him. He was very sick. I found he had not had any medical attention since he was brought there—among so many he had been overlooked. So I sent for the doctor, and he made an examination of him—the doctor behaved very well—seemed to be anxious to do right—said that the young man would recover—he had been brought pretty low with diarrhoea, and now had bronchitis, but not so serious as to be dangerous. I talked to him some time—he seemed to have entirely give up, and lost heart—he had not a cent of money—not a friend or acquaintance,—I wrote a letter from him to his sister—his name is John A. Holmes, Campbello, Plymouth county, Mass. I gave him a little change I had—he said he would like to buy a drink of milk, when the woman came through with milk. Trifling as this was, he was overcome and began to cry. Then there were many, many others. I mention the one, as a specimen. My Brooklyn boys were John Lowery, shot at Fredericksburgh, and lost his left forearm, and Amos H. Vliet—Jeff knows the latter—he has his feet frozen, and is doing well. The 100 are in a ward, (6)—and there are, I should think, eight or ten or twelve such wards in the Campbell Hospital—indeed a real village. Then there are some 38 more

Hospitals here in Washington, some of them much larger.

Sunday forenoon, Jan. 4, '63

Mat, I hope and trust dear mother and all are well, and everything goes on good, home. The envelope I send, Jeff or any of you can keep for direction, or use it when wanted to write to me. As near as I can tell, the army at Falmouth remains the same.

Dear sister, good-bye.

WALT.

I send my love to Andrew and Jesse¹ and Eddy² and all—What distressing news this is of the loss of the Monitor—

OFFICE MAJOR HAPGOOD, COR. 15th & F. STS.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 13th '63

DEAR BROTHER:³ Nothing new—still I thought I would write you a line this morning. The \$4, namely: \$2 from Theo. A. Drake and \$2 from John D. Martin, inclosed in your letter of the 10th came safe. They too will please accept the grateful thanks of several poor fellows, in hospital here.

The letter of introduction to Mr. Webster, Chief Clerk, State Department, will be very acceptable. If convenient, I should like Mr. Lane to send it on immediately. I do not so much look for an appointment from Mr. Seward as his backing me from the state of New York. I have seen Preston King this morning for the second time—it is very amusing to hunt for an office,—so the thing seems to me just now, even if one don't get it)—I have seen Charles Sumner three times—he says everything here moves as part of a great machine, and that I must consign myself to the fate of the rest—still an interview I had with him yesterday he talked and acted as though he had life in him, and would exert himself to any reasonable extent for me to get something. Meantime I make about enough to pay my expenses by hacking on the press here, and copying in the paymasters' offices, a couple of hours a day—one thing is favorable here, namely, pay for whatever one does is at a high rate. I have not yet presented my letters to either Seward or Chase—I thought I would get my forces all in a body, and make one concentrated dash, if possible with the personal introduction and presence of some big bug—I like fat old Preston King, very much—he is fat as a hogshead, with great hanging chops—the first thing he said to me the other day in the parlor of the Senate, when I sent in for him and he came out, was, "Why how can I do this thing, or any thing for you—how do I know but you are a secessionist—you look for all the world, like an old Southern planter, a regular Caro-

¹ A brother.

² A brother.

³ Written to Jeff. (T. J. W.).

lina or Virginia planter." I treated him with just as much hauteur as he did me with bluntness—this was the first time—it afterward proved that Charles Sumner had not prepared the way for me, as I supposed, or rather, not so strongly as I supposed, and Mr. King had even forgotten it—so I was as an entire stranger—But the same day C. S. talked further with Mr. King in the Senate, and the second interview I had with the latter, (this forenoon) he has given me a sort of general letter, endorsing me from New York—one envelope is addressed to Secretary Chase, and another to Gen. Meigs, head Quartermasters' Dept. Meantime I am getting better and better acquainted with office-hunting wisdom, and Washington peculiarities generally. I spent several hours in the Capitol the other day—the incredible gorgeousness of some of the rooms (interior decorations &c.)—rooms used perhaps but for merely three or four committee meetings in the course of the whole year, is beyond one's flightiest dreams. Costly frescoes of the style of Taylor's saloon in Broadway, only really the best and choicest of their sort, done by imported French & Italian artists, are the prevailing sorts (imagine the work you see on the fine china vases in Tiffany's, the paintings of Cupids & goddesses &c. spread recklessly over the arched ceiling and broad panels of a big room,—the whole floor underneath paved with tessellated pavement, which is a sort of cross between marble & china, with little figures drab, blue, cream color, &c.) These things, with heavy elaborately wrought balustrades, columns, & steps—all of the most beautiful marbles I ever saw, some white as milk, others of all colors, green, spotted, lined, or of our old Chocolate color,—all these marbles used as freely as if they were common blue flags, with rich door-frames and window-casings of bronze and gold,—heavy chandeliers and mantels, and clocks in every room—and indeed by far the richest and gayest, and most unAmerican and inappropriate ornamenting and finest interior workmanship I ever conceived possible, spread in profusion through scores, hundreds, (and almost thousands), of rooms—such are what I find, or rather would find to interest me, if I devoted time to it—But a few of the rooms are enough for me—the style is without grandeur, and without simplicity—These days, the state our country is in, and especially filled as I am from top to toe of late with scenes and thoughts of the *hospitals* (America seems to me now, though only in her youth, but brought already here feeble, bandaged and bloody in *hospital*), THESE DAYS, I say, Jeff, all the poppy-show goddesses, and all the pretty blue & gold in which the interior Capitol is got up, seem to me out of place be-

yond anything I could tell—and I get away from it as quick as I can when that kind of thought comes over me. I suppose it is to be described throughout—those interiors—as all of them got up in the French style—well enough for a New York.

WASHINGTON, March 31, 1863.

DEAREST MOTHER: I have not heard from George, except a note he wrote me a couple of days after he got back from his furlough—I think it likely the regiment has gone with its corps to the West, to the Kentucky or Tennessee region—Burnside at last accounts was in Cincinnati—Well it will be a change for George, if he is out there—I sent a long letter to Han last Saturday, enclosed George's note to me. Mother when you or Jeff write again, tell me if my papers & MSS are all right—I should be very sorry indeed if they got scattered, or used up or any thing—*especially* the copy of Leaves of Grass covered in blue paper, and the little MS book "Drum Taps" & the MS tied up in the square (spotted stone-paper) loose covers—I want them all carefully kept.

Mother it is quite a snow-storm here this morning—the ground is an inch and a half deep with snow—and it is snowing and drizzling—but I feel very independent in my stout army-boots, I go anywhere. I *have* felt quite well of my deafness and cold in my head for four days or so, but it is back again bad as ever this morning.

May 5, '63

DEAR MOTHER: I have not received any letter from George. I write to him & send papers to Winchester. Mother while I have been writing this a very large number of southern prisoners, I should think a 1000 at least, has past up Pennsylvania avenue, under a strong guard. I went out in the street, close to them to look at them. Poor fellows, many of them mere lads—it brought the tears, they seemed our own flesh and blood too, some wounded, *all* miserable in clothing, all in dirt and tatters—many of them fine young men. Mother I cannot tell you how I feel to see those prisoners.

WASHINGTON Monday morning, June 22 '63

DEAR MOTHER. . . . Well mother we are generally anticipating a lively time here or in the neighborhood, as it is probable Lee is feeling about to strike a blow on Washington, or perhaps right into it—and as Lee is no fool, it is perhaps possible he may give us a good shake—he is not very far off—yesterday was a fight to the southwest of here all day, we heard the cannons nearly all day—the wounded are arriving in small squads every day, mostly cavalry, a great many Ohio men—they send off

to-day from the Washington hospitals a great many to New York, Philadelphia, &c., all who are able, to make room, which looks ominous—indeed it is pretty certain that there is to be some severe fighting, maybe a great battle again, the pending week—I am getting so calous that it hardly arouses me at all—I fancy I should take it very quietly if I found myself in the midst of a desperate conflict here in Washington.

Mother I have nothing particular to write about—I see and hear nothing but new and old cases of my poor suffering boys in Hospitals, & I dare say you have had enough of such things—I have not missed a day at Hospital I think for more than three weeks—I get more & more wound round—poor young men—there are some cases that would literally sink and give up, if I did not pass a portion of the time with them—I have quite made up my mind about the lecturing &c project—I have no doubt it will succeed well enough, the way I shall put it in operation—you know mother it is to raise funds to enable me to continue my Hospital ministrations, on a more free-handed scale—as to the Sanitary Commissions and the like, I am sick of them all, & would not accept any of their berths—you ought to see the way the men as they lie helpless in bed turn away their faces from the sight of those Agents, Chaplains &c. (*hirelings* as Elias Hicks would call them—they seem to me always a set of foxes & wolves)—they get well paid, & are always incompetent & disagreeable—as I told you before the only good fellows I have met are the Christian Commission—they go everywhere & receive no pay. . . .

WALT.

WASHINGTON Wednesday forenoon

July 15 1863

DEAR MOTHER, So the mob has risen at last in New York—I have been expecting it, but as the day for the draft had arrived & everything was so quiet, I supposed all might go on smoothly—but it seems the passions of the people were only sleeping, & have burst forth with terrible fury, & they have destroyed life and property, the enrolment buildings &c as we hear—the accounts we get are a good deal in a muddle, but it seems bad enough—the feeling here is savage & hot as fire against New York (the mob—"Copperhead mob" the papers here call it.) & I hear nothing in all directions but threats of ordering up the gunboats, cannonading the city, shooting down the mob, hanging them in a body &c &c—meantime I remain silent, partly amused, partly scornful, or occasionally put a dry remark, which only adds fuel to the flames—I do not feel it in my heart to abuse the

poor people, or call for a rope or bullets for them, but that is all the talk here, even in the hospitals.—The acc'ts from N Y this morning are that the gov't has ordered the draft to be suspended there—I hope it is true, for I find that the deeper they go in with the draft, the more trouble it is likely to make—I have changed my opinions & feelings on the subject—we are in the midst of strange and terrible times—one is pulled a dozen different ways in his mind, & hardly knows what to think or do.—Mother I have not much fear that the troubles in New York will affect any of our family, still I feel somewhat uneasy—about Jeff, if any one, as he is more around—I have had it much on my mind what could be done, if it should so happen that Jeff should be drafted—of course he could not go without its being the downfall almost of our whole family, as you may say Mat & his young ones, & a sad blow to you too mother & to all—I did n't see any other way than to try to raise the \$300. mostly by borrowing if possible of Mr. Lane—mother I have no doubt I shall make a few hundred dollars by the lectures I shall certainly commence soon, (for my hospital missionary purposes & my own, for that purpose) & I could lend that am't to Jeff to pay it back.—May be the draft will not come off after all, I should say it was very doubtful if they can carry it out in N Y & Brooklyn—and besides it is only one chance out of several, to be drawn if it does— . . .

Aug. 18, 1863.

. . . I suppose they will fill up the 51st with conscripts, as that seems the order of the day—a good many are arriving here, from the north, & passing through to join Meade's army—we are expecting to hear of more rows in New York about the draft—it commences there right away I see—this time it will be no such doings as a month or five weeks ago. the gov't here is forwarding a large force of regulars to New York to be ready for any thing that may happen—there will be no blank cartridges this time—Well I thought when I first heard of the riot in N Y I had some feeling for them, but soon as I found what it really was, I felt it was the devil's own work all through—I guess the strong arm will be exhibited this time up to the shoulder. . . .

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8, Tuesday afternoon.

MOTHER it seems to be certain that Meade has gained the day, & that the battles there in Pennsylvania have been about as terrible as any in the war—O what a sight must have been presented by the field of action—I think the killed & wounded there on both sides were as many as eighteen or twenty thousand—in

one place, four or five acres, there were a thousand dead, at daybreak on Saturday morning—Mother one's heart grows sick of war, after all, when you see what it really is—every one in a while I feel so horrified and disgusted—it seems to me like a great slaughter-house & the men mutually butchering each other—then I feel how impossible it appears, again, to retire from this contest, until we have carried our points—(it is cruel to be so tossed from pillar to post in one's judgment) . . .

One of the things here always on the go, is long trains of army wagons—sometimes they will stream along all day, it almost seems as if there was nothing else but army wagons & ambulances—they have great camps here in every direction, of army wagons, teamsters, ambulance camps, &c. Some of them are permanent, & have small hospitals—I go to them, (as no one else goes, ladies would not venture)—I sometimes have the luck to give some of the drivers a great deal of comfort & help—Indeed mother there are camps here of everything—I went once or twice to the contraband camp, to the Hospital, &c. but I could not bring myself to go again—when I meet black men or boys among my own hospitals, I use them kindly, give them something &c. I believe I told you that I do the same to the wounded rebels, too—but as there is a limit to one's sinews & endurance & sympathies, &c. I have got in the way after going lightly as it were all through the wards of a hospital, & trying to give a word of cheer, if nothing else, to every one, then confining my special attentions to the few where the investment seems to tell best, & who want it most—Mother I have real pride in telling you that I have the consciousness of saving quite a number of lives by saving them from giving up, and being a good deal with them—the men say it is so, & the doctors say it is so—& I will candidly confess I can see it is true, though I say it of myself—I know you will like to hear it mother, so I tell you. . . .

Oct. 15, 1863¹

. . . In the hospitals among these American soldiers from East and West, North and South, I could not describe to you what mutual attachments, passing deep and tender. Some have died but the love for them lives as long as I draw breath. These soldiers know how to love too, when once they have the right person. It is wonderful. You see I am running off into the clouds (perhaps my element) Abby I am writing this last note this afternoon—in Major H.'s office—he is away sick—I am here a good deal of the time alone—it is a dark, rainy afternoon—we don't know what is going on in front, whether Meade is getting the worst

¹ Written to Mrs. Price, Woodside, Long Island.

of it, or not—but the result of the big elections permanently cheers us)—I believe fully in Lincoln—few know the rocks and quicksands he has had to steer through and over. . . .

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2, 1864

DEAREST MOTHER: I am writing this by the side of the young man you asked about, Lewis Brown in Army Square hospital. He is now getting along very well indeed—The amputation is healing up good, & he does not suffer anything like as much as he did. I see him every day. We have had real hot weather here, & for the last three days wet & rainy—it is more like June than February. Mother I wrote to Han, last Saturday—she must have got it yesterday—I have not heard anything from home since a week ago, (your last letter)—I suppose you got a letter from me Saturday last—I am well as usual—there has been several hundred sick soldiers brought in here yesterday—I have been around among them to-day all day—it is enough to make one heart-sick—the old times over again—they are many of them mere wrecks—though young men (sickness is worse in some respects than wounds)—one boy about 16, from Portland Maine, only came from home a month ago, a recruit, he is here now very sick & downhearted poor child, he is a real country boy, I think has consumption, he was only a week with his reg't—I sat with him a long time—I saw [it] did him great good—I have been feeding some their dinners—it makes me feel quite proud, I find so frequently I can do with the men what no one else at all can, getting them to eat, (some that will not touch their food otherwise nor for anybody else)—it is sometimes quite affecting I can tell you—I found such a case to-day, a soldier with throat disease, very bad,—I fed him quite a dinner—the men his comrades around just stared in wonder, & one of them told me afterwards that he (the sick man) had not eat so much at a meal, in three months—Mother I shall have my hands pretty full now for a while—write all about things home.

WALT.

Lewis Brown says I must give you his love—he says he knows he would like you if he should see you.

CULPEPER, VIRGINIA Friday night

Feb. 12th 1864

DEAREST MOTHER, I am still stopping down in this region, I am a good deal of the time down within half a mile of our picket lines, so that you see I can indeed call myself in the front. I stopped yesterday with an artillery camp in the 1st Corps at the invitation of Capt. Cranford who said that he knew me in Brook-

lyn. It is close to the lines — I asked him if he did not think it dangerous — he said no, he could have a large force of infantry to help him there, in very short metre, if there was any sudden emergency — The troops here are scattered all around much more apart than they seemed to me to be opposite Fredericksburgh last winter — they mostly have good huts & fireplaces &c — I have been to a great many of the camps, & I must say I am astonished how good the houses are almost everywhere — I have not seen one regiment nor any part of one, in the poor uncomfortable little shelter tents that I saw so common last winter after Fredericksburgh — but all the men have built huts of logs & mud — a good many of them would be comfortable enough to live in under any circumstances — I have been in the Division hospitals around here — there are not many men sick here, & no wounded — they now send them on to Washington — I shall return there in a few days, as I am very clear that the real need of one's services is there after all — there the worst cases concentrate, & probably will, while the war lasts — I suppose you know that what we call hospital here in the field, is nothing but a collection of tents on the bare ground for a floor, rather hard accommodation for a sick man — they heat them there by digging a long trough in the ground under them, covering it over with old railroad iron & earth, & then building a fire at one end & letting it draw through & go out at the other, as both ends are open — this heats the ground through the middle of the hospital quite hot — I find some poor creatures crawling about pretty weak with diarrhoea — there is a great deal of that — they keep them until they get very bad indeed, & then send them to Washington — the journey aggravates the complaint, & they come into Washington in a terrible condition. O mother how often and how many I have seen come into Washington, from this awful complaint, after such an experience as I have described, with the look of death on their poor young faces — they keep them so long in the field hospitals with poor accommodations, the disease gets too deeply seated.

To-day I have been out among some of the camps of the 2d division of the 1st Corps — I have been wandering around all day — & have had a very good time, over woods, hills & gulleys, indeed a real soldiers march — the weather is good & the traveling quite tolerable — I have been in the camps of some Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, & New York regiments — I have friends in them, & went out to see them, & see soldiering generally, as I never cease to crave more & more knowledge of actual soldiers life, & to be among them as much as possible — This evening I have also been in a large wag-

oner's camp — they had good fires & were very cheerful, I went to see a friend there too, but did not find him in — it is curious how many I find that I know & that know me. Mother, I have no difficulty at all in making myself at home among the soldiers, teamsters, or any — I most always find they like to have me very much, it seems to do them good, no doubt they soon feel that my heart and sympathies are truly with them, & it is both a novelty & pleases them & touches their feelings, & so doubtless does them good — & I am sure it does that to me — There is more fun around here than you would think for — I told you about the theatre the 14th Brooklyn has got up, they have songs & burlesques &c. some of the performers real good — as I write this I have heard in one direction or another two or three good bands playing — & hear one tooting away some gay tunes now, though it is quite late at night — Mother I don't know whether I mentioned in my last letter that I took dinner with Col Fowler one day early part of the week — his wife is stopping here — I was down at the 14th as I came along this evening too — one of the officers told me about a presentation to George of a sword &c. he said he see it in the papers — the 14th invited me to come & be their guest while I staid here, but I have not been able to accept — Col Fowler uses me tip-top — he is provost marshal of this region, makes a good officer — Mother I could get no pen & ink to-night¹ — Well dear mother I send you my Love & to George & Jeff & Matt & little girls & all.

WALT.

Direct to care of Major Hapgood as before & write soon. Mother I suppose you got a letter I wrote from down here last Monday.

WASHINGTON March 22 1864

DEAREST MOTHER: . . . Gen. Grant is expected every moment now in the Army of the Potomac to take active command — I have just this moment heard from the front — there is nothing yet of a movement, but each side is continually on the alert, expecting something to happen — O mother to think that we are to have here soon what I have seen so many times, the awful loads & trains & boat-loads of poor bloody and pale & wounded young men again, — for that is what we certainly will, & before very long — I see all the little signs, getting ready in the hospitals &c. — it is dreadful when one thinks about it — I sometimes think over the sights I have myself seen, the arrival of the wounded after a battle, & the scenes on the field, too, I can hardly believe my own recollection — what an awful thing war is — Mo-

¹ The letter is written with pencil. — EDITORS.

ther it seems not men but a lot of devils & butchers butchering each other. . . .

April 5 '64

Well mother I went to see the great spirit medium Foster—there were some little things some might call curious perhaps, but it is a shallow thing and a humbug—A gentleman who was with me was somewhat impressed, but I could not see anything in it worth calling supernatural—I would n't turn on my heel to go again and see such things, or twice as much—we had table rappings and lots of nonsense. . . .

WASHINGTON Tuesday noon April 19 '64

DEAREST MOTHER: . . . I went down to the Capitol the nights of the debate on the expulsion of Mr. Long last week,—they had night sessions, very late—I like to go to the House of Representatives at night, it is the most magnificent hall, so rich & large, & lighter at night than it is days, & still not a light visible, it comes through the glass roof—but the speaking and ability of the members is nearly always on a low scale, it is very curious & melancholy to see such a rate of talent there, such tremendous times as these—I should say about the same range of genius as our old friend Dr. Swalm, just about—you may think I am joking, but I am not, mother—I am speaking in perfect earnest—the Capitol grows upon one in time, especially as they have got the great figure on top of it now, & you can see it very well, it is a great bronze figure, the genius of Liberty I suppose, it looks wonderful toward sundown, I love to go down & look at it, the sun when it is nearly down shines on the head-piece & it dazzles & glistens like a big star, it looks quite curious.

Well mother we have commenced on another summer, & what it will bring forth who can tell? The campaign of this summer is expected here to be more active & severe than any yet—As I told you in a former letter Grant is determined to bend everything to take Richmond. . . . he is in earnest about it, his whole soul & all his thoughts night and day are upon it—he is probably the most in earnest of any man in command or in the government either. . . .

WASHINGTON April 26 1864

DEAREST MOTHER: Burnside's army passed through here yesterday—I saw George and walked with him in the regiment for some distance & had quite a talk—he is very well, he is very much tanned & looks hardy. I told him all the latest news from home—George stands it very well, & looks & behaves the same good and noble fellow he always was & always will be—it was on 14th St. I watched three hours before the 51st came along—I joined

him just before they came to where the President & Gen Burnside were standing with others on a balcony, & the interest of seeing me &c. made George forget to notice the President & salute him, he was a little annoyed at forgetting it I called his attention to it, but we had passed a little too far on, & George would n't turn round even ever so little—however there was a great many more than half the army passed without noticing Mr. Lincoln & the others, for there was a great crowd all through the streets especially here & the place where the President stood was not conspicuous from the rest—The 9th Corps made a very fine show indeed—there were I should think five very full regiments of new black troops, under Gen Ferrero, they looked and marched very well. It looked funny to see the President standing with his hat off to them just the same as the rest as they passed by—then there [were] Michigan regiments, one of them was a regiment of sharpshooters, partly composed of Indians—then there was a pretty strong force of artillery—& a middling force of cavalry—many New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, R. I. &c. reg'ts—all except the blacks were veterans, seen plenty of fighting—mother it is very different to see a real army of fighting men, from one of those shows in Brooklyn, or New York, or on Fort Greene—Mother it was a curious sight to see these ranks after ranks of our own dearest blood of men, mostly young, march by worn & sunburnt & sweaty, with well worn clothes & thin bundles, & knapsacks, tincups & some with frying-pans strap over their backs, all dirty & sweaty, nothing real neat about them except their muskets, but they were all as clean & bright as silver—they were four or five hours passing along, marching with wide ranks pretty quickly too—it is a great sight to see such a big army 25 or 30,000 on the march—they are all so gay, too, poor fellows; nothing dampens their spirits—they all got soaked with rain the night before—I saw Fred McReedy & Capt Sims, & Col Le Gendre &c. I don't know exactly where Burnside's army is going—among other rumors it is said they go to the army of the Potomac to act as a reserve force &c.—another is that they are to make a flank march, to go round & get Lee, on the side &c.—we know nothing,—I hav'n't been out this morning & don't know what news—only that there is without doubt to be a terrible campaign here in Virginia this summer, & that all who know deepest about it are very serious about it—Mother it is serious times—I do not feel to fret or whimper, but in my heart & soul about our country, the army, the forthcoming campaign with all its vicissitudes & the wounded & slain—I dare say mother I feel the reality

more than some because I [am] in the midst of its saddest results so much—Others may say what they like, I believe in Grant & in Lincoln too—I think Grant deserves to be trusted, he is working continually—no one knows his plans, we will only know them when he puts them in operation—Our army is very large here in Virginia this spring & they are still pouring in from east & west—you don't see about it in the papers, but we have [a] very large army here . . .

2 o'clock, 28th, April 1864

DEAREST MOTHER: Just as I am going to mail this, I receive authentic information. Burnside's army is now about 16 or 18 miles south of here, at a place called Fairfax court house—They had last night no orders to move at present, & I rather think they will remain there, or near there—What I have written before as a rumor about their being to be held as a reserve, to act whenever occasion may need them is now quite decided on—You may hear a rumor in New York that they have been shipped in transports from Alexandria—there is no truth in it at all—Grant's Army of the Potomac is probably to do the heavy work—his army is strong and full of fight—Mother I think it is to-day the noblest army of soldiers that ever marched—nobody can know the men so well as I do, I sometimes think— . .

WASHINGTON May 13 1864.

2 o'clock P. M.

DEAREST MOTHER: I wrote you a hurried letter late yesterday afternoon but left it myself at the P O in time for the mail,—you ought to have got it this forenoon, or afternoon at furthest.—I sent you two letters yesterday—I hope the carrier brings you your letters the same day—I wrote to the Brooklyn postmaster about it—I have heard from George up to Tuesday morning last, 10th, till which time he was safe,—the battle of Friday 6th was very severe—George's Co K lost one acting Lt Sturgis killed, 2 men killed, 4 wounded—as I wrote yesterday I have seen here Corp. Fred Saunders of Co K who was wounded in side, nothing serious, in Friday's fight, & came up here—I also talked with Sgt Brown, Co F. 51st rather badly wounded in right shoulder—Saunders said when he left Tuesday morning he heard (or saw them there I forget which) the 51st & its whole division were on guard duty toward the rear—the 9th Corps however has had hard fighting since, but whether the division, or brigade, the 51st is in, was in the fights of Tuesday 10th (a pretty severe one) or Wednesday I cannot yet tell, & it is useless to make calculations—& the only way is to wait & hope for the best—as

I wrote yesterday there were some 20 of the 51st reg't killed & 50 wounded in Friday's battle, 6th inst—I have seen Col Le Gendre, he is here in Washington not far from where I am—485 12th St., is his address—poor man, I felt sorry indeed for him, he is badly wounded & disfigured, he is shot through the bridge of the nose, & left eye probably lost—I spent a little time with him this forenoon—he is suffering very much,—spoke of George very kindly, said, "your brother is well"—his orderly told me he saw him, George, Sunday night last well—Fred Mc. Ready is wounded in hip, I believe bone fractured bad enough, but not deeply serious—I cannot hear of his arrival here, if he comes I shall find him immediately & take care of him myself—he is probably yet at Fredericksburgh, but will come up I think—Yesterday & to-day the badly wounded are coming in—the long lists of *previous arrivals*, (I suppose they are all reprinted at great length in N Y papers) are of men $\frac{3}{4}$ ths of them quite slightly wounded, & the rest hurt pretty bad—I was thinking mother if one could see the men who arrived in the first squads, of two or three hundred at a time, one wouldn't be alarmed at those terrible long lists—Still there is a sufficient sprinkling of deeply distressing cases—I find my hands full all the time, with new & old cases—poor suffering young men, I think of them, & do try mother to do what I can for them (& not think of the vexatious skeddaddlers & merely scratched ones, of whom there are too many lately come here)—

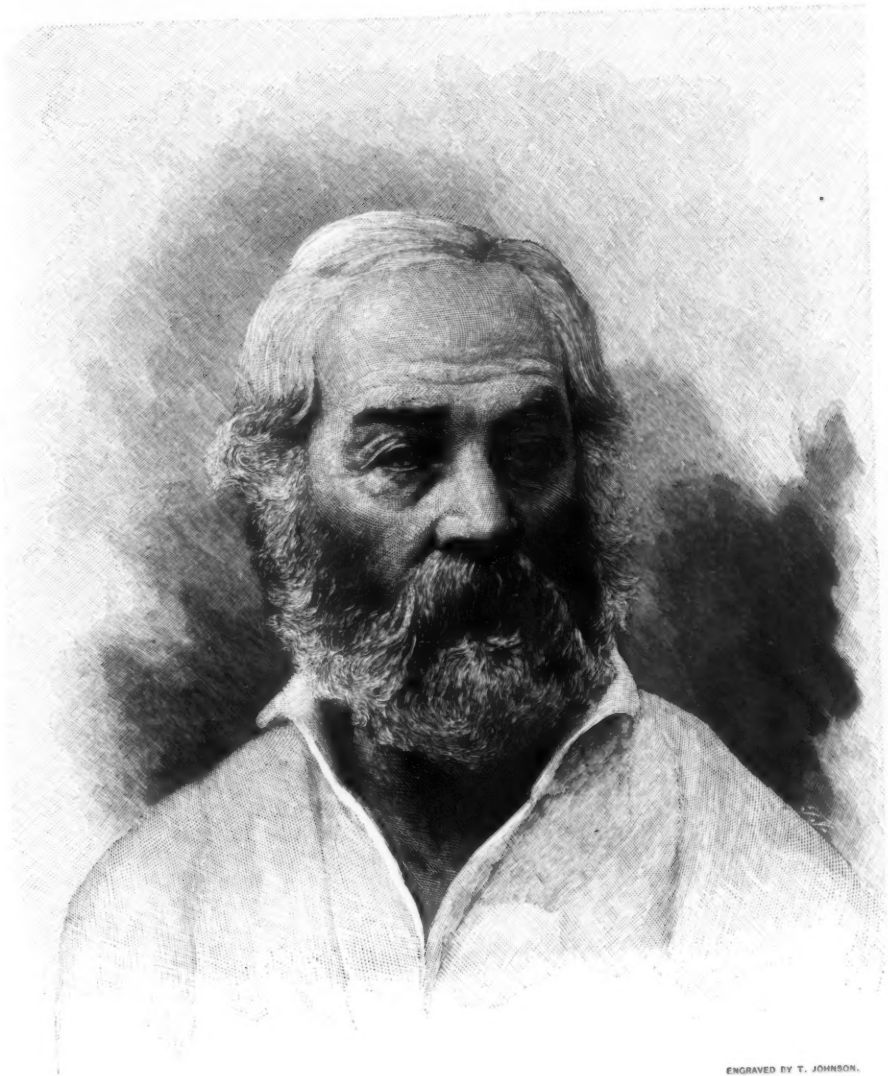
Dearest mother I hope you & all are well—you must keep a good heart—still the fighting is very mixed, but it *seems steadily turning into real successes* for Grant,—the news to-day here is very good—you will see it in N Y papers—I steadily believe Grant is going to succeed, & that we shall have Richmond—but O what a price to pay for it—We have had a good rain here & it is pleasanter & cooler—I shall write very soon again.

May 30 '64

. . . I have been in one of the worst hospitals all the forenoon, it contains about 1600—I have given the men pipes & tobacco, (I am the only one that gives them tobacco,) O how much good it does some of them—the chaplains & most of the doctors are down upon it,—but I give them & let them smoke—to others I have given oranges, fed them &c. . .

WASHINGTON June 3 1864

DEAREST MOTHER, Your letter came yesterday—I have not heard the least thing from the 51st since—no doubt they are down there with the Army near Richmond—I have not written to George lately—I think the news from the Army is very good—Mother you



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

Walt Whitman
taken from life 1863
war time Washington
DC

know of course that it is now very near Richmond indeed, from five to ten miles—Mother if this campaign was not in progress I should not stop here, as it is now beginning to tell a little upon me, so many bad wounds, many putrefied, & all kinds of dreadful ones, I have been rather too much with—but as it is I shall certainly remain here while the thing remains undecided—it is impossible for me to abstain from going to see & minister to certain cases, & that draws me into others, & so on—I have just left Oscar Cunningham, the Ohio boy—he is in a dying condition—there is no hope for him—it would draw tears from the hardest heart to look at him—he is all wasted away to a skeleton, & looks like some one fifty years old—you remember I told you a year ago, when he was first brought in, I thought him the noblest specimen of a young western man I had seen, a real giant in size, & always with a smile on his face—O what a change, he has long been very irritable to every one but me, & his frame is all wasted away—the young Massachusetts 1st artillery boy, Cutler, I wrote about is dead—he is the one that was brought in a week ago last Sunday badly wounded in breast—the deaths in the principal hospital I visit, Armory Square, average one an hour—

I saw Capt Baldwin of the 14th this morning, he has lost his left arm—is going home soon—Mr. Kalbfleisch & Anson Herrick (M^C from New-York) came in one of the wards where I was sitting writing a letter this morning, in the midst of the wounded—Kalbfleisch was so much affected by the sight that he burst into tears—O I must tell you I gave the boys in the Carver hospital a great treat of ice cream, a couple of days ago, went round myself through about 15 large wards (I bought some ten gallons very nice)—you would have cried & been amused too, many of the men had to be fed, several of them I saw cannot probably live, yet they quite enjoyed it, I gave everybody some—quite a number of western county boys had never tasted ice cream before—they relish such things, oranges lemons, &c.—Mother I feel a little blue this morning, as two young men I knew very well have just died, one died last night, & the other about half an hour before I went to the hospital, I did not anticipate the death of either of them, each was a very, very sad case so young—Well mother I see I have written you another gloomy sort of letter—I do not feel as first rate as usual.

You don't know how I want to come home & see you all, you dear mother & Jeff & Mat & all—I believe I am homesick, something new for me—then I have seen all the horrors of soldiers' life & not been kept up by its excitement—it is awful to see so much, and not be able to relieve it

WASHINGTON June 7 1864

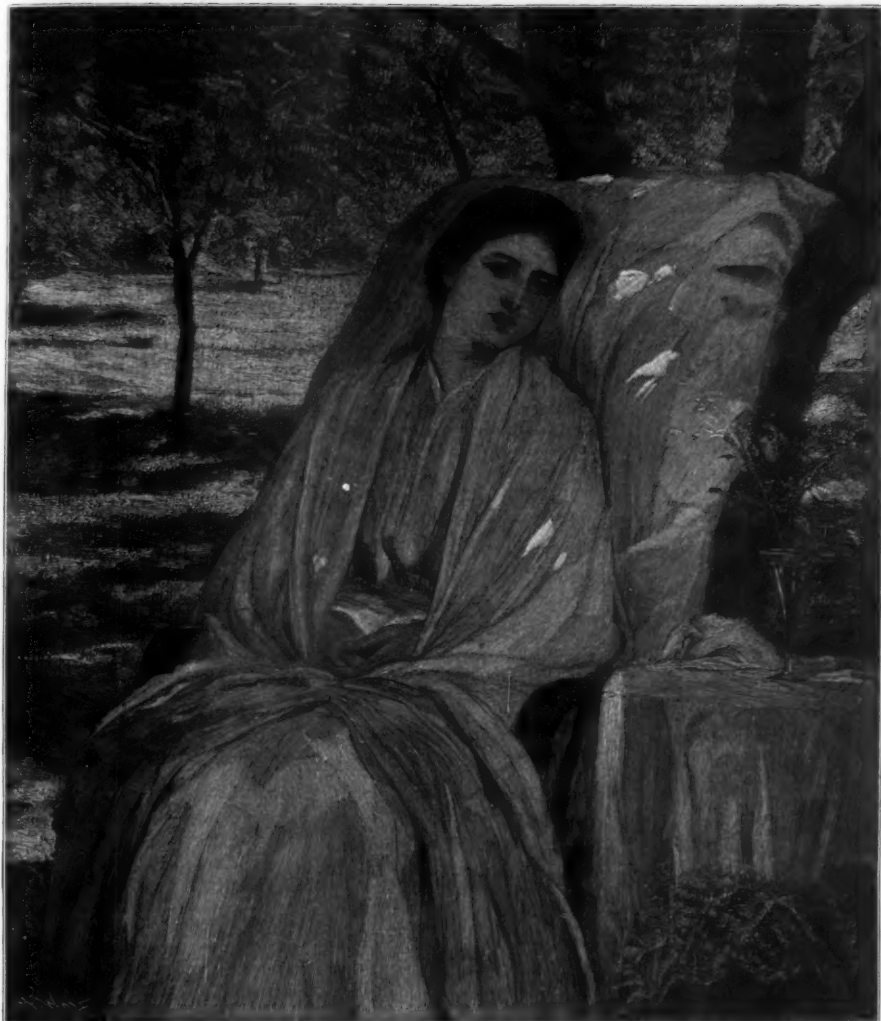
DEAREST MOTHER, . . . Well mother poor Oscar Cunningham has gone at last—he is the 82d Ohio boy (wounded May 3d '63)—I have written so much of him I suppose you feel as if you almost knew him . . . I believe I told you in last letter I was quite blue from the deaths of several of the poor young men I knew well, especially two I had strong hopes of their getting up—things are going pretty badly with the wounded—They are crowded here in Washington in immense numbers, & all those that come up from the Wilderness & that region, arrived here so neglected, & in such plight, it was awful—(those that were at Fredericksburgh & also from Belle Plain) . . . Many of the amputations have to be done over again—one new feature is that many of the poor afflicted young men are crazy, every ward has some in it that are wandering—they have suffered too much, & it is perhaps a privilege that they are out of their senses—Mother it is most too much for a fellow, & I sometimes wish I was out of it—but I suppose it is because I have not felt first rate myself—I am going to write to George to-day, as I see there is a daily mail to White House—O I must tell you that we got the wounded from our present field near Richmond much better than we did from the Wilderness & Fredericksburgh—We get them now from White House, they are put on boats there, & come all the way here, about 160 or 70 miles—White House is only twelve or fifteen miles from the field. . . .

WASHINGTON June 14 1864

DEAREST MOTHER I am not feeling very well these days—the doctors have told me not to come inside the hospitals for the present—I send there by a friend every day, I send things & aid to some cases I know, & hear from there also, but I do not go myself at present—it is probable that the hospital poison has affected my system, & I find it worse than I calculated—I have spells of faintness & very bad feeling in my head, fullness & pain, & besides sore throat—my boarding place 502 Pennsylvania av. is a miserable place, very bad air—But I shall feel better soon, I know—the doctors say it will pass over—they have long told me I was going in too strong—some days I think it has all gone & I feel well again, but in a few hours I have a spell again. . . .

WASHINGTON June 17th 1864

DEAR MOTHER . . . I think I shall come home for a short time, & pretty soon (I will try it two or three days yet though, & if I find my illness goes over I will stay here yet a while—all I think about is to be here if any thing should happen to George). . . .



SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

LIGHT IN SHADE. BY I. H. CALIGA.



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

Henriette Ronner.

THE CATS OF HENRIETTE RONNER.

WITH PICTURES FROM PAINTINGS BY HENRIETTE RONNER.

I.

I WISH that the disposition were more general to take cats seriously. Ordinarily 't is touch and go that they be not kicked and s'catted offhand to perdition; and the very best that usually can be hoped for them is a half-contemptuous neglect, for the reason—none too cogent even when *Shylock* gave it, and now all frayed and tattered by ceaseless inconsiderate use through three centuries—that they are harmless and necessary. Neither of these points of view, the destructive or the tolerative, is that of the philosopher; and both are far removed from the scheme of benevolent goodness which created on this earth an amicable society of beasts and men.

In truth, for the clue to the existing mis-

understanding and unappreciation of cat-nature by man-nature we must go all the way back to that dismal Apple; to that unlucky wrong twist, taken almost at the start in the journey, which—turning the whole project of human happiness topsyturvy, and fairly out of the windows—begot, among other manifold miseries, that dullness on the side of humanity which ever since has set men and beasts so hopelessly at odds.

It would be presumption on my part to criticize too closely the conduct of the elders of my own house; and even thus to rake up afresh a family scandal (that fortunately has come to be a little overlooked and palliated in the lapse of time) may be regarded in certain stickling quarters as traversing the canons of good taste. But I protest that in bringing

BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM SCHMID.

AN INTRUDER.

ENGRAVED BY A. DAVIS.



again to the surface for a moment those lamentable doings in the Garden of Eden my sole purpose is to discover the essential base of my argument; and I vow upon my family honor that toward my unfortunate progenitors (who so badly smirched it) I have only the kindest feelings in my heart. The whole trouble came, doubtless, because they were as ill-fitted to deal successfully with the subtleties of ophidian casuistry as (Heaven knows!) I am myself.

But while I am willing thus handsomely to condone their pomological indiscretion, I



ENGRAVED BY A. R. MULLER.

"INNOCENCE." OWNED BY HAROLD AND DIDRIK DE BILDT.

am not at all disposed to belittle it, nor am I in the least degree oblivious of its miserable consequences. Of a certainty, had my ancestors exhibited upon that unfortunate occasion the strength of mind that evidently was expected of them, the Serpent would have been whisked sharply to the right about in utter discomfiture; and in departing he would have taken with him—possibly to some other planet, to repeat his experiment; certainly out of this one—the whole arsenal of evils and sorrows with which from that sad day onward he has harried and tortured mankind. Behind him he would have left untarnished the Golden Age—and instead of a mere traditional survival of a time when men and beasts spoke the same language (or, perhaps, possessed a polite acquaintance with each other's dialects), and lived together on terms of the most friendly fellowship, these amicable relations between all the members of the animal kingdom would be flourishing at the present writing—with the corollary that there would be no need

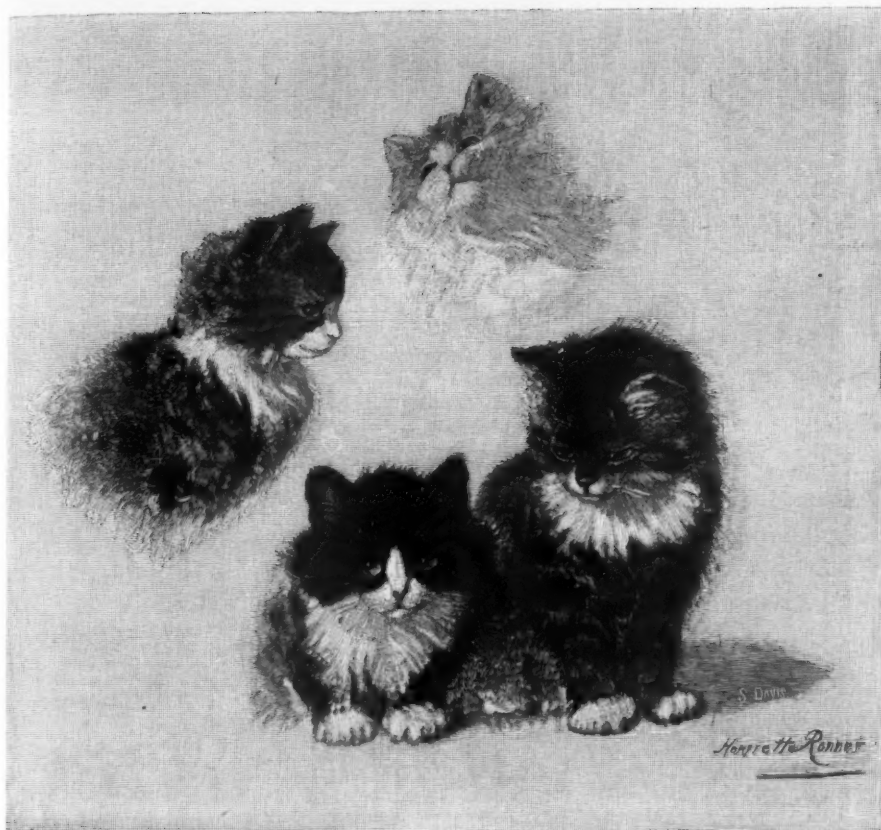
now to plead for the reinstitution of a close friendship between cats and men.

'T is the men who have been the losers in every way by this change in the plan of animated nature; and, to my mind, most of all in the loss of intimate cat companionship. Not, be it understood, that I would depreciate one single beast—no, not even the hippopotamus—in order to give cats a better standing; for all of them, in their severally appointed places, have those fit good qualities where-with they have been endowed by their Creator, and narrow must be the human heart that would cast out of it the very least of them all. But to some natures—of which, I confess, mine own is one—the supereminence of the cat over every other animal, save man alone, is so obtrusive a certainty that there simply is no denying it—no more than the dominance of the sun at mid-day over all the dazzle-hidden stars. And therefore it is—even as we might lament some cosmic cataclysm which at a stroke deprived us of more than half our sunlight—that I mourn the loss of those tenderly close relations which existed between the human and the feline families through that exquisite period of primitive happiness ere man was conceived in sorrow or kittens came; which very statement of the evil of the case, however, reminds me instantly of its palliative—the reflection that paradise kittenless would have been no paradise for me!

II.

It will be a long step toward winning back again the Golden Age,—whereof the revival as a whole cannot but be a slow process, and like to be arrived at here and there in the world a bit at a time,—when the cats shall come to their own again by restoration to their rightful place as the honored intimates of men. And so it is that whoever helps in hastening the advent of this halcyon philo-feline era, whereof the outcome must be a substantial increase of human happiness, deserves the gratitude of the world at large.

For which reasons the world must be grateful to Madame Henriette Ronner, by whose brush cats so nobly have been exalted; and especially must all honest cat-lovers feel for her a warm affection, because she so faithfully and appreciatively has committed to the enduring custody of canvas the gracious little cat bodies which for periods all too brief—despite the nine lives animating them—are the habitation of the strange little cat souls. Indeed, so searchingly tender are many of these pictures in their exposition of the more delicately beautiful phases of cat character, that not even the most violent of feliphobes can behold them



A STUDY IN WATER COLOR.

ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

without some little stirring of the gentler emotions in the ossic substance he is pleased to call his heart; and as for true cat-lovers—at sight of such a face, for example, as Banjo's, so warm a gladness must penetrate thrillingly every fiber of their beings that 't is a turn of chance if they be not moved to tears!

Close upon five-and-twenty years of a good lifetime has Madame Ronner given almost exclusively to the study of cats and to the painting of them; and now, at two-and-seventy,—still quick with youthful fire and youthful energy,—she is the acknowledged empress, even as Monsieur Lambert is the acknowledged emperor, of the cat division of the world of art.

Animals she has painted from the very beginning, and her first great success—which she followed up steadily for more than a dozen years—was won in the painting of dogs. Of course there is no harm in painting dogs; but the fact must be admitted that, while good enough creatures in their way, they distinctly

are destitute of those subtly refined qualities by which cat-nature so conspicuously is ennobled. Of the commonplace virtues their equipment, I admit willingly, is sufficient to entitle them to a fair share of human esteem; yet must I add the passing comment that the chief of these virtues, the fidelity about which the dog-lovers are always making such a to-do, is a quality so indiscriminately manifested that I am disposed to regard its origin as automatic rather than reasoning. It is for the dog's own credit that I take this view. The only alternative to it—when we consider the deplorable specimens of humanity to whom he devotedly attaches himself—is that the dog is an animal of the most execrable taste.

However, without regard to the dog's moral qualities, it was by her pictures of dogs that Madame Ronner first became famous; but before this success was won, or even a standing-place in her profession, she served a hard apprenticeship that lasted through many years.



A TURBULENT FAMILY.

ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

III.

MADAME RONNER comes of Holland stock, and of an artist family. Her grandfather was Nicolaas Frederik Knip, a flower-painter of some celebrity, who flourished in the last quarter of the last century; her father was Josephus Augustus Knip, whose landscapes were

well thought of by several kings, as well as by other prominent persons of his time, and still are to be found here and there in royal galleries; and her aunt, for whom she was named, was Henriette Geertruide Knip, whose flower-pictures won medals in Paris and in Amsterdam, when the present century was young.

In Henriette the younger, the family talent, which thus had been budding through two generations, bloomed forth into full flower. Before she was six years old her artistic quality and its bent were declared in studies of animals from life—quaint yet vivacious drawings, still preserved, giving excellent promise of the masterful work that was to come in the fullness of time. Her development was more personal than in the case of most artists, because, practically, she was self-taught. Almost at the moment when her serious study began, her father—suffering the cruellest fate that can come to a painter—was stricken blind. This was in the year 1832, when she was only eleven years old. Yet her teaching, so far as teaching was given her, came from her blind father. Every day, from early in the morning until dusk, she worked in his studio, save that each mid-day he compelled her to rest for two hours in a darkened room—for dread lest by a strain upon her eyes too constant she also might go blind.

Under these conditions, instruction of the ordinary sort was impossible. In such of her perplexities as could be stated and resolved in speech, she had his help; but from the most important part of an art education—those touches, corrective of faulty drawing, which in a single flash explain away difficulties and supply substantial knowledge—she wholly was cut off. For her father did not permit the corrections which he was incapable of making to be made by others; giving as his reason for denying her such necessary assistance that she would conquer individuality of style by working out her artistic salvation alone. Consciously, or unconsciously, underlying this reasoning, I cannot but fancy, was a jealous fear lest she should owe to others the help which she could not owe to him because of his infirmity. There is a most pathetic note in it all: the blind artist striving to give expression to form in words; the child contending against a whole army of unnecessary difficulties because of his jealous love of her—and through her enforced hours of mid-day darkness dreaming of a gladly triumphant future as only poets and painters know how to dream.

Her father's desire was that she should be a portrait-painter; mainly, it would seem, because along that line of art—almost from its beginning—some sort of a humble living could be picked up: and they were very poor. But, fortunately, her disposition toward animal painting was too strong to be overborne; and because of her resolute will in this matter the world greatly has gained. Artists there are in plenty everywhere who, after a fashion, can paint all necessary portraits of mere human

beings; but the artists of all the ages of the world who have been capable of painting cat portraits supremely well (at least so far as we know from work which now survives) may be counted off on the fingers of a four-fingered man: the Swiss, Gottfried Mind; the Frenchman, Louis Eugène Lambert; the Japanese, Hokusai; and the Hollander, Henriette Ronner. Therefore a pang of anguish must pierce the heart of every lover of cats at the mere thought of so dire a mischance as the nullibiety—the nowhere-ness—of all that the last named of these has painted of cat life. Blessedly, the mischance was averted. Resisting her father's portrait-painting suggestions, the little Jufrow Knip held loyally to the path in art which she had chosen for herself—and so, in due course, very appreciably has brightened the gaiety of nations, and permanently (to continue the paraphrase) has enriched the public stock of harmless pleasures pertaining to mankind.

IV.

By a happy accident—yet an accident in which, it would seem, there was a tincture of fatality—her very first exhibition-picture was a picture of a cat. They were living in Düsseldorf, she and her father, when her "Cat in a Window" was painted, and she was barely sixteen years old. That the work of so young an artist should have passed a jury in that art-loving little capital was in itself a victory; and the victory was emphasized in a substantial manner by the fact that the picture promptly was sold. This early small success—which, after all, was the greatest success of her life: for what can compare with the elation that comes with the sale of one's first picture or first book?—fixed her in her resolve to be a painter of animals, and gave her strength for the fight that for a dozen years was to be continued before she conquered for herself a secure position in her art.

Yet almost immediately her local reputation was established, and from the time that she was eighteen years old she earned by the sale of her pictures a living for her father and herself. She worked with a man's strength, and with a woman's persistence. Indeed, only very resolute energy could have brought her successfully through that trying period of her life. Under the curse of his blindness her father was painfully restless—tiring quickly of each fresh town or city to which he betook himself in the hope of forgetting a little his sorrow in a new environment, and so keeping her continually upon the wing. Thus, to the heavy responsibility of caring for him in his infirm state, and of providing for their joint support, were added

the grave disadvantages of being compelled to paint only as the chance came to set up her easel, and of losing all the restful comforts of a home. More unfortunate conditions for serious art work than were these scarcely could have been devised; yet her will-power conquered them, and her painting showed a steady improvement from year to year.

This period of her life ended in the year 1847, when—in the village of Berlikum, in North Brabant—her father died. And in this same village, at this same time, another and happier period of her life was begun by her meeting with Fieco Ronner—to whom she was married in Amsterdam three years later on, when her wanderings ended. With her husband she established herself in Brussels, and from that time onward the Belgian capital has been her home.

With this happy change there came no lessening of the severity of her labor. In marrying, these young people had but united their separate poverties in a joint-stock company, whereof the paid-in capital was hope and love—which, in a way, of course, was wealth illimitable; yet was it not a wealth interchangeable for current coin. The substantial improvement in the artist's condition was her ability to lay out her work on lines of permanence—free of all dread of a sudden striking of tents and shifting of camp. Of this she made the most, rising regularly at five every morning, and painting through every moment of the day that could be saved from her duties to her children,—as these came to her,—and from her other household cares.

During the fifteen years following her marriage (1850-65) her specialty was the painting of dogs; not dogs of high degree,—though of these she now and then painted portraits,—but the plebeian working dogs, which then were, and to a less extent still are, the ordinary draft-animals of the street tradesfolk of the Low Country towns. Her work in this line culminated, though it by no means ended, in the year 1860, when she exhibited her celebrated "Friend of Man." The principal figure on this large canvas (8 feet by 6 feet) is a dying dog,—still harnessed to a cart partly filled with sand,—whose glazing eyes are turned with a look of affection toward his weeping master, an old sand-seller. Completing the group are two other dogs, who seem to understand, in sympathetic dog-fashion, the sorrow that has come to pass. It is a very touching story, and one appealing strongly to the popular heart. Technically the picture is above criticism. From the moment that it was exhibited Madame Ronner's fame was established enduringly, and her fortune was made.

v.

It was at the very time that she scored this great success in dog-painting, and while orders for her *attelages* and for dog portraits were pouring in upon her, that she was possessed by her later and higher inspiration, and her cat-painting began. What seemed to be a mere turn of chance brought about this shifting of her flag—the coming to dwell in her home of a fascinating creature just blooming out from kittenhood into young cathood. But for my own part—the matter being one of such importance, and my personal tastes tending always toward fatalism—I prefer to believe that the coming into Madame Ronner's home of this inspiring kitten-cat was due to the workings of a grave Destiny. Unquestionably with the advent of that cat the whole current of her life was changed.

But such a change, of course, could not be instantaneous. For several years following the exhibition of her "Friend of Man" the orders which came to her for dog pictures were so profitable and so peremptory that they could not be refused. Gradually, however, as opportunity offered, and following always the leadings of her own desires, she raised herself from the dog level into the upper regions of grace and beauty where normally the cat is found; and from about the year 1870 onward she gave to cat-painting practically the whole of her time. It was an unfortunate exception to this rule that caused her to be represented at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 at Philadelphia by a brace of setters quartering a cover, and by a hare pursued by hounds—good though both of these pictures were; and there is all the more reason, therefore, for finding pleasure in the fact that "Coquetry," "Mischief," and "In Confidence," are the three wholly cat-like and entirely characteristic subjects which she has painted for, and now has on exhibition at, the Chicago Fair.

That her cats have brought her fame, and fortune also, is the very least return that they could make in common gratitude for all that she has done for them, inasmuch as merely to look upon such pictures as "Innocence" and "Banjo and his Brother" is a whole sermon in cat-loving and cat-love. Medals and honorable mentions, and elections to academies, have come to her from all over Europe; the distinction, rare for a woman, of the Cross of the Order of Leopold has been conferred upon her by the King of the Belgians; all the important art-galleries have made a point of acquiring specimens of her work; and at least a half-dozen kings and princes, and such, have bought her cat-pieces for every single royal personage who bought her

aunt Henriette's flower-pieces a long lifetime ago.

Better than her honors is the happiness that has come to her in congenial and successful hard work. Idleness would be the most severe toil to which Madame Ronner could be condemned; and her life, of her own desire, still is disposed on lines of energy. But the note of luxury enters it in her fortunate freedom to work much or little,—as her feeling of the moment may determine,—and to do her work absolutely in her own way. In point of fact she still continues to be a very regular and a very earnest worker: but her working time has been cut down from the whole of each day's daylight to three morning hours.

Tending yet more to strike a balance of comfort with the hardships of her early years is the home in which she carries on so briskly the work of her young old age—the charming house in its own grounds in the outskirts of Brussels on the Charleroi Road. Here, a widow, she dwells with her son; and holding honored positions in this happy household are "Jem" and "Moumouth,"—the present prince and princess of the long line of feline royalty that has been domiciled beneath her roof since the fortunate coming of the fatalistic kitten-cat three-and-thirty years ago.

VI.

GOTTFRIED MIND was styled the Cat Raphael; and, with submission, I hold that Madame Ronner with equal justice may be styled the Cat Velasquez—so broad and bold is her method, so lifelike are her pictures and so strong.

The unavoidable comparison of her work with that of her great contemporary, Lambert, must always result, I think, in her favor. Of the two artists Lambert has the more finish; but Madame Ronner has the more vitality—and especially has she the greater power of bringing out the subtle force and grace of cat character. To my mind, her most delightful pictures are those least literary—her direct transcripts of cat individuality free of all such adventitious elements of interest as rifled bird-cages and ill-tempered cockatoos. After all, what the genuine cat-lover wants is not cat-farce nor cat-tragedy, but simply the blessed cat itself—with all its lithe beauty of body and strangely appealing earnestness of soul. That is what Madame Ronner gives us. Her best pictures are those which frankly rest their claims to admiration on the fact that they bring the personality of individual lovable cats directly home to our hearts.

That she has succeeded in this difficult line of work—wherein some of the very greatest of

painters, including even Rembrandt, have failed dismally—no doubt is due in part to an extraordinary technical facility which enables her to seize upon and to record accurately the almost kaleidoscopic changes of the little cat forms. Her successful working in this flashing way is the result, also, of her method of attacking her subjects in the mass instead of in detail. The figure to be painted is blocked-in with great celerity in light and shade; then more deliberately, but still with a very unusual nimbleness, the drawing is supplied. In any line of art the adoption—that is, of course, the successful adoption—of this bold method presupposes a very thorough knowledge of drawing, and a most sensitive appreciation of form; but when applied to cat-painting the reserve force of knowledge and observation must be still greater, because of the difficulty of indicating accurately muscular action beneath the coat of fur. But back of her technical facility and her vigorous method, the substantial foundation of this artist's genius is her infinite patience in studying her cats constantly with the most painstaking care. Primarily, her power to express rests on her laboriously earned power to understand.

The practical difficulty of keeping her models even approximately in pose while thus studying them, was one that seriously troubled Madame Ronner until she hit upon the plan of inclosing them in a cage made of wire and glass. Ordinary window-glass was used at first in this structure, but plate-glass was substituted after a cat of tempestuous nature had made so explosive a wreck of the thinner substance as to put the artist in serious danger from the flying fragments. It is comfortably cushioned, this cage, and also is provided with a hanging bob that invites the younger and lighter-hearted of the temporary prisoners to engage in lively play—with the resulting possibility of studying the agreeable eccentricities of kitten action under favorable conditions and at short range.

As a matter of course the artist is on very friendly terms with her models. Her genuine admiration for their beauty, out of which came in the beginning her desire to paint them, could only, in the nature of things, increase as her acquaintance with them expanded into affection and esteem. Save for their periods of imprisonment—a captivity of so genial a sort that even Yorick, modifying his extreme views, would admit that here was a slavery in which there was no bitterness—these fortunate cats lead lives of ideal happiness: with the added gust of knowing that constantly their mistress is sending forth their portraits to be admired and even revered of all mankind. 'T is a life fit to turn the head completely of an animal of coarser fiber and weaker intelligence—as the horse or dog; and even the ass, though

a being blessed equally with modesty and worth, might be unduly elated by an adulative affection so extreme. But the cat, possessing always the calm dignity of a lofty nature, uniformly can be counted upon to rise superior to every provocation of a weak self-complacency; there being, indeed, in the whole range of animated nature — above, at least, the order of the mollusca — no creature less susceptible to the flattery of man.

What these much-to-be-felicitated cats assuredly are learning, however, is a friendly faith in humanity; and what Madame Ronner assuredly is teaching — both in her tender dealings with them, and by her sympathetic painting of them — is the doctrine which dropped out of fashion when Arcady was lost: that all creatures animate should cherish toward each other a perfect love.

VII.

At the root of every creed that ever was — unless it may be those of some barbarous peoples whose hazy bodings cannot be called creeds at all — lies the hope that man's fallen nature may be so raised again, and that the severing lines between the lives of all the creatures dwelling on this earth together may

be so blotted out, that universal friendliness shall come back to us and with it the vanished warmth and radiance of the Golden Age. To the realization of this ideal are devoted the best energies of humanity; not always directly; not always even quite consciously — yet always surely: since all that makes for tenderness and kindness in the world marks an appreciable advance toward the compassing of this happy end.

Few of us can hope to accomplish in the good work even the thousandth part of what has been accomplished by Madame Ronner — whose artistic genius and whose love for her gentle theme has enabled her, while so faithfully reproducing the little cat bodies, to bring very close to human fellowship the little cat souls. But it is a happy fact that even the least of us — drawing closer, as did the blessed Saint Francis of Assisi, to our brethren the beasts and the fishes and the birds — may in some measure forestall the millennium in our own lives. And also is it true, that in so doing we may at the same time hasten by a fractional part the revival universal of the gracious epocha when man and the so-called lower orders of animals once more shall be on terms of cordial fellowship; when, most joyous of all the joyous sights of that reunion, Homo and Felis shall stand friendly together, hand clasping paw.

Thomas A. Janvier.

FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED.



IN answer to a question asked not long ago, Mr. Olmsted said: "The most interesting general fact of my life seems to me to be that it was not as a gardener, a florist, a botanist, or one in any way specially interested in plants and flowers, or specially susceptible to their beauty, that I was drawn to my work. The root of all my work has been an early respect for and enjoyment of scenery, and extraordinary opportunities for cultivating susceptibility to its power. I mean not so much grand or sensational scenery as scenery of a more domestic order — scenery which is to be looked upon contemplatively, and is productive of musing moods." It will be well to keep these words in mind in following the thread of a life which has been so rich in the ability to create landscape beauty and so useful in the devotion of this ability to the service of our people.

Frederick Law Olmsted was born in Hartford, Connecticut, on April 27, 1822. He came of the best possible stock — of an English

middle-class family, first settled at Plymouth, which had been among those to cross the wilderness and establish a new colony by the Connecticut River. There were deacons, of course, and other quiet home-keeping citizens in all its generations; but an adventurous strain was not lacking in the Olmsted blood. Our artist's greatuncles were seamen, one dying on a British prison-ship, another living through strange privateering experiences, and another, a very successful shipmaster in the China trade, ending his life as a rich and cultivated citizen of Hartford. His grandfather was likewise a shipmaster, but a less successful one. His father, after receiving little more than a common-school education, was in early life a "dry-goods" merchant in Hartford. A shy and reserved man, we are told, and not a scholar, he was yet a great reader, and a man of distinctively rural tastes, having a small farm near the town, in which he took constant interest, riding and driving a great deal, and often taking his little boy with him on a pillow on his saddle-bow.

Mr. Olmsted's mother — Charlotte Hull, a relative of Commodore Hull — had died when

he was three years old; but his father soon married again, and a woman with tastes similar to his own. Their chief recreations were long summer journeys to the sea-shore or through the inland country. When the boy was six years old he was taken to Niagara, and another year to the Wadsworth homestead in the beautiful, park-like Genesee Valley. After his eighth year he lived in the country in clergymen's families; but his vacations coincided with his parent's summer journeys. In a two-horse wagon the whole family would drive slowly through various parts of New England, stopping to lunch in some pretty spot, sleeping at convenient rural inns—living with Nature, contemplating, absorbing, and appreciating her as people seldom can in these rushing railroad days. Often appropriate books, drawn from the Hartford library, would be read aloud at the noon resting-hour—Dwight's or Silliman's travels, for example. Thus (and Mr. Olmsted himself cannot now lay too much explanatory stress upon the fact) from his very earliest youth the future landscape-gardener was brought up amid rural influences, and all unconsciously was imbibing a love for natural beauty from people who did not speak of it by such a term—who, indeed, rarely spoke of it at all, but felt it, and indulged it as simply and constantly as their desire to breathe.

And the boy's own impulses led to a deepening of the impressions thus received. He was instinctively, persistently a rambler, spending all the time he could in long, solitary walks, when he forgot why he carried rod or gun, and was never tempted into any scientific study, but gave himself up to the silent influence of wood and field, hillside, brook, and cloud. Zimmerman "On Solitude," he says, was the first book which led him to any conscious thinking about natural beauty, although, when he read Gilpin and Price in later years, they vaguely came back to him as chance acquaintances of his childhood.

When he was about fourteen a severe case of ivy-poisoning injured his eyesight. The physician forbade him to attend school or to read, and here was a fine excuse for the still wider indulgence of his rambling, contemplating propensities. While still forbidden to use his eyes much, he was sent as a pupil to a clergyman who had formerly been a civil engineer, and with him remained two years, at Andover and in Collinsville, Connecticut. He now studied a very little engineering, amused himself much with a sort of "play-practice" in laying out imaginary towns, but spent most of his time, as before, in wandering afield, strengthening his love for natural beauty, unconsciously storing his memory with countless impressions of characteristic New England

scenes. He boated, of course, on the Connecticut, and he now believes that this river-meadow scenery influenced his mature taste more forcibly than anything else. The family practice of summer journeyings was still kept up, and now the lad gradually learned to notice (still half unconsciously) why towns are founded in certain spots, how villages develop, and other facts pregnant with the seeds of future usefulness.

The idea of an engineer's life for him was soon abandoned. Placed at sixteen in a large importing-house in New York, he could not compel himself to commercial life for more than two years. Then the adventurous drop in his blood asserted itself; like his forefathers he went to sea, and a year was spent before the mast in great hardship and repeated illnesses. He came home with his health impaired, but bringing memories of many hours when he had indulged his dreaming, contemplative spirit, and of scant, exciting glimpses of tropical scenery caught in Chinese ports.

A farmer's life was then decided upon; and after two years' training on the lands of others, two winters' partial experience of college life as a special student in the scientific classes at Yale, and a year spent on a farm of his own near New Haven, he purchased a larger farm on the southern side of Staten Island; and this for a number of years was his home. Interested and capable as a farmer, and active in all local public enterprises, his life was further enlarged by the frequent visits of his younger brother, John, then a medical student in New York, and of his brother's friends. Chief among these was Charles Loring Brace, already a budding philanthropist. The friendship of Andrew J. Downing, the well-known landscape-gardener, was also gained at this time, and, while visiting him at his home in Newburg, Mr. Olmsted made the acquaintance of a young English architect, Mr. Calvert Vaux, who was then Downing's partner, and afterward was long and closely associated with himself.

In 1851 the two brothers and Mr. Brace made a pedestrian tour through England, and a short Continental trip. The record of this summer we have in Mr. Olmsted's "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England." No more instructive or charming book on rural England has been written, and it throws valuable light upon the writer's personality, proving the genuineness of his love for Nature and simple forms of life, and the keenness of his perceptive faculties. Here and there is a passage of double interest in the light of later facts: a description of the new Birkenhead parks, for instance, which shows that such things were appraised from an intelligent point of view, not carelessly enjoyed as they are by most non-

professional tourists; and again, this little preface to the account of Eaton Park:

What artist so noble, has often been my thought, as he who, with far-reaching conception of beauty and with designing power, sketches the outline, writes the colors, and directs the shadows of a picture so great that Nature shall be employed upon it for generations before the work he has arranged for her shall realize his intentions?

After this journey, life on the farm was resumed and the book was written. A year or two later came the Fillmore election, with its fierce slavery discussions. Mr. Brace was something of an abolitionist; Mr. Olmsted was not, and he felt that the condition of things in the slaveholding States had never been painted impartially. From their conversations resulted Mr. Olmsted's decision to spend the winter traveling through the South, and to report his observations in the pages of "The New-York Times." The following year his brother married Miss Mary Perkins, whose grandfather, a prominent New York physician, was a neighbor on Staten Island and a close friend; and some time later Mr. John Olmsted's failing health brought him and his family to live at the farm; and then, in the belief that change of air and outdoor life would profit the invalid, the brothers determined to spend the winter on horseback, starting from Texas and making their way to California. Indian outbreaks changed their plans, however, and a southward course through Texas was taken, with an excursion over the Mexican border. When Mississippi was reached again in the spring, the younger brother returned to the farm, while Mr. Olmsted, desiring to make a book of his "Times" letters, and believing that he should first know the slave States better, took to his saddle once more, and, accompanied only by a plucky dog, made his way slowly northward to Richmond, Virginia.

Three books resulted from these journeys¹—two written by Mr. Olmsted's own hand, the one on Texas put into shape by his brother from his notes. Their picture of the rural communities of the South just before the war has great historical value; but their incidental autobiographical value should not be overlooked. They show that, despite the day-dreaming of his boyhood, Mr. Olmsted was an eminently practical person; and no one needs to be practical more than the landscape-gardener. They prove great breadth and strength of human sympathy, and this trait must afterward have inspired him to work enthusiastically and lovingly upon his pleasure-grounds

for the poor of our great cities. They are marked by a simplicity, a lack of self-consciousness, which, although the Philistine may not think so, almost always characterizes a true artist. Even more than the "Walks and Talks" they reveal a power of perception keen and catholic enough to excite the envy of a professional reporter; and this faculty is, of course, a needful part of an artist's equipment.

Except from the strictly agricultural standpoint, very little is said about natural scenes in these three books. Yet one hardly needs to hear Mr. Olmsted talk about his Southern journeys to feel that, like his boyish wanderings, like his saunters among English parks and meadows, they helped his artistic development. Camping out of doors daily for many months, always at noontime and in Texas at night as well, he not only made intimate acquaintance with many new phases of natural beauty, but gained practical experience with regard to sites, soils, exposures, prospects—with regard to problems which must always be studied when human habitations are to be founded, or pleasure-grounds or estates laid out.

After his return to the North, Mr. Olmsted gave up his farm to his brother, connected himself as editor with "Putnam's Magazine," and gradually engaged in an allied publishing business. Obligated by this business to go to London, he remained there for half a year, after taking a leisurely little journey through Italy with his sisters, seeing and learning, once more, much that was of future use to him. Difficulties in the New York publishing-house then called him home; and in the year 1856, through no fault of his own, he found himself out of occupation. It was a chance meeting at a little watering-place near New Haven, whither he had gone for quiet with a pile of proof-sheets, that then brought about his connection with the newly begun Central Park, and led eventually to a landscape-gardener's career.

A member of the Board of Park Commissioners happened to be Mr. Olmsted's neighbor at table, and told him that they were looking for a superintendent to take practical direction of the work then being done in accordance with a plan prepared by Captain (afterward General) Vélé, who, as engineer, was in chief control of the park. When asked what kind of man was needed, the commissioner replied, "A man like you—one with your agricultural knowledge and your other experience"—referring to Mr. Olmsted's long-cultivated love for nature and to that acquaintance with European parks which was then very rare among Americans. Assured that he spoke in earnest, Mr. Olmsted returned that night to New York, obtained the

¹ "A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States," "A Journey Through Texas," and "A Journey Through the Back Country."

requisite letters of introduction, and, after some disagreeable experiences, was appointed superintendent.

If these experiences, and others of a like character which persisted and, indeed, grew worse during the whole of Mr. Olmsted's connection with the Central Park, could be recounted, they would make a picturesque bit of biography, and a very instructive one to students of our New York methods of conducting municipal affairs. But I can only explain that while as an artist he was not seriously troubled, and managed to carry out his designs in his own way, practically his path was always filled with rocks and thorns, and at times was almost blocked. In doing public work of any sort no man was ever more grievously hampered by political jealousies, great and small, and the pulling of overhead and underground political wires. In his dealings with certain high-placed officials, as in his management of his humblest workmen, there was never a moment when his hands were unfettered, his mind at leisure for its artistic tasks, his spirit untried by a myriad illegitimate vexations. Nevertheless, by hard personal work, beginning at dawn, after a journey on horseback from his home in Grand street, the new superintendent very quickly made his energy, honesty, and capability felt.

After a few months, work in accordance with General Vielé's plan was stopped, and Mr. Olmsted was given absolute control of the laborers, who, in accordance with his advice, were employed in such preparatory tasks as breaking up stone for roads, and building a low wall around the park borders. Then it was decided to abandon the old plan and to advertise for new ones. At first Mr. Olmsted had no idea of entering the competition; but he was asked by Mr. Vaux to collaborate with him in the preparation of a plan; and being urged by some of the commissioners, and personally ascertaining that his former chief would not resent such action, he accepted the proposal.

The main ideas for the scheme then worked out by the two young men were Mr. Olmsted's, including the one which probably did more than anything else to determine its success—the idea of conducting traffic across the park by means of sunken transverse roads. But Mr. Vaux's part in the task was equally essential. His architectural training fitted him not only to do the actual work of draftsmanship, and to design all structural features, but also to veto, correct, modify, or elaborate the expedients and features proposed by his companion. Together they had all the knowledge and ability required; but alone, Mr. Olmsted is always anxious to explain, he could at that time have done nothing to good purpose. Working al-

most altogether at night, but reviewing their result on the ground by day, the collaborators barely got their drawings done in time. Thirty-two other sets were presented; all were publicly exhibited and excited much interest; and—of course in the face of some opposition—the plan of Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux was accepted, and they were put in control of its execution, Mr. Olmsted with the title of architect-in-chief and Mr. Vaux as his associate.

The trials and veritable persecutions, more than the normal labors, which then followed, so worked upon Mr. Olmsted in body and mind that in the spring of 1859 he was prostrated by typhoid fever, and, recovering, was ordered to go abroad. He spent the summer chiefly in England, making a very useful tour, completed by a visit to Paris, where Alphand, who was then altering the Bois de Boulogne and creating the new boulevards, showed his young American *confrère* much professional kindness.

On his return to America, Mr. Olmsted married his brother's widow, who, with her three children, had been under his care since his brother's death at Nice eighteen months before; and the new household was soon established in a brick house near the old Convent of the Sacred Heart within the park, while Mr. Vaux lived close at hand in the priest's former dwelling.

Persistently recasting and retouching their design, consolidating their corps of young engineers and gardeners, managing the thousands of workmen who were often rendered insubordinate by the consciousness of political "pulls," and fighting the politicians themselves, the two artists led a life that was no easier than before. It was a perpetual struggle to obtain the money legally at their disposal, while their steps were incessantly dogged by men in search of employment—men often wholly unfit for service, but armed with insistent letters from one "boss" or another. The extent of this latter annoyance may be read in the fact that it was only in moonlight hours that they could walk about the park, to consider what had just been done, and to decide what should next be undertaken. Moreover, a runaway horse, a heavy fall, and a badly broken thigh soon put Mr. Olmsted on his back again. For months he directed the park work from his bed; then he was carried about to superintend it on a litter; for a long time afterward he walked on crutches, and ever since he has been slightly lame.

Yet, in spite of everything, his force of workmen, numbering at last nearly four thousand, practically completed in about four years the great work of making a park of some 800 acres on a singularly unfavorable site. To accomplish this meant not only high artistic

power, but indefatigable energy and much organizing, executive ability. In every energetic man there is a fine leaven of combativeness, and the unrighteous obstacles perpetually piled in Mr. Olmsted's path aroused this spirit to righteous intensity. While fighting his own artistic battle he felt that he was fighting, too, the battle for better municipal conditions; and any one who knew him at the time will testify that he threw himself into his park work much as our young soldiers, just then, were throwing themselves into martial combats. Doubtless it was a general recognition of this power of absorbed devotion, as well as of his executive ability, which led Dr. Bellows, the president of the newly formed Sanitary Commission, to ask him to become its secretary—that is, its practical manager. Aware that there was little more work which could then be done on the park, and glad to escape from a life open to the persecutions of local politicians into the service of a nation in distress, Mr. Olmsted accepted the offer, and removed to Washington. He was still on crutches at the time. His work during the next two years was very laborious, the servants coming to set the breakfast-table often finding him still at his night-long tasks; and his health again broke down beneath the strain. But the results of these two years form a bright feature in the history of the war which our people will not forget. I think it may be told that, while his salary had been fixed at \$4000, he felt that for doing patriotic service he should accept as little pay as possible, and drew only some \$2000 a year.

After severing his connection with the Sanitary Commission, Mr. Olmsted was for two years in California, trying to bring order out of disorder in the affairs of the great Frémont estate at Mariposa, but spending much time in the Yosemite Valley, in an official capacity, and doing much to make the nation understand the national value of this wonderful region. Then he returned to New York,—making an adventurous journey with his family by way of the Nicaragua route,—and formed a partnership with Mr. Vaux; and since that time, during a period of more than twenty-five years, he has steadily devoted himself to the practice of his art.

In 1879 he made another journey to Europe, and, returning in poor health, settled himself at Cambridge, Massachusetts, for a summer of outdoor recreation. The Boston Park Commission had been organized six or eight years before, and had then tentatively consulted Mr. Olmsted. Now it appealed to him again, and he was soon engaged to undertake the redemption of those half-submerged lands in the Back Bay district which he has transformed into a pleasure-ground of uniquely interesting character. This engagement made his residence near Bos-

ton desirable; and the presence at Brookline of Richardson, the architect, who had been his neighbor on Staten Island, led him thither. He found Brookline, he says, "the most civilized community in America" as regarded the management of municipal affairs; and there he permanently established his home and his office.

The works to which Mr. Olmsted has set his hand during the past twenty-five years have been very many; and they have been very varied, not only because of diversities in purpose, but because natural conditions, determining artistic conceptions and expedients, differ widely between Massachusetts and California, Montreal and North Carolina, and between seashore, mountain, and lowland sites. Since 1875 an office record of his chief undertakings has been kept. It mentions thirty-seven public pleasure-grounds; twelve suburban districts which have been laid out in preparation for the building of villas; the grounds of eleven public buildings and hospitals, thirteen colleges, four large schools, four railroad stations, and twelve considerable private estates; and also the names of some two hundred clients, to whom, in addition, Mr. Olmsted has given actual service or advice.

Some of the undertakings mentioned in this list have, of course, been much more important than others; some were fully carried out under Mr. Olmsted's direction, while in others his plans were not faithfully executed, and in most of them he has not worked alone. At first, as we know, Mr. Vaux was his partner; since 1875 his son, Mr. John C. Olmsted, has held this place; it is now held also by Mr. Charles Eliot, son of the president of Harvard University, and was held by Mr. Henry Sargent Codman for some time previous to his untimely death in 1892. But these three young men studied their profession in Mr. Olmsted's office, and were trained upon work which he had designed; and whatever deductions we can possibly make from the sum total of his own work, there remains a remarkable amount as the achievement of twenty-five years, and by a man whose health has not been robust.

It is difficult to name the most interesting among Mr. Olmsted's creations. From the artistic point of view, the largest do not deserve this distinction merely because of their size, or the most beautiful merely because of their beauty. A comparatively small piece of work, less perfect in its beauty than some others, may best prove a landscape-gardener's power, as having been wrought amid unusually hampering conditions—as being a blossom of art plucked from the nettle difficulty. Prospect Park, Brooklyn, for instance, may easily be thought more beautiful than Central Park; but to an eye which remembers what its site origi-

nally was, Central Park will always seem Mr. Olmsted's greatest achievement of the kind.

Again, Beacon Parkway in Boston (more often called the Back Bay Fens), to which I have already referred, may be less immediately impressive than certain pleasure-grounds of a normal sort; but it fills us with peculiar admiration when we realize the cause of its singularity—the need that wide sunken marshy tracts, alternately overflowed and left partly bare by tideswaters, should be so redeemed and beautified that they might appropriately be bridged by streets and surrounded with rows of city dwellings. Riverside Drive in New York, and the adjacent Morningside Park, are other instances of peculiar problems very successfully treated—instances which would be still more impressive had Mr. Olmsted's plans been faithfully carried out. Again, I may name the Arnold Arboretum, where the aim was to accommodate a scientific collection of trees and yet make a beautiful public pleasure-ground; and if I were as familiar with Mr. Olmsted's Western as with his Eastern work, I might add other examples of equal individuality.

But of one great Western example I hardly need to speak. Every American knows how beautiful are the Chicago World's Fair Grounds, how wholly the chance to make them beautiful has sprung from Mr. Olmsted's preliminary treatment, and how singularly novel, how boldly imaginative, as well as practical and skilful, this treatment has been. Every one who honors a great and conscientious, a public-spirited and widely useful, artist must be glad that Mr. Olmsted had this conspicuous opportunity to win his fellow-countrymen's praise; and every one who loves the art he practises must rejoice that, in thus distinguishing himself, he has lifted landscape-gardening to a higher place than it ever held before in the interest and respect of our public.

But in doing this he has merely carried on a great educational work which began with the creation of Central Park.

Thirty-five years ago there were no large public pleasure-grounds in America. No city possessed more than a few small squares, with, perhaps, a tract of common-land inherited from primitive days of public pasturage, carpet-beating, and musket practice. These seldom had anything of the beauty which Downing had conferred upon Lafayette Square in Washington; collectively they were quite inadequate to the needs of the day, much more inadequate to the evident needs of the future; and there was nothing in the suburbs to supplement them except the cemetery, while the way in which this was frequented by pleasure-seekers showed that something else was indeed required.

Even in Europe large pleasure-grounds,

public in the modern sense, were comparative novelties. They had been among the good results of that limiting of kingly prerogatives and that breaking down of aristocratic barriers with which our century opened, and which were repeated, more quietly but more effectually, in the revolutionary days of 1848. When city walls were destroyed, their sites were utilized for extensive boulevards and promenades, while royal and princely parks, gardens, hunting-preserves, and forests were thrown open to the people. Forty years ago some of these were still-nearly in their old condition; others had been remodeled into greater efficiency, and new areas were being specially fitted for the public's use.

But when a few wise citizens determined to give New York a large park, few Americans realized the benefits of such places, and still fewer believed that they should be formed here after European patterns. Seeing the decorous, law-abiding, rule-respecting throngs which now fill Central Park of a Sunday afternoon in spring,—throngs much larger and of much more motley composition than were anticipated in the fifties,—it is amusing to know that, when the plan of Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux was accepted, some of our influential citizens cried: "Such a park is too aristocratic to be sanctioned in America, too artistic to be respected by the American populace. It would be an unrepugnant waste of money to make it, for only the rich would use it; or, if the poor used it, they would quickly destroy its beauty." One well-known architect declared in a newspaper letter that our people should have a rustic pleasure-ground, not an elegant park; that the thing to do was to fence in the area, introduce cows and geese, let them make the paths, and let the public enjoy the result with perfect freedom. And another prominent person said that the place should be turned into a forest,—planted preferably with Ontario poplars alone, as they grow very quickly,—and then given over to the unaided ministrations of Nature. I fancy that these gentlemen now realize they were mistaken; but their mistakes excellently explain the great responsibility which rested upon Mr. Olmsted and Mr. Vaux. Had their park been a failure, artistically or practically, the making of public parks in America would have been retarded during many years—during years each of which would have rendered the acquisition of suitable lands more difficult and costly. But their success was quickly achieved, was as triumphantly apparent on the side of utility as on the side of beauty, and was welcomed with pride and respect by all the people of New York. Indeed, the whole country soon learned to feel a pride in Central Park, and a respect for the ideas upon which its formation had been based; and the result shows to-

day in the scores of public parks possessed by American cities large and small.

Of course it is not yet a result with which we are satisfied. Hundreds of towns and villages still need to be impressed with the fact that they should secure public pleasure-grounds without another year's delay; and the people at large need to be awakened to the vital concern they have in the right management and quick enlargement of their magnificent possessions in the mountains of the East and the West. But who can compute how far behind even our present condition we might have been to-day had not an artist of Mr. Olmsted's force, intelligence, versatility, and public spirit been given us at just the most critical time? At no other time and in no other place, I think, could Mr. Olmsted have served the cause of art and the cause of humanity so well. And I may lay special stress upon his versatility—upon that originality in conception to which I have already referred. The works in which it most prominently appears have more than an intrinsic value. They have a widely instructive value as showing that there can hardly be a site upon which the hand of an artist may not confer serviceableness and charm; that, therefore, no city, whatever its natural resources, need despair of possessing a satisfactory pleasure-ground.

Serviceableness and charm—these are the two qualities which every work of landscape-art, like every work of architecture, should possess. But as problems vary, so too does the degree of attention which should be concentrated upon each of these qualities. When we wish to pass judgment upon any given piece of work, it is as needful to remember this fact as to remember the limiting, directing force of pre-existing natural conditions. And when we understand it clearly, we see that success in the art to-day proves higher ability than was demanded a hundred and fifty years ago. It is evident that it must be more difficult to create or preserve beauty in a park which is daily visited by many thousand people—passing on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, and demanding facilities for the sports of men and of children—than to do as much in a private estate of the same size. It is evident, too, that the greater the area, the greater the difficulty, if only because in a very large park a wise artist will strive for more distinctively rural effects than in a smaller one—for more of the broad charm of scenery as distinguished from the charm of successive landscape passages; and because character of this kind lends itself least readily to the incorporation of a multitude of useful artificial features. Mr. Olmsted's success in securing such character, even amid natural conditions as unfavorable as those offered by the site of Central Park, has

been very remarkable, but not more remarkable than his ability to secure the utmost practical efficiency in combination with it. His uniting of these qualities—utility and broad, simple, impressive landscape beauty—in so many discreetly varied ways, gives him, I think, an unrivaled position among the dead and living masters of his craft. Nor should it be forgotten that he had to teach himself how to do such work as this. I do not think that there are any large parks in Europe which offer such varied facilities for the refreshment and recreation of the great mass of the people as do the best of ours; and moreover, most of the European parks which at all resemble ours are—at least in their present estate—younger than Central Park.

Catholicity is another distinguishing mark of Mr. Olmsted's art. Despite his preponderant love for the naturalistic style in its broadest, simplest developments, he is quick to see when the formal, architectural style puts in a valid claim; and he realizes that even the most naturalistic landscape-work should not strive to appear actually natural, and should even incorporate distinctly formal elements when they are required for use or for the right explanation of art as art.

But neither catholicity of taste nor versatility in conception has led Mr. Olmsted into the great mistake of confusing radically different ideals. Formal elements may enter into a naturalistic scheme, freely treated elements into a formal scheme; gardenesque features may be furnished somewhere in a park; park-like vistas may open from a garden; or, indeed, a pleasure-ground may have a clearly confessed composite character. But whatever its character, there must be a clear confession of it. We should be left in no doubt as to the broad ideal which guided the artist, the general impression he tried to produce. This great fact Mr. Olmsted always remembers, and the public has learned from him at least some vague knowledge of the truth that not all pleasure-grounds should be designed on the same principles or judged by the same artistic canons. The confusion which still, however, prevails with regard to this matter is revealed by the lax use of all the terms involved, and especially of the word *park*, which has been so misused that we seldom remember it has any distinctive meaning at all. Mr. Olmsted knows, of course, that any lax use of terms tends to deepen the confusion from which it sprang; and he has steadily tried to teach artists, clients, and the public better verbal habits. For this reason—but by no means for this alone—his articles in various encyclopedias, and the many reports upon his works and explanations of his ideas with regard to proposed works which he

has written, should be sought out by all students of landscape-gardening. In short, he has not been merely a capable, diligent artist: he has been in all directions an apostle of his art, crying in a wilderness, truly, but not without finding some eager and intelligent disciples whose number, I am sure, will now rapidly increase. This fact, and not only his last pronounced triumph at Chicago, was fittingly recognized during the past summer when, on the same day, the universities of Harvard and Yale conferred upon him their highest honorary degrees.

I do not dare to dwell upon those more personal traits which have assisted Mr. Olmsted's high artistic gifts in establishing his influence. His friends understand and deeply appreciate them, and they must have impressed to some degree even the most casual client. But they could hardly be explained to strangers, and in making the attempt I fear I should give more pain than pleasure to a singularly gentle and modest spirit which does not yet realize why anything that concerns it must be interesting to the world at large.

It may seem almost as though mere chance had determined that Mr. Olmsted should be an artist. But the best chance can profit no man who is not well prepared to turn it into opportunity. If, at the age of thirty-four, Mr. Olmsted had not been fitted for a landscape-gardener's tasks, the chance which made him superintendent of the workmen in Central Park could not have led him on to the designing of parks; while, on the other hand, knowing how well fitted for such tasks he was, we feel that if just this opportunity had not offered, another would somehow have presented itself.

In the conduct of Mr. Olmsted's education up to the age of thirty-four, chance certainly played a preponderant rôle. But we should not therefore decide that a landscape-gardener's education may always be accidental, or even that it may be modeled consciously upon Mr. Olmsted's unconscious course. This course sufficed, with him, to develop that creative power which must always rest upon a reasoning, analyzing love for beauty, upon a sense for the harmonious, the fitting, the appropriate, as regards the application of special kinds of beauty to special purposes, and upon practical judgment as determining which among possible fitting schemes may most wisely be selected. But, while similar experiences could not fail to have much good effect upon any sensitive spirit, what sufficed with Mr. Olmsted would probably not have sufficed with another. It is safe to say that, as a rule, a landscape-gardener's creative power must indeed be nourished by long contemplation of nature, but also

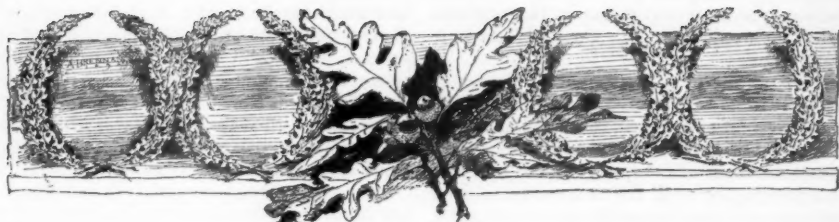
by systematic study of art; and I may add that a knowledge of art is often the influence which best develops an intelligent eye for nature.

Again, while Mr. Olmsted's equipment has proved itself extraordinarily fine in some directions, it has been deficient in others. His statement that without the collaboration of Mr. Vaux he could not have presented a plan for Central Park, shows how needful a thorough knowledge of architecture, engineering, and draftsmanship is to the landscape-gardener. Much knowledge of this sort Mr. Olmsted has since acquired, and his power of architectural conception is sufficiently proved by the single fact that it was he who perceived the necessity for those great marble terraces which have incalculably increased the architectural excellence of the Capitol in Washington.

But, as he would be quick to tell you, he has always been hampered by his lack of practical knowledge with regard to plants. This has forced him to depend upon others, in the execution of his works, even more than every busy landscape-gardener must; and it may also have limited his imagination somewhat, at least in relation to matters of detail. When defects exist in his work, they are sure to be defects in treatment, not in design—mistakes or shortcomings in the elaboration of his scheme, not in the scheme itself, not in the fundamental artistic conception. Here great intelligence and good taste always reveal themselves, and remarkable originality very often; and with a more thorough technical training the same qualities would undoubtedly always have marked all the minor features and details of his work.

In short, Mr. Olmsted's peculiar education, so deep and rich in some directions, so scanty in others, acting upon a singularly receptive yet naturally analytical temperament,—a temperament at once poetic and keenly, practically observant,—gave him an imaginative force which has probably not been equaled in the history of landscape-gardening in any land. But it did not perfect his executive skill, and this deficiency he has been unable to repair entirely during a long life of diligent application to the problems and resources of his art. Would-be landscape-gardeners should remember that they can hardly count upon offsetting blanks in their training by natural abilities as remarkable as his, and that most likely they do not possess temperaments as well adapted as his to profit by what I may call a passive course of education. They should remember that genius can learn much where talent or mere intelligence would gather sparse instruction, and may go very far with an equipment which would carry talent, stumbling, only a little way.

M. G. van Rensselaer.



THE VANISHING CITY.

I.

ENRAPTURED memory, and all ye powers of being,
To new life waken! Stamp the vision clear
On the soul's inmost substance. O let seeing
Be more than seeing; let the entranced ear
Take deep these surging sounds, inweaved with light
Of unimagined radiance; let the intense
Illumined loveliness that thrills the night
Strike in the human heart some deeper sense!
So shall these domes that meet heaven's curvèd blue,
And yon long, white imperial colonnade,
And many-columned peristyle endue
The mind with beauty that shall never fade:
Though all too soon to dark oblivion wending,—
Reared in one happy hour to know as swift an ending.

II.

Thou shalt of all the cities of the world
Famed for their grandeur, ever more endure
Imperishably and all alone impearled
In the world's living thought, the one most sure
Of love undying and of endless praise
For beauty only,—chief of all thy kind;
Immortal, even because of thy brief days;
Thou cloud-built, fairy city of the mind!
Here man doth pluck from the full tree of life
The latest, lordliest flower of earthly art;
This doth he breathe, while resting from his strife,
This presses he against his weary heart,
Then, wakening from his dream within a dream,
He flings the faded flower on Time's down-rushing stream.

III.

O never as here in the eternal years
 Hath burst to bloom man's free and soaring spirit,
 Joyous, untrammelled, all untouched by tears
 And the dark weight of woe it doth inherit.
 Never so swift the mind's imaginings
 Caught sculptured form, and color. Never before —
 Save where the soul beats unembodied wings
 'Gainst viewless skies — was such enchanted shore
 Jeweled with ivory palaces like these:
 By day a miracle, a dream by night;
 Yet real as beauty is, and as the seas
 Whose waves glance back keen lines of glittering light
 When million lamps, and coronets of fire,
 And fountains as of flame to the bright stars aspire.

IV.

Glide, magic boat, from out the green lagoon,
 'Neath the dark bridge, into this smiting glow
 And unthought glory. Even the glistening moon
 Hangs in the nearer splendor.—Let not go
 The scene, my soul, till ever 't is thine own!
 This is Art's citadel and crown. How still
 The innumerable multitudes from every zone,
 That watch and listen; while each eye doth fill
 With joyous tears unwept. Now solemn strains
 Of brazen music give the waiting soul
 Voice and a sigh,—it other speech disdains,
 Here where the visual sense faints to its goal!
 Ah, silent multitudes, ye are a part
 Of the wise architect's supreme and glorious art!

V.

O joy almost too high for saddened mortal!
 O ecstasy envisioned! Thou shouldst be
 Lasting as thou art lovely; as immortal
 As through all time the matchless thought of thee!
 Yet would we miss then the sweet piercing pain
 Of thy inconstancy! Could we but banish
 This haunting pang, ah, then thou wouldst not reign
 One with the golden sunset that doth vanish
 Through myriad lingering tints down melting skies;
 Nor the pale mystery of the new-world flower
 That blooms once only, then forever dies —
 Pouring a century's wealth on one dear hour.
 Then vanish, City of Dream, and be no more;
 Soon shall this fair Earth's self be lost on the unknown shore.

THE PRATT INSTITUTE.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.



TWELVE students in its art department, five years ago, was the germ from which has sprung the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, with its aggregate to-day of nearly four thousand students. Variety in its plan has come with development, but the conception of its founder underlies all its many lines of educational work, and binds them into unity. The Institute is not a heterogeneous grouping of departments. It is a collection of schools, each complete in itself, but all auxiliary the one to the other in the common task of helping man to help himself.

If the reader were being personally conducted through the Institute, he would not in all probability be taken first to the department of industrial and fine arts, though there are reasons why I should take him there at once; for there was the nucleus about which the other schools of the Institute have been gathered, and it is in a sense the central department of the Institute, being the one to which other departments look for the instruction of their pupils in graphic expression.

If, instead of taking the elevator, we had walked up the stairway, we should have found the art department already stretching out its hand to us. All the way from the basement to the top floor of the building are neatly framed photographs arranged in chronological order, and showing the historical development of architecture, painting, and sculpture. Besides material of this sort in the class-rooms and studios, the museum and library of the Institute contain much of interest to art students.

If our visit is made during the day, most of the students whom we see are those who have come for thorough and exhaustive training in art-teaching, or in some branch of industry or of fine art. Such students work five days of the week, both morning and afternoon. Then there are those employed in some trade or art during the day, who wish to gain such knowledge as will improve their prospects for advancement in their line of occupation. Such students work three evenings of the week. So popular are these evening classes that they fill eleven large studios. The students come year after year to perfect themselves in architectural drawing, in mechanical drawing, in drawing

from the cast and from life, or in clay-modeling and wood-carving. A decidedly smaller number comprises those so situated that they cannot study during the whole day, but come for instruction in the afternoon three times a week.

When these students, with their varied aims, have filled the rooms, the scene is most attractive. Perhaps the chief attraction to the ordinary visitor is that all seem to be striving after and making some tangible attainment. The thoughtful onlooker sees rather, in the very atmosphere of such work, a silent culture which may only be dimly hinted at by the thing attained; and it is true that the endeavor in the art and other departments of the Institute is to make the work not only practical but educative. Nevertheless, as we look at this group drawing from casts of the antique, yonder one working from life, this from the costumed figure, and yet others painting still-life groups in oil and water-color,—students, in short, doing all phases of fine-art work,—the practical eye can see that most excellent results attest the value of the instruction, and the talent of many of the students. There seems to be something in the method here which stimulates originality in the student, and, while checking wrong tendencies, allows the individuality of the pupil to come out in his work. One thing in the policy of the school deserves mention. Any visitors acquainted with art instruction would notice the large number of teachers. Not only are there many instructors, but they are employed for a long enough time during the week to enable them to give the student personal criticism and aid.

Among the students of fine art, some of these whom one sees drawing from the cast or working in water-color may have as their aim industrial art. The principle kept constantly in view is that *efficient special training must rest upon sufficient general training in art*. In the industrial-art studios the good results of this intelligent policy are manifest in the specimens of finished work, and in much that is unfinished. Here are designs for wall-paper, carpets, book-covers, knife-handles, brass-work, fine work in silver and gold, all giving evidence of a training artistic, educative, and practical. Students are not allowed to work with the idea of selling everything they make, but the advanced class are permitted, after submitting designs to the instructors, to sell what they can find

a market for. One thousand dollars' worth of designs was sold by the students last year.

Leaving the industrial-design studios, we come to a room where numerous specimens of work indicate very good results in wood-carving. In addition to instruction in the use and care of tools, and in technical methods in wood-carving, the student is required in the two-year course to practise free-hand drawing, design, clay-modeling, and to study the principles of construction. Across the hall from this room is the clay-modeling studio, where work is done both from the cast and from life. Here are gods and goddesses, and a group of earnest young women putting their best thought for the time being into clay. These are students of the normal art course. Most of them have had much experience as teachers in public and private schools, or have been engaged in various lines of art work. No other work of the art department is more vitally important than the training of competent teachers of art. The first graduate of the course went out in 1890, yet already sixty-one are employed in different parts of the country. Some are supervisors of drawing in large cities, others are teachers of drawing in normal schools and in high schools, and directly or indirectly are influencing the work of nearly 5000 teachers and of more than 245,000 students.

Next door to the clay-modeling studios are the architectural- and mechanical-drawing rooms. The aim of the instruction here is to turn out scientific, broadly trained draftsmen. The course of two years in each subject seems to be most carefully arranged with a view to much more intelligent and thorough instruction than the ordinary draftsman gets. These young men now working at the drawing-tables at some problem in construction or in design and composition, we may see later in the shops of the department of science and technology. Here we have one of many instances of the essential oneness of the Institute, the helpful reciprocity active between the different departments. It is considered that a broadly trained architectural draftsman should become familiarly acquainted with building methods. In the shops he is given practice in joinery, framing, and details of house-building, and studies the processes and materials employed in masonry, plastering, plumbing, and house-painting. In the mechanical-drawing course the student goes to the shop to learn joinery, turning, molding, forging, and machine-shop work. Both architectural- and mechanical-drawing students are given a course of experiment in the testing laboratories. Besides work in instrumental drawing, they are also required to practise free-hand and instrumental perspective, pen and pencil sketching, design, color,

and clay-modeling. That so much work in fine art should be made an organic part of the curriculum in the architectural-drawing course is certainly a favorable omen. It would seem natural enough that those who have so much to do with the antipodes of the esthetic as mechanical draftsmen, should need such training; but this fact has not been so generally recognized as to mar one's pleasure at seeing what is being done here in fine art in the mechanical-drawing course.

The art hall of the department, a large studio on the sixth floor, has top and side lights, and contains a conveniently arranged and most carefully selected collection of photographs illustrative of all phases of art. Beneath it are the art-needlework rooms, where the student is taught not only all kinds of embroidery, but is instructed in the making of designs. Lady visitors should not go to this room first, for the exquisite examples of ecclesiastical embroidery, tapestry, and banners, besides a thousand and one articles of household use in delicate and artistic designs and harmonies of coloring, will tempt them to stay too long.

Art-needlework suggests a natural transition to the department of domestic art, which gives morning, afternoon, and evening instruction in sewing, dressmaking, millinery, and physical culture to over twelve hundred students. Without any precedent in this country,—it might almost be said in the world,—the courses of instruction have been systematically graded, so as not only to insure a thorough knowledge of the subject, but to impress upon the pupil the value of order, accuracy, and economy. Besides instruction in methods and manipulation, the courses are designed to cultivate the pupil's taste. She is constantly led to consider the style of the making and coloring of hats and dresses from an artistic and hygienic standpoint. The instruction is broadened also by talks given in the class-room on the history and manufacture of materials and textiles used, and upon colors and form. Perhaps we shall hear the director of the department giving one of these talks as we walk through the pleasant, well-lighted rooms. If so, we shall listen to the doctrine that the desired end of the training given here is true economy of time, labor, and money in the attainment of beauty; and that this end may be more easily gained by studying the laws of art and nature, and trying to apply them to each article of dress or of household decoration. This is to be accomplished by putting much thought and some money into one really durable and beautiful thing in harmony with its use and surroundings, even though wilful fashion fly off at a tangent. This strikes a man as good orthodox reasoning; whether it is too far beyond the age to be more

than a dream remains to be seen. It is also argued by those who have shaped these courses that physical culture is essential in teaching the principles of artistic dress, since a well-proportioned body is necessary to symmetry of effect in dress. There is, therefore, a course in callisthenics, which students are encouraged to take. A course in drawing is given under the direction of the department of industrial and fine arts, beginning with pencil practice, and including study of drapery, drawing of waists and gowns, practice in use of color, problems of design, and study of the human form.

All of this suggests the danger of making these courses too esthetic to help the very classes most in need of help. But there is a great elasticity about the general plan of the department. There are one-year courses for training professional dressmakers and milliners; there are evening courses for those already engaged in work who wish a broader theoretical knowledge; and there are classes to which those may come who desire to learn millinery and dressmaking for household purposes. It seems to me that nothing could be more democratic than the ideal of the Pratt Institute. Here are girls who have known the pinch of want taking up the work for a trade. Near by is a girl who comes from a household where are many children, and she is acquiring the knowledge for use in helping to clothe younger brothers and sisters. Side by side with these may be found the society girl, who is going into the thing for fun, but soon finds it no joke; the wealthy girl, who is managing a mission sewing-room; and in a room near by are the sweetest imaginable little seamstresses from six to twelve years of age. It is every one according to her desire here. There is an opportunity for broad and exhaustive training, or for more special instruction.

From the rooms of the domestic-art division a short trip in the elevator brings one to the kitchens of the domestic-science division. Here is a most unique exemplification of the adage, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." Pure air and plenty of it, limpid sunlight, spotless floors, tables, and cooking-apparatus—all this is most interesting and invigorating to one who is haunted with the ghosts of unforgotten boarding-house dinners. These cases of food products, and of the chemical constituents of food; the charts showing what the food must supply to the human body; the models of different cuts of meat—all these facilities for instruction are only a hint of what is attempted in the kitchens, lecture-rooms, and laboratories. Even a carefully prepared exhibit can but inadequately suggest an educational curriculum. In a word, it is the train-

ing of women in the sciences underlying the right administration of the house, and in the arts based upon those sciences.

Here is the normal class in domestic science taking a lesson in practical cooking; but with these students the knack of the culinary art is a subordinate accomplishment. As they are to be teachers, their time is chiefly employed in studying the science at the basis of the theory, and the theory underlying the practice. It is a liberal course which they are pursuing, including German, the physical sciences, biology, psychology, household economics, and applied chemistry. All instruction is by lectures, quiz, and laboratory practice. Besides these as theory, they are given practice in cookery, and in laundry work. It seems at first a far call from German to laundry work. But there is close logical sequence throughout the curriculum. The same students now studying the proportion of ingredients, effect of heat upon food, or engaged in the creation of some toothsome dish, may in an hour be at the Hoagland laboratory studying bacteriology.

Besides the classes in cooking open to normal students, there are a Saturday-morning class for school-girls, a housekeepers' class, and a course for physicians and nurses. In the above the instruction emphasizes theory. There are other morning classes, and also classes in the evening where cooking is studied with particular reference to practice.

Here is an interesting class in hygiene and home nursing. It is not intended to compete with the hospitals in the training of nurses, but to give the mothers and sisters of our households instruction that will fit them to meet emergencies coolly and effectively, and will make them more efficient in the care of the sick. The boy on the floor has just been drowned (hypothetically), and the physician is giving the class an object-lesson in the treatment of such cases. Robust as the patient looks, he is a youth of many maladies. Ever since the year began the class have been putting his broken arms and legs into splints, bandaging his contused head, poulticing him, and, in brief, doing all in their power to make him comfortable.

The laundry course rather astonishes one with its revelation of the variety of processes, and the range from coarseness to exceeding delicacy of material dealt with. We who have seen our hard-earned belongings go to the tub—to return, alas! in how altered a condition—breathe a prayer that many such courses may send out their influence through the kitchens and laundries of the land.

If one is a privileged guest at the Institute, he can speak from the fullness of appetite



A CORNER IN THE LAUNDRY—DEPARTMENT OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

awakened and satisfied by the delightful cooking turned out by its classes. So popular are they that the number in each is limited. The latest class organized is a camping-class of ladies and gentlemen, the pioneers, it is to be hoped, of a general movement toward reformation in the camp kitchen.

Both of these departments—that of domestic art and that of domestic science—are really divisions of one great department giving instruction to nearly two thousand pupils. While

we are yet in the hallway of this department, making our way toward other scenes, we come suddenly upon the myriad click of type-writers. We are all so familiar with the sound and sight that it is hard to realize that the invention is as modern as it is. In this room, an outpost of the department of commerce, a multitude of young girls are learning type-writing as a means of livelihood, or are acquiring the art as a part of their training as amanuenses. The department gives thorough training, morning,



• LOUIS • LOEB • 93 •

"THE DAILY NEWS CO."

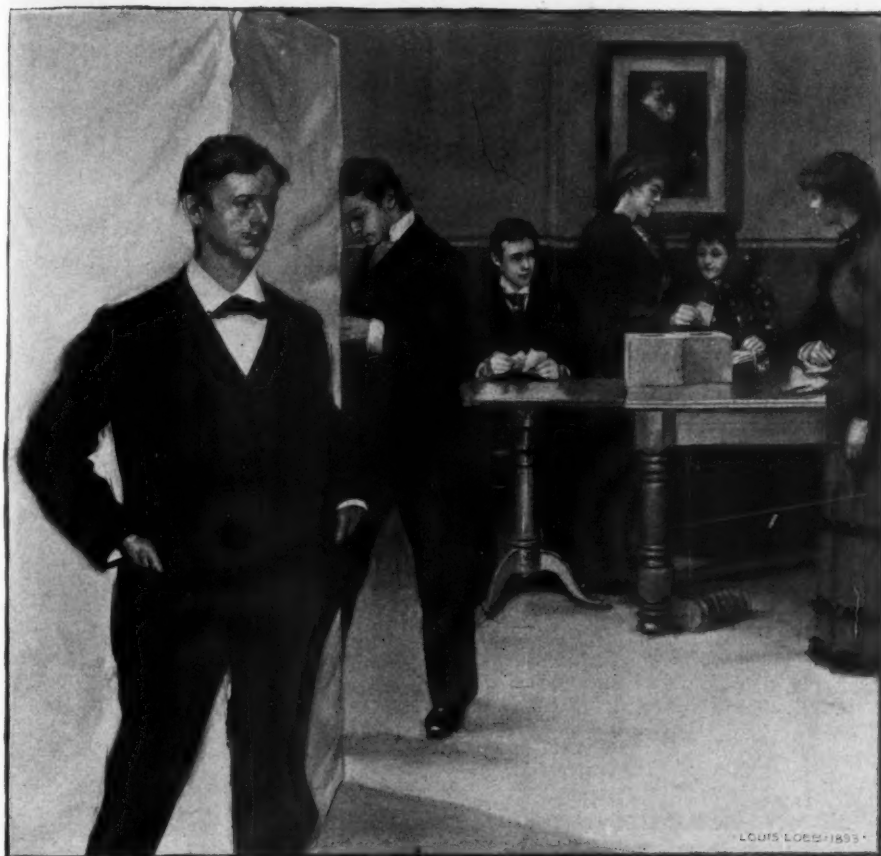
ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

afternoon, and evening, in type-writing, phonography, bookkeeping, penmanship, English, Spanish, and arithmetic. Hundreds of young men and women are making a living by type-writing and phonography—arts which, added to a good education, make the amanuensis. Yet it was not earlier than 1872 that Mr. Cooper was persuaded to allow a class in phonography to be organized, and thus to open the field of stenography to the thousands of young men and women who are now occupying it.

874

The public has become accustomed to thinking of business colleges as not worthy of serious thought. It is reassuring to find that the policy here is conservative, and that students are not admitted to any of the classes without such examination as will prove sufficient intelligence and education.

The development of the school is to be along the broad lines laid down by Sir Philip Magnus, who, after showing the advantage Germany has reaped from her superior schools for commercial training, says: "The study of



BALLOTING.

modern languages and of commercial geography, including the technology of merchandise, and the elements of science underlying it, constitute the groundwork of commercial education." Next year will see the beginning of a two-year commercial course, which will offer a broader training in commerce than has heretofore been attainable in any business college. The *raison d'être* of this course is suggested in the following quotation: "Boys are, as a rule, so anxious to leave school and obtain employment that they think they cannot afford the time necessary to acquire a high-school education, and devote a year or two in addition to commercial studies. The remedy for this is the establishment of schools to take the grammar-school graduate and give him a two- or three-year course in combined high-school and commercial work." The curriculum of the regular course will include history; commercial, physical, and industrial

geography; commercial law; mechanical drawing, and civics; English, political economy, and bookkeeping, or phonography and type-writing.

Crossing an iron-covered bridge from the department of commerce, we are in the high-school building. Perhaps we shall have a more vivid and lasting impression of the system of instruction in the high school, and of the nature of its curriculum, if we imagine ourselves to be spending a school-day with the classes. First, we shall meet with the whole school at chapel. Here, after the devotional exercises, the daily newspaper of the school is read. It is called the "Pratt Institute Daily News," and has a managing editor (one of the teachers) and twelve assistant editors, who also hold every other office on a newspaper from artist to printer's devil. Blackboards stretching around three sides of the assembly-room are filled each morning with important news,



LOUIS-LOEB-93-

STILL-LIFE CLASS — THE AQUARELLISTES.

ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

each editor being answerable for the news he places upon his blackboard. Maps and pictures are drawn to illustrate important events. Biographies are accompanied by portraits. The

exercise lasts only twenty minutes, and doubtless has its value not only in keeping teachers and students up to date, but in its educative discipline. Other exercises of the school, in-



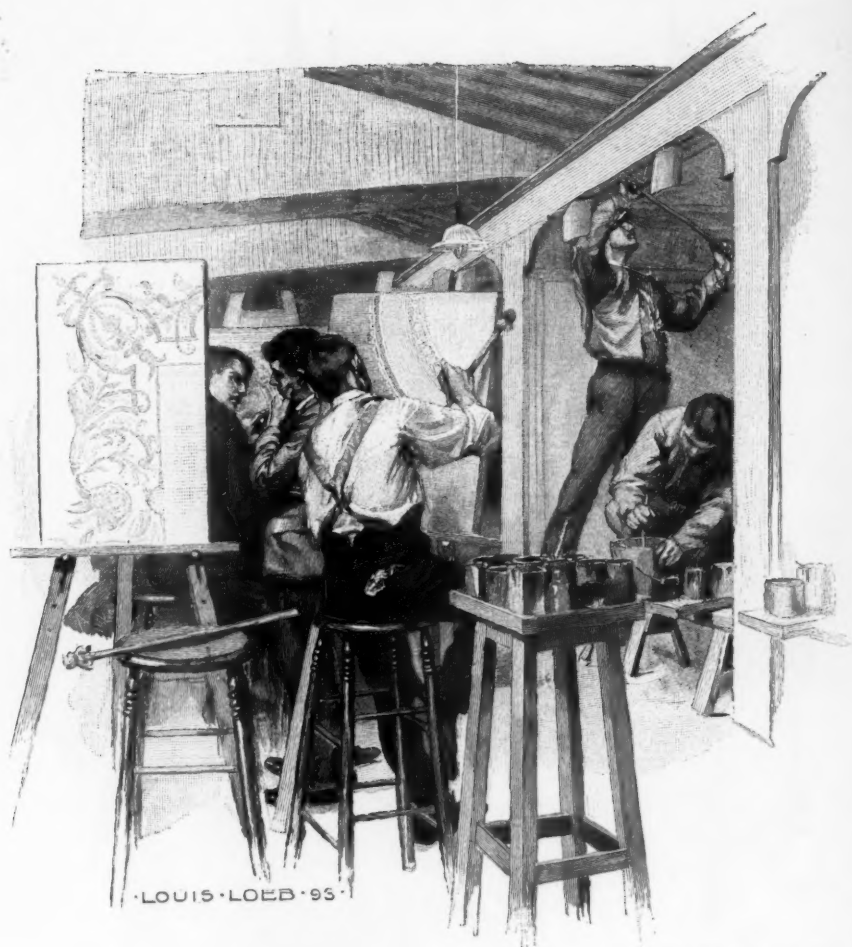
ART DEPARTMENT—COSTUME CLASS, ART HALL.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

tended to be supplementary to the study of civics and a training in practical politics, are campaign speaking, caucus, joint session of House and Senate, balloting, and registration.

The classes now disperse to their class-

rooms, and we find ourselves in a cheerful class-room attending a recitation in English. The hour is passed in very practical composition work. Criticism on the part of students and teachers is to the point, and the conduct



·LOUIS·LOEB·93·

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY—Fresco Class: Designing and Executing.

of the recitation suggests not only intelligent preparation, but good class-room method. Written exercises are handed in, perhaps in the second stage of evolution, bearing the teacher's annotation and the students' corrections. If some magic rug could transport us to the literature-class up-stairs, we should find drawing hand in hand with literature study. At the blackboard are students making rapid sketches of costumes, of persons, and of buildings illustrative of the text. This is interesting as an experiment, and the students seem attentive. One of the greatest problems in school work is to give literature study its weight as an element of the first importance in the curriculum. Any method or methods which cultivate in the student not only interest but taste in

literature are legitimate. Such is the aim in the use of the devices I have mentioned, and in a variety of others. The school is evidently not in the well-worn ruts. Now the class goes to a botanical class-room, where there are good microscopes in number sufficient for individual use. Here we come at once upon one tendency in all the work of the school. In literature, language, and science the laboratory method is employed. Another flight, and we find ourselves in the history class, where the blackboard illustration is in the form of graphic charts invented by the students, and showing the chronology and philosophy of the subjects as they understand these. Map-drawing is a daily class-room exercise.

In mathematics and in the sciences, as well



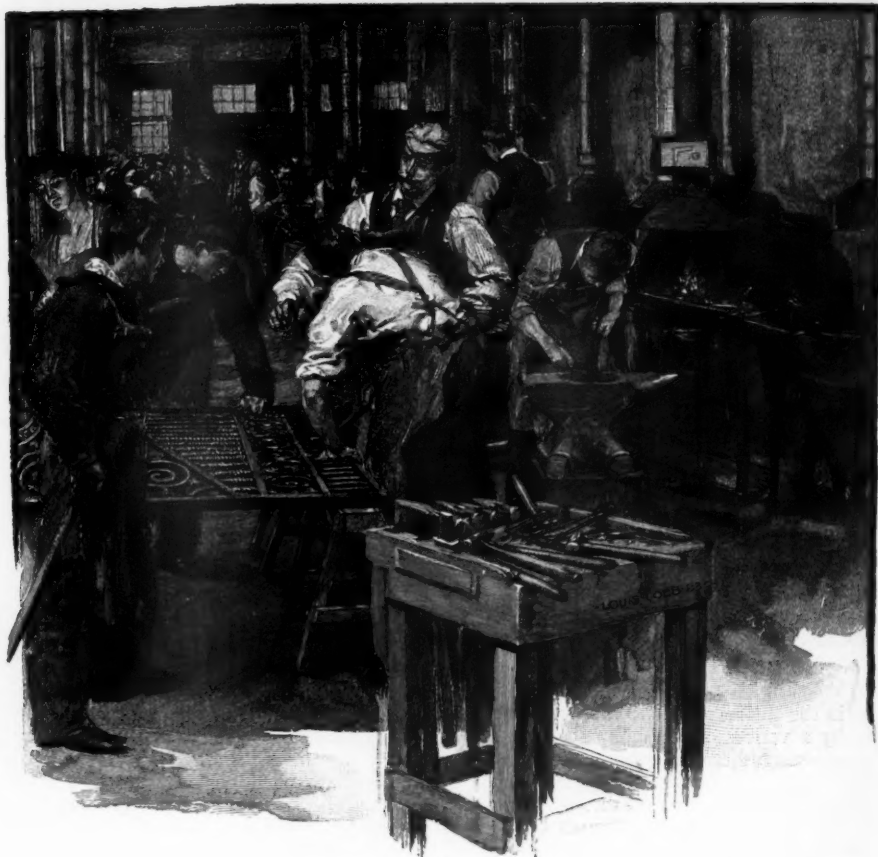
DEPARTMENT OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE—CHEMISTRY.

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

as in the studies mentioned above, the student is, by a variety of methods and by judicious questioning, thrown upon his own resources. His training is intended to be for increase in power, whether that comes through acquisition or through reasoning, or through both. It is not that so much ground shall be traversed, that such and such examinations shall be passed, but that the student shall grasp principles first, facts second, and learn to generalize and correlate. Such is, I am informed, the ideal striven after by the school. A long step in the right direction is a college preparatory class, supplementary to the regular course. This obviates the necessity of unduly pushing pupils in the regular course. From the botany-room the class is, after an hour, dismissed to the drawing-room, where we find them drawing from the cast. After this exercise and a recess for lunch, the boys go to the shops of the department of science and technology, where for an hour and a half they are engaged in pattern-making. The girls spend the same length of time in sewing in the department of domestic art and science. If we had cast in our fortunes with the second-year class, we should have gone with them to the physical lecture-room and laboratory for their science. But in each year of the course drawing and manual work are an organic part

of the curriculum. It is this feature which chiefly challenges public attention. Unfortunately, it is a feature which has given rise to much misapprehension, even among intelligent persons. As we go down to the shops with these boys, and watch them for the time being transformed into Vulcans at the forge, or learning by practice the secrets of founding and tin-smithing, or intent upon the making of a close joint in the carpentry shops, the question naturally comes, What part does all this play in general training? The theory is that while literature cultivates esthetically and ethically, while science stimulates observation, while mathematics trains the reasoning powers, manual training disciplines and strengthens the will.

In the third story of the high-school building is a room which reminds me that a kindergarten department has lately been organized. The free kindergarten, in which the students of the kindergarten training-class have living contact with the work which is to be their profession, is in another building. Perhaps we can imagine them there learning the secret of helpful fellowship with child life. The pupils of the regular kindergarten training course of two years are brought much under the influence of the art department, that they may drink in as



FORGE SHOP — FINISHING THE GATE.

ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

much of the artistic atmosphere as possible. It helps them to appreciate the beautiful through the pencil, and to gain in power of expression. The whole course is carefully arranged so as to be an efficient training for kindergarten work, founded upon a sound educational basis and a true spiritual insight. The psychology taught is that of Froebel, as found in his "Mutter und Koselieder." Besides the training-class, classes of young mothers have been formed to study the same book. Here they can learn what the proper care of children means, can gain insight into child nature, and can see how the faculties of every child may be quickened and directed.

Directions are given for introducing into the nursery the kindergarten materials in the logical order of Froebel.

We now leave the high school, going through the great central office of the building. Here

are the secretary's rooms, and the offices of the Thrift, a savings-bank and building-loan association for the encouragement of habits of thrift. Amounts as low as five cents are taken on deposit. Here also is the editorial sanctum of the "Pratt Institute Monthly."

On the opposite side of the outer hall is an assembly-room used for public lectures, given as supplementary to the work of the various departments. Here also meets the choral society of the music department of Pratt Institute. If a stranger to the tonic sol-fa system should happen in when the choral society is practising, he would see much to astonish him in the feats of the singers in sight and sound reading, and in the rendering of the most difficult and classic music. Besides the advantages of the choral society for the practice and rendering of the best compositions, the music department has thoroughly organized courses. There is a

course for the training of teachers and supervisors of music, which has already graduated one class of successful teachers. A lecture course in music is open to all pupils. There is a class in kindergarten color-music, and a juvenile course held after school hours. Tonic sol-fa is the system in vogue, and the inspiring motive of the school's work is to bring all that good music means of esthetic and ethical influence within reach of classes now too much excluded from such advantages.

I have reserved one of the most interesting sights of the Institute until now. We are in the technical museum, which contains so many interesting things that the visitor is usually undecided what to look at first. In fact, the collection, though it contains much to interest the casual visitor, is intended mainly for the students. It illustrates the changes through which the native product passes in the process of manufacture. Here we see the lump of clay at one extreme, the graceful and most exquisitely artistic vase at the other. With this idea kept prominently in mind, much may be learned in a few hours here that many-hours in a library could not so clearly reveal. The varied usefulness of such a museum in any educational institution and community at once suggests itself.

Stepping into the elevator, we drop like a plummet to the first floor, and, turning to the right, are in the reading-room of the library, in a realm of silence, "far from the madding crowd." The large reference library back of the main reading-room has gained a reputation more than local. As we talk with the well-educated attendants, who are here on duty all day long, and at night when the library is open, we can guess the reason for the growing reputation of this part of the library. In these days time is as precious to the library investigator as to the business man, and any institution which meets him half-way to help him in his work earns his sincerest gratitude.

Retracing our way from the reading-room, whose two hundred periodicals are arranged very conveniently for use, we come into the free circulating library. Here are all the usual facilities to be found in circulating libraries, such as well-arranged and accessible catalogues, and, last but not least, intelligent and most obliging attendants. Even the poor woman who cannot remember the name of the book she wants, but knows it had red covers and was oblong, is sent away happy, if possible. Upon the walls are bulletined the resources of the library as those bear upon topics of present interest. Discussions growing out of the New Orleans incident, a festival such as Arbor or Memorial Day, the death of celebrated men, such as Spurgeon or ex-President Hayes—all such events

and occasions find there bulletin-boards covered with library references. Just at present we should find a great deal cognate to the World's Fair. The general public has free use of the books in the library, and teachers and students have special privileges. A course of talks on the use of reference-books is given chiefly for their benefit. The library has grown from 1000 volumes in 1888 to 40,000 at present, and is growing at the rate of five to six thousand volumes a year. Last year it had a circulation of 170,000 volumes. In some respects this library is unique. It differs from most circulating libraries in being connected with an educational institution, and from most school and college libraries in having the free and public circulating features. A branch library in Williamsburgh has a stock of 2000 volumes, and a yearly circulation of 28,000. Some of those whom we see busy now at the library shelves are members of the class in cataloguing and library methods, which attempts to train librarians for the smaller libraries. The course includes English and American literature and English composition. The attendance is good, and graduates are doing satisfactory work in desirable positions.

Descending one flight of stairs from the library to the basement, and walking through the large Institute restaurant, we come out upon a spacious quadrangular court. Crossing this diagonally, we enter the department of science and technology. This department shares with the department of domestic art and science the direction of the high-school students in manual work, and in addition furnishes their instruction in mathematics and science. Its other field is the instruction in scientific and technical subjects, and in the principal mechanical trades, of classes quite distinct from the high school.

We find the physical and chemical laboratories of the department on the fourth floor of its building. At night these are full of students, whose earnestness is in their faces, and is patent in the fact that after a hard day's work they are here at all. Such classes are peculiarly inspiring to the teacher, and I sometimes think that because of the receptiveness of the pupil and its reflex influence on the teacher more is accomplished in the same time than in ordinary day-classes. In both physics and chemistry these students are afforded all the facilities of laboratories which have been developed to an exceptional degree of efficiency. Individual experimentation is specially provided for and insisted on. The courses of study have been arranged with extraordinary care to secure the best results in acquisition and in training within the time allowed for each course. In physics the subjects emphasized are mechanics and

heat, because of their practical bearing. The laboratory work follows the lecture, and gives the student opportunity to verify by actual experiment what he has learned in the lecture. The course in chemistry extends through three years, and includes a large amount of laboratory work. The elements and inorganic compounds, and their characteristic reactions, are studied in the first year. A thorough course in qualitative analysis runs through the second year, followed in the third year by practice in quantitative analysis and assaying. Every effort is made to give the student an insight into the conditions of actual practice. Many of the students in these classes are already engaged in manufacturing establishments where a knowledge of chemistry is necessary. The other scientific subjects taught in the evening are algebra and geometry. Care is taken to present the subjects simply, and as a direct preparation for the course in technology.

Under technology, the instruction is on the subjects of electrical construction, steam-engine, strength of materials, and machine-design. These classes reach young men already engaged in some technical pursuit, but in need of broader scientific knowledge. The marvelous extension of the application of electricity has made an imperative demand for such courses in electrical construction as this department offers. In all the technical subjects the instruction is by lectures, reinforced by laboratory practice. Even a visitor void of all mechanical trend finds something attractive in the sight of these young men computing the efficiency of an engine in the steam laboratory, or, in the testing laboratories, testing the strength of metal wires, or of material used in construction. And whatever impression one gets is deepened by the reflection that this is not play, but work which is both educative and of direct practical moment to the student.

The trade-classes are significant of that change which has come into the modern world from the introduction of the principle of division of labor. They are an attempted substitute for the old apprentice system, and are intended to give the greatest result at the least expenditure of time. This means that the learners shall be given a course of carefully selected exercises, each one of which illustrates a new principle.

In the carpentry shops we find a model house almost finished. It was built by students, and in building it they have seen and practised all the processes of house-building. The same principle holds good in the teaching of plumbing and fresco-painting. An encouraging sign in these trade-classes is the coöperation of the trade associations.

The classes in fresco-painting deserve special mention, so praiseworthy is the attempt to elevate the standard in an art which is with us

so much in our households. Here are the learners, working in little three-walled rooms, plastered on wall and ceiling. The instructor tells us that the purpose is not only to supply instruction in the technical practice, but to provide for thorough study of fresco-design. In the first year of a three years' course practice in technical operations is given. In the second year this technical side is left behind, and considerable time is spent on drawing from the flat and from the cast. The last year is devoted to composition of ornament, and to production of finished designs for friezes, panels, and ceilings.

The Pratt Institute is visited every week of its yearly session by hundreds of visitors. It is likely that only a small percentage of these grasp the scope or significance of the mission which the Institute is trying to fulfil. At the World's Fair may be found an exhibit so arranged as to show the detail and methods of the training, first by departments, then by courses, then by grades. Each department has its alcove, each case in each alcove containing work, charts, or other media suggestive of the progressive training afforded in the courses of that department. The methods and curricula in courses where the results of training do not become apparent to the eye in concrete material form are of course difficult to suggest. But even in the purely intellectual curricula much ingenuity has been shown in the indicating of method.

In addition to the general Institute exhibit above referred to, there is an alcove showing the work of the women pupils and graduates. The former is a presentation rather of the educational phase of the work; the latter aims to show how, while thoroughly educative, the Institute courses are valuable as a training in the arts and industries by the practice of which women may become self-supporting. The significance of such an exhibit cannot be even suggested in a few words. It is easy to talk sounding words about woman's emancipation. On the floor and walls and in the show-cases of this little room there is the blazon of a great victory. It is here evident that woman has not been crushed out of the battle for bread by the indiscriminating competition of the times. If invention introduced complexity into the industrial system, it also opened the way for woman's taste, skill, and deftness of touch. Almost every piece of work here is in some way connected with the idea of home. Woman's true emancipation, it would seem, does not take her from her mission as the maker and glorifier of home. The exhibit includes work done by women pursuing sixteen different self-supporting occupations learned at the Pratt Institute. The drawings, articles manufactured from stu-

dents' designs, wood-carvings, dresses, bonnets, etc., cannot here be described. The whole exhibit is highly creditable and very interesting. Of the great host of 2,700,000 women who are making a living in professional or in industrial occupations, 1320 are known to have received their training at the Pratt Institute. From the normal art course have gone out 61 supervisors and teachers of drawing whose annual salaries average \$768.06. Graduates from the courses in design, art-needlework, and wood-carving are holding positions as teachers, or are serving as designers in well-known establishments, or are practising their professions independently. Three alumnae of the architectural course hold good positions in an architect's office. Ninety-six of those trained in cookery and laundry work are earning a livelihood, and doubtless exerting an influence for good; for what is more redolent of ethics than a well-cooked steak, or where will you find more character than in a well-laundered shirt-bosom? From the courses in sewing, dress-making, and millinery, 3888 women have graduated. Of this number 44 are teaching, and 589 are practical workwomen in their own specialty. Sixteen of the 44 teachers are earning an aggregate of \$12,950, or an average of \$893.75 each. The classes in phonography, type-writing, and bookkeeping have trained 704 women as stenographers and bookkeepers. Of this number 486 have taken positions at an average salary of \$12 a week. The school in library training opened two years ago; and of its 34 alumnae, 21 have positions as assistants in libraries.¹

In reflecting upon the work of a great educational institution, especially one yet in its infancy as far as age is concerned, a natural inquiry is, What of the future? There are rocks ahead to be avoided, there are headlands to be weathered, and havens of opportunity to be gained. The building which the trustees have planned, and which it is hoped will be ready for occupancy in September, 1894, suggests something regarding the spirit and intention of the founder of the Institute. Though they are impressive because of massiveness and height, the present buildings of the Institute are, to say the least, not classic in exterior architecture; the reason for which was not a desire to limit in expenditure, nor a lack of appreciation of the beautiful, but a fear on the part of the founder that the idea lying in his mind might prove impossible of realization. Hence the

main building was put up so that if the school should not be a success, the structure might serve as a factory. The new building is to be not only admirably suited for its intended uses, but a thing of beauty within and without. Greatly increased accommodations for the library will be particularly valuable in its reference department. I know of no school having a better-managed reference library than that possessed by the Pratt Institute. In its new quarters it will have much greater space for growth, and will be enabled to offer largely increased facilities. If the ideal of the director of libraries is even approximated, the usefulness of the library to the various departments of the Institute must be incalculable. Another significant feature is an auditorium with a capacity for six hundred. Here are to be given courses of lectures bearing upon the work of the various departments. It is to be hoped that, not unmindful of the importance of their high school, the academic department of the Institute, lectures in history and literature may be heard in this exquisitely decorated auditorium. In the large art museum, which will occupy nearly all of the second floor, will be found casts illustrating the development of sculpture, ceramics, wood-carving, wrought iron, textiles, etc. Here the students may find material for object-lessons in the fine and the applied arts. On this same floor is a gallery for the exhibition of pictures. Not only will the honor productions of Institute students be displayed here, but occasional loan exhibitions will also be held. The art department will occupy the third and fourth floors, and the arrangement of studios, and the lighting of each, leave little to be desired. Broad balconies run about the central court of the building, and all rooms of the third and fourth floors open upon them. The walls of these balconies are to be hung with hundreds of Braun carbon prints illustrating the historic schools of sculpture, painting, and architecture, in such a manner as to form a large museum collection of these prints, which can be used by the public or by students.

Very imperfectly, and only in its general features, appears in the foregoing sketch an educational institution which is the living memorial not only of the beneficence, but of the character of its founder. I suggested at the beginning of this article that the germ of the institute was the twelve students who first sought its instruction. In a deeper sense, the impulse, or rather the steady conviction and faith, in the heart of one man was its creative cause, and is yet its vitalizing principle.

James R. Campbell.

¹ The information in the above paragraph is taken from a pamphlet published for distribution at the World's Fair.

BALCONY STORIES.

A DELICATE AFFAIR.

BUT what does this extraordinary display of light mean?" ejaculated my aunt, the moment she entered the parlor from the dining-room. "It looks like the kingdom of heaven in here! Jules! Jules!" she called, "come and put out some of the light!"

Jules was at the front door letting in the usual Wednesday-evening visitor, but now he came running in immediately with his own invention in the way of a gas-stick,—a piece of broom-handle notched at the end,—and began turning one tap after the other, until the room was reduced to complete darkness.

"But what do you mean now, Jules?" screamed the old lady again.

"Pardon, madame," answered Jules, with dignity; "it is an accident. I thought there was one still lighted."

"An accident! An accident! Do you think I hire you to perform accidents for me? You are just through telling me that it was accident made you give me both soup and gumbo for dinner to-day."

"But accidents can always happen, madame," persisted Jules, adhering to his position.

The chandelier, a design of originality in its day, gave light by what purported to be wax candles standing each in a circlet of pendent crystals. The usual smile of ecstatic admiration spread over Jules's features as he touched the match to the simulated wicks, and lighted into life the rainbows in the prisms underneath. It was a smile that did not heighten the intelligence of his features, revealing as it did the toothless condition of his gums.

"What will madame have for her dinner to-morrow?" looking benignantly at his mistress, and still standing under his aureole.

"Do I ever give orders for one dinner, with the other one still on my lips?"

"I only asked madame; there is no harm in asking." He walked away, his long stiff white apron rattling like a petticoat about him. Catching sight of the visitor still standing at the threshold: "Oh, madame, here is Mr. Horace. Shall I let him in?"

"Idiot! Every Wednesday you ask me that question, and every Wednesday I answer the same way. Don't you think I could tell you when not to let him in without your asking?"

"Oh, well, madame, one never knows; it is always safe to ask."

The appearance of the gentleman started a fresh subject of excitement.

"Jules! Jules! You have left that front door unlocked again!"

"Excuse me," said Mr. Horace; "Jules did not leave the front door unlocked. It was locked when I rang, and he locked it again most carefully after letting me in. I have been standing outside all the while the gas was being extinguished and relighted."

"Ah, very well, then. And what is the news?" She sank into her arm-chair, pulled her little card-table closer, and began shuffling the cards upon it for her game of solitaire. "I never hear any news, you know. She [nodding toward me] goes out, but she never learns anything. She is as stupid to-night as an empty bottle."

After a few passes her hands, which were slightly tremulous, regained some of their wonted steadiness and brilliancy of movement, and the cards dropped rapidly on the table. Mr. Horace, as he had got into the habit of doing, watched her mechanically, rather absent-mindedly retailing what he imagined would interest her, from his week's observation and hearsay. And madame's little world revolved, complete for her, in time, place, and personality.

It was an old-fashioned square room with long ceiling, and broad, low windows heavily curtained with stiff silk brocade, faded by time into mellowness. The tall white-painted mantel carried its obligation of ornaments well: a gilt clock which under a glass case related some brilliant poetical idyl, and told the hours only in an insignificant aside, according to the delicate politeness of bygone French taste; flanked by duplicate continuations of the same idyl in companion candelabra, also under glass; Sèvres, or imitation Sèvres vases, and a crowd of smaller objects to which age and rarity were slowly contributing an artistic value. An oval mirror behind threw replicas of them into another mirror, receiving in exchange the reflected portrait of madame in her youth, and in the partial nudity in which innocence was limned in madame's youth. There was besides a mirror on the other three walls of the room, all hung with such careful intent for the exercise of their vocation that the apartment, in spots, extended indefinitely; the brilliant chandelier was thereby quadrupled, and the furniture and ornaments multiplied everywhere and most unexpectedly into twins and triplets, producing such sociabilities among them, and forcing such correspondences between inanimate

objects with such hospitable insistence, that the effect was full of gaiety and life, although the interchange in reality was the mere repetition of one original, a kind of phonographic echo.

The portrait of monsieur, madame's handsome young husband, hung out of the circle of radiance, in the isolation that, wherever they hang, always seems to surround the portraits of the dead.

Old as the parlors appeared, madame antedated them by the sixteen years she had lived before her marriage, which had been the occasion of their furnishment. She had traveled a considerable distance over the sands of time since the epoch commemorated by the portrait. Indeed, it would require almost documentary evidence to prove that she, who now was arriving at eighty, was the same Atalanta that had started out so buoyantly at sixteen.

Instead of a cap, she wore black lace over her head, pinned with gold brooches. Her white hair curled naturally over a low forehead. Her complexion showed care—and powder. Her eyes were still bright, not with the effete intelligence of old age, but with actual potency. She wore a loose black sack flowered in purple, and over that a black lace mantle, fastened with more gold brooches.

She played her game of solitaire rapidly, impatiently, and always won; for she never hesitated to cheat to get out of a tight place, or into a favorable one, cheating with the quickness of a flash, and forgetting it the moment afterward.

Mr. Horace was as old as she, but he looked much younger, although his dress and appearance betrayed no evidence of an effort in that direction. Whenever his friend cheated, he would invariably call her attention to it; and as usual she would shrug her shoulders, and say, "Bah! Lose a game for a card!" and pursue the conversation.

He happened to mention mushrooms—fresh mushrooms. She threw down her cards before the words were out of his mouth, and began to call, "Jules! Jules!" Mr. Horace pulled the bell-cord, but madame was too excitable for that means of communication. She ran into the ante-chamber, and put her head over the banisters, calling, "Jules! Jules!" louder and louder. She might have heard Jules's slipped feet running from the street into the corridor and up-stairs, had she not been so deaf. He appeared at the door.

"But where have you been? Here I have been raising the house a half-hour, calling you. You have been in the street. I am sure you have been in the street."

"Madame is very much mistaken," answered Jules, with resentful dignity. He had taken off his white apron of waiter, and was disreputable in all the shabbiness of his attire as cook. "When madame forbids me to go into the street

I do not go in the street. I was in the kitchen; I had fallen asleep. What does madame desire?" smiling benevolently.

"What is this I hear? Fresh mushrooms in the market!"

"Eh, madame?"

"Fresh mushrooms in the market, and you have not brought me any!"

"Madame, there are fresh mushrooms everywhere in the market," waving his hand to show their universality.

"Everybody is eating them—"

"Old Pomponnette," Jules continued, "only this morning offered me a plate, piled up high, for ten cents."

"Idiot! Why did you not buy them?"

"If madame had said so; but madame did not say so. Madame said, 'Soup, Jules; carrots, rice,' counting on his fingers.

"And the gumbo?"

"I have explained that that was an accident. Madame said, 'Soup,' enumerating his menu again; 'madame never once said mushrooms.'"

"But how could I know there were mushrooms in the market? Do I go to market?"

"That is it!" and Jules smiled at the question thus settled.

"If you had told me there were mushrooms in the market—" pursued madame, persisting in treating Jules as a reasonable being.

"Why did not madame ask me? If madame had asked me, surely I would have told madame. Yesterday Cæsar brought them to the door—a whole bucketful for twenty-five cents. I had to shut the door in his face to get rid of him," triumphantly.

"And you brought me yesterday those detestable peas!"

"Ah," shrugging his shoulders, "madame told me to buy what I saw. I saw peas. I bought them."

"Well, understand now, once for all: whenever you see mushrooms, no matter what I order, you buy them. Do you hear?"

"No, madame. Surely I cannot buy mushrooms unless madame orders them. Madame's disposition is too quick."

"But I do order them. Stupid! I do order them. I tell you to buy them every day."

"And if there are none in the market every day?"

"Go away! Get out of my sight! I do not want to see you. Ah, it is unendurable! I must—I must get rid of him!" This last was not a threat, as Jules knew only too well. It was merely a habitual exclamation.

During the colloquy Mr. Horace, leaning back in his arm-chair, raised his eyes, and caught the reflected portrait of madame in the mirror before him—the reflection so much softer and prettier, so much more ethereal, than the ori-

ginal painting. Indeed, seen in the mirror, that way, the portrait was as refreshing as the most charming memory. He pointed to it when madame, with considerable loss of temper, regained her seat.

"It is as beautiful as the past," he explained most unnaturally, for he and his friend had a horror of looking at the long, long past, which could not fail to remind them of — what no one cares to contemplate out of church. Making an effort toward some determination which a subtle observer might have noticed weighing upon him all the evening, he added: "And, apropos of the past —"

"*Hein!*" interrogated the old lady, impatiently, still under the influence of her irascibility about the mushrooms.

He moved his chair closer, and bent forward, as if his communication were to be confidential.

"Ah, bah! Speak louder!" she cried. "One would suppose you had some secret to tell. What secrets can there be at our age?" She took up her cards and began to play. There could be no one who bothered herself less about the forms of politeness.

"Yes, yes," answered Mr. Horace, throwing himself back into his chair; "what secrets can there be at our age?"

The remark seemed a pregnant one to him; he gave himself up to it. One must evidently be the age of one's thoughts. Mr. Horace's thoughts revealed him the old man he was. The lines in his face deepened into wrinkles; his white mustache could not pretend to conceal his mouth, worsened by the loss of a tooth or two; and the long, thin hand that propped his head was crossed with blue, distended veins. "At the last judgment" — it was a favorite quotation with him — "the book of our conscience will be read aloud before the whole company."

But the old lady, deep in her game, paid no more heed to his quotation than to him. He made a gesture toward her portrait.

"When that was painted, Josephine —"

Madame threw a glance after the gesture. The time was so long ago, the mythology of Greece hardly more distant! At eighty the golden age of youth must indeed appear an evanescent myth. Madame's ideas seemed to take that direction.

"Ah, at that time we were all nymphs, and you all demigods."

"Demigods and nymphs, yes; but there was one among us who was a god with you all."

The allusion — a habitual one with Mr. Horace — was to madame's husband, who in his day, it is said, had indeed played the god in the little Arcadia of society. She shrugged her shoulders. The truth is so little of a compliment. The old gentleman sighed in an abstracted way, and madame, although appa-

rently absorbed in her game, lent her ear. It is safe to say that a woman is never too old to hear a sigh wafted in her direction.

"Josephine, do you remember — in your memory —"

She pretended not to hear. Remember? Who ever heard of her forgetting? But she was not the woman to say, at a moment's notice, what she remembered or what she forgot.

"A woman's memory! When I think of a woman's memory — in fact, I do not like to think of a woman's memory. One can intrude in imagination into many places; but a woman's memory —"

Mr. Horace seemed to lose his thread. It had been said of him in his youth that he wrote poetry — and it was said against him. It was evidently such lapses as these that had given rise to the accusation. And as there was no one less patient under sentiment or poetry than madame, her feet began to agitate themselves as if Jules were perorating some of his culinary inanities before her.

"And a man's memory!" totally misunderstanding him. "It is not there that I either would penetrate, my friend. A man —"

When madame began to talk about men she was prompted by imagination just as much as was Mr. Horace when he talked about women. But what a difference in their sentiments! And yet he had received so little, and she so much, from the subjects of their inspiration. But that seems to be the way in life — or in imagination.

"That you should —" he paused with the curious shyness of the old before the word "love" — "that you two should — marry — seemed natural, inevitable, at the time."

Tradition records exactly the same comment by society at the time on the marriage in question. Society is ever fatalistic in its comments.

"But the natural — the inevitable — do we not sometimes, I wonder, perform them as Jules does his accidents?"

"Ah, do not talk about that idiot! An idiot born and bred! I won't have him about me! He is a monstrosity! I tell his grandmother that every day when she comes to comb me. What a farce — what a ridiculous farce comfortable existence has become with us! Fresh mushrooms in market, and bring me carrots!"

The old gentleman, partly from long knowledge of her habit, or from an equally persistent bend of his own, quietly held on to his idea.

"One cannot tell. It seems so at the time. We like to think it so; it makes it easier. And yet, looking back on our future as we once looked forward to it —"

"Eh! but who wants to look back on it, my friend? Who in the world wants to look back on it?" One could not doubt madame's energy

of opinion on that question, to hear her voice. "We have done our future, we have performed it, if you will. Our future! It is like the dinners we have eaten; of course we cannot remember the good without becoming exasperated over the bad: but"—shrugging her shoulders—"since we cannot beat the cooks, we must submit to fate," forcing a queen that she needed at the critical point of her game.

"At sixteen and twenty-one it is hard to realize that one is arranging one's life to last until sixty, seventy, forever," correcting himself as he thought of his friend, the dead husband. If madame had ever possessed the art of self-control, it was many a long day since she had exercised it; now she frankly began to show ennui.

"When I look back to that time,"—Mr. Horace leaned back in his chair and half closed his eyes, perhaps to avoid the expression of her face,—*"I see nothing but lights and flowers, I hear nothing but music and laughter; and all—lights and flowers and music and laughter—seem to meet in this room, where we met so often to arrange our—inevitable."* The word appeared to attract him. *"Josephine"*—with a sudden change of voice and manner—*"Josephine, how beautiful you were!"*

The old lady nodded her head without looking from her cards.

"They used to say," with sad conviction of the truth of his testimony—"the men used to say that your beauty was irresistible. None ever withstood you. None ever could."

That, after all, was Mr. Horace's great charm with madame; he was so faithful to the illusions of his youth. As he looked now at her, one could almost feel the irresistibility of which he spoke.

"It was only their excuse, perhaps; we could not tell at the time; we cannot tell even now when we think about it. They said then, talking as men talk over such things, that you were the only one who could remain yourself under the circumstances; you were the only one who could know, who could will, under the circumstances. It was their theory; men can have only theories about such things." His voice dropped, and he seemed to drop too, into some abyss of thought.

Madame looked into the mirror, where she could see the face of the one who alone could retain her presence of mind under the circumstances suggested by Mr. Horace. She could also have seen, had she wished it, among the reflected bric-à-brac of the mantel, the corner of the frame that held the picture of her husband; but peradventure, classing it with the past which held so many unavenged bad dinners, she never thought to link it even by a look with her emotions of the present. Indeed, it had been said of her that in past, present, and future there had ever been but the one

picture to interest her eyes—the one she was looking at now. This, however, was the remark of the uninitiated, for the true passion of a beautiful woman is never so much for her beauty as for its booty; as the passion of a gamester is for his game, not for his luck.

"How beautiful *she* was!"

It was apparently down in the depths of his abyss that he found the connection between this phrase and his last, and it was evidently to himself he said it. Madame, however, heard and understood too; in fact, traced back to a certain period, her thoughts and Mr. Horace's must have been fed by pretty much the same subjects. But she had so carefully barricaded certain issues in her memory as almost to obstruct their flow into her life; if she were a cook, one would say that it was her bad dinners which she was trying to keep out of remembrance.

"You there, he there, she there, I there." He pointed to the places on the carpet, under the chandelier; he could have touched them with a walking-stick, and the recollection seemed just as close.

"She was, in truth, what we men called her then; it was her eyes that first suggested it—Myosotis, the little blue flower, the forget-me-not. It suited her better than her own name. We always called her that among ourselves. How beautiful she was!" He leaned his head on his hand and looked where he had seen her last—so long, such an eternity, ago.

It must be explained for the benefit of those who do not live in the little world where an allusion is all that is necessary to put one in full possession of any drama, domestic or social, that Mr. Horace was speaking of the wedding-night of madame, when the bridal party stood as he described under the chandelier; the bride and groom, with each one's best friend. It may be said that it was the last night or time that madame had a best friend of her own sex. Social gossip, with characteristic kindness, had furnished reasons, to suit all tastes, why madame had ceased that night to have a best friend of her own sex. If gossip had not done so, society would still be left to its imagination for information, for madame never tolerated the smallest appeal to her for enlightenment. What the general taste seemed most to relish as a version was that madame in her marriage had triumphed, not conquered; and that the night of her wedding she had realized the fact, and, to be frank, had realized it ever since. In short, madame had played then to gain at love, as she played now to gain at solitaire; and hearts were no more than cards to her—and, "Bah! Lose a game for a card!" must have been always her motto. It is hard to explain it delicately enough, for these are the most delicate affairs in life; but the image of Myosotis had passed

through monsieur's heart, and Myosotis does mean "forget me not." And madame well knew that to love monsieur once was to love him always, in spite of jealousy, doubt, distrust, nay, unhappiness (for to love him meant all this and more). He was that kind of man, they said, whom women could love even against conscience. Madame never forgave that moment. Her friend, at least, she could put aside out of her intercourse; unfortunately, we cannot put people out of our lives. God alone can do that, and so far he had interfered in the matter only by removing monsieur. It was known to notoriety that since her wedding madame had abandoned, destroyed, all knowledge of her friend. And the friend? She had disappeared as much as is possible for one in her position and with her duties.

"W. at there is in blue eyes, light hair, and a fragile form to impress one, I cannot tell; but for us men it seems to me it is blue-eyed, light-haired, and fragile-formed women that are the hardest to forget."

"The less easy to forget," corrected madame; but he paid no attention to the remark.

"They are the women that attach themselves in one's memory. If necessary to keep from being forgotten, they come back into one's dreams. And as life rolls on, one wonders about them,— 'Is she happy? Is she miserable? Goes life well or ill with her?'"

Madame played her cards slowly, one would say, for her, prosaically.

"And there is always a pang when, as one is so wondering, the response comes,—that is, the certainty in one's heart responds,— 'She is miserable, and life goes ill with her.' Then, if ever, men envy the power of God."

Madame threw over the game she was in, and began a new one.

"Such women should not be unhappy; they are too fragile, too sensitive, too trusting. I could never understand the infliction of misery upon them. I could send death to them, but not—not misfortune."

Madame, forgetting again to cheat in time, and losing her game, began impatiently to shuffle her cards for a new deal.

"And yet, do you know, Josephine, those women are the unhappy ones of life. They seem predestined to it, as others"—looking at madame's full-charmed portrait—"are predestined to triumph and victory. They"—unconscious, in his abstraction, of the personal nature of his simile—"never know how to handle their cards, and they always play a losing game."

"Ha!" came from madame, startled into an irate ejaculation.

"It is their love always that is sacrificed, their hearts always that are bruised. One might say that God himself favors the black-haired ones!"

As his voice sank lower and lower, the room seemed to become stiller and stiller. A passing vehicle in the street, however, now and then drew a shiver of sound from the pendent prisms of the chandelier.

"She was so slight, so fragile, and always in white, with blue in her hair to match her eyes—and—God knows what in her heart, all the time. And yet they stand it, they bear it, they do not die, they live along with the strongest, the happiest, the most fortunate of us, bitterly; and"—raising his eyes to his old friend, who thereupon immediately began to fumble her cards—"whenever in the street I see a poor bent, broken woman's figure, I know, without verifying it any more by a glance, that it is the wreck of a fair woman's figure; whenever I hear of a bent, broken existence, I know, without asking any more, that it is the wreck of a fair woman's life."

Poor Mr. Horace spoke with the unreason of a superstitious bigot.

"I have often thought, since, in large assemblies, particularly at weddings, Josephine, of what was going on in the women's hearts there, and I have felt sorry for them; and when I think of God's knowing what is in their hearts, I have felt sorry for the men. And I often think now, Josephine,—I think oftener and oftener of it,—that if the resurrection trumpet of our childhood should sound some day, no matter when, out there, over the old St. Louis cemetery, and we should all have to rise from our long rest of oblivion, what would be the first thing we should do? And though there were a God and a heaven awaiting us,—by that same God, Josephine, I believe that our first thought in awakening would be the last in dying,—confession,—and that our first rush would be to the feet of one another for forgiveness. For there are some offenses that must outlast the longest oblivion, and a forgiveness that will be more necessary than God's own. Then our hearts will be bared to one another; for if, as you say, there are no secrets at our age, there can be still less cause for them after death."

His voice ended in the faintest whisper. The table crashed over, and the cards flew wide-spread on the floor. Before we could recover, madame was in the antechamber, screaming for Jules.

One would have said that, from her face, the old lady had witnessed the resurrection described by Mr. Horace, the rush of the spirits with their burdens of remorse, the one to the feet of the other; and she must have seen herself and her husband, with a unanimity of purpose never apparent in their short married life, rising from their common tomb and hastening to that other tomb at the end of the alley, and falling at the feet of the one to whom in life he had been recreant in love, she in friendship.

Of course Jules answered through the wrong door, rushing in with his gas-stick, and turning off the gas. In a moment we were involved in darkness and dispute.

"But what does he mean? What does the idiot mean? He—" It was impossible for her to find a word to do justice to him and to her exasperation at the same time.

"Pardon, madame; it is not I. It is the cathedral bell; it is ringing nine o'clock."

"But—"

"Madame can hear it herself. Listen!" We could not see it, but we were conscious of the benign, toothless smile spreading over his face as the bell-tones fell in the room.

"But it is not the gas. I—"

"Pardon, madame; but it is the gas. Madame said, 'Jules, put out the gas every night when the bell rings. Madame told me that only last night. The bell rings: I put out the gas.'"

"Will you be silent? Will you listen?"

"If madame wishes; just as madame says."

But the old lady had turned to Mr. Horace.

"Horace, you have seen—you know—" and it was a question now of overcoming emotion.

"I—I—I—a carriage, my friend, a carriage."

"Madame—" Jules interrupted his smile to interrupt her.

She was walking around the room, picking up a shawl here, a lace there; for she was always prepared against draughts.

"Madame—" continued Jules, pursuing her.

"A carriage."

"If madame would only listen, I was going to say—but madame is too quick in her disposition—the carriage has been waiting since a long hour ago. Mr. Horace said to have it there in a half hour."

It was then she saw for the first time that it all had been prepared by Mr. Horace. The rest

was easy enough: getting into the carriage and finding the place, of which Mr. Horace had heard, as he said, only that afternoon. In it, on her bed of illness, poverty, and suffering, lay the patient, wasted form of the beautiful fair one whom men had called in her youth Myosotis.

But she did not call her Myosotis.

"*Mon Amour!*" The old pet name, although it had to be fetched across more than half a century of disuse, flashed like lightning from madame's heart into the dim chamber.

"*Ma Divine!*" came in counter-flash from the curtained bed.

In the old days women, or at least young girls, could hazard such pet names one upon the other. These—think of it!—dated from the first-communion class, the dating period of so much of friendship.

"My poor Amour!"

"My poor, poor Divine!"

The voices were together, close beside the pillow.

"I—I—" began Divine.

"It could not have happened if God had not wished it," interrupted poor Amour, with the resignation that comes, alas! only with the last drop of the bitter cup.

And that was about all. If Mr. Horace had not slipped away, he might have noticed the curious absence of monsieur's name, and of his own name, in the murmuring that followed. It would have given him some more ideas on the subject of woman.

At any rate, the good God must thank him for having one affair the less to arrange when the trumpet sounds out there over the old St. Louis cemetery. And he was none too premature; for the old St. Louis cemetery, as was shortly enough proved, was a near reach for all three of the old friends.

PUPASSE.

EVERY day, every day, it was the same overture in Madame Loubert's room in the Institut St. Denis; the strident:

"Mesdemoiselles; à vos places! Notre Père qui est dans le ciel—Qui a fait ce bruit?"

"It's Pupasse, madame! It's Pupasse!" The answer invariably was unanimous.

"But, Madame Loubert,—I assure you, Madame Loubert,—I could not help it! They know I could not help it!"

By this time the fresh new fool's cap made from yesterday's "Bee" would have been pinned on her head.

"Quelle injustice! Quelle injustice!"

This last apostrophe, in a high, whining nasal

VOL. XLVI.—115.

voice, always procured Pupasse's elevation on the tall three-legged stool in the corner.

It was a theory of the little girls in the primary class that Madame Loubert would be much more lenient to their own little inevitabilities of bad conduct and lessons if Pupasse did not invariably comb her the wrong way every morning after prayers, by dropping something, or sniffing, or sneezing. Therefore, while they distractedly got together books, slates, and copy-books, their infantile eyes found time to dart deadly reproaches toward the corner of penitence, and their little lips, still shaped from their first nourishment, pouted anything but sympathy for the occupant of it.

Indeed, it would have been a most startling unreality to have ever entered Madame Loubert's room and not seen Pupasse in that corner, on that stool, her tall figure shooting up like a post, until her tall, pointed *bonnet d'âne* came within an inch or two of the ceiling. It was her hoop-skirt that best testified to her height. It was the period of those funnel-shaped hoop-skirts that spread out with such nice mathematical proportions, from the waist down, that it seemed they must have emanated from the brains of astronomers, like the orbits, and diameters, and other things belonging to the heavenly bodies. Pupasse could not have come within three feet of the wall with her hoop-skirt distended. To have forced matters was not to be thought of an instant. So even in her greatest grief and indignation, she had to pause before the three-legged black stool, and gather up steel after steel of her circumference in her hands behind, until her calico skirt careened and flattened; and so she could manage to accommodate herself to the limited space of her punishment, the circles dropping far over her feet as she stood there, looking like the costumed stick of a baby's rattle.

Her thinness continued into her face, which, unfortunately, had nothing in the way of toilet to assist it. Two little black eyes fixed in the sides of a mere fence of a nose, and a mouth with the shape and expression of all mouths made to go over sharp-pointed teeth planted very far apart; the smallest amount possible of fine, dry, black hair—a perfect rat-tail when it was plaited in one, as almost all wore their hair. But sometimes Pupasse took it into her head to plait it in two braids, as none but the thick-haired ventured to wear it. As the little girls said, it was a petition to Heaven for "eau Quinquina." When Marcelite, the hair-dresser, came at her regular periods to visit the hair of the boarders, she would make an effort with Pupasse, plaiting her hundred hairs in a ten-strand braid. The effect was a half yard of black worsted galloon; nothing more, or better. Had Pupasse possessed as many heads as the hydra, she could have "coiffe'd" them all with fools' caps during one morning's recitations. She entirely monopolized the "Daily Bee." Madame Loubert was forced to borrow from "madame" the stale weekly "Courrier des Etats-Unis" for the rest of the room, from grammar, through sacred history, arithmetic, geography, mythology, down to dictation. She would pile up an accumulation of penitences that would have tasked the limits of the current day had not recreation been wisely set as a term which disbarred, by proscription, previous offenses. But even after recreation, with that day's lessons safely out, punished and expiated, Pu-

passe's doom seemed scarcely lightened; there was still a whole criminal code of conduct to infract. The only difference was that instead of books, slates, or copy-books, leathern medals, bearing various legends and mottos, were hung around her neck—a travestied decoration worse than the books for humiliation.

The "abécédaires," their torment for the day over, thankful for any distraction from the next day's lessons, and eager for any relief from the intolerable ennui of goodness, were thankful enough now for Pupasse. They naturally watched her in preference to Madame Loubert, holding their books and slates quite cunningly to hide their faces. Pupasse had not only the genius, but that which sometimes fails genius, the means for grimacing: little eyes, long nose, foolish mouth, and pointed tongue. And she was so amusing, when Madame Loubert's head was turned, that the little girls, being young and innocent, would forget themselves and all burst out laughing. It sounded like a flight of singing birds through the hot, close, stupid little room; but not so to Madame Loubert.

"Young ladies! But what does this mean?"

And, terror-stricken, the innocents would call out with one voice, "It's Pupasse, madame! It's Pupasse who made us laugh!" There was nothing but fools' caps to be gained by prevaricating, and there was frequently nothing less gained by confession. And oh, the wails and the sobs as the innocents would be stood up, one by one, in their places! The pigtailed at the backs of their little heads were convulsed with their sobs. Oh, how they hated Pupasse then! When their *bonnes* came for them at three o'clock,—washing their tear-stained faces at the cistern before daring to take them through the streets,—how passionately they would cry out, the tears breaking afresh into the wet handkerchief:

"It's that Pupasse! It's that *vilaine* Pupasse!"

To Pupasse herself would be meted out that "peine forte et dure," that acme of humiliation and disgrace, so intensely horrible that many a little girl in that room solemnly averred and believed she would kill herself before submitting to it. Pupasse's voluminous calico skirt would be gathered up by the hem and tied up over her head! Oh, the horrible monstrosity on the stool in the corner there! There were no eyes in that room that had any desire to look upon it. And the cries and the "Quelle injustice!" that fell on the ears then from the hidden feelings had all the weirdness of the unseen, but heard. And all the other girls in the room, in fear and trembling, would begin to move their lips in a perfect whirlwind of studying, or write violently on their slates, or begin at that very instant to rule off their copy-books for the next day's verb.



DRAWN BY A. E. STERNER.

THE FIRST COMMUNION.

ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

Pupasse — her name was Marie Pupasse, but no one thought of calling her anything but Pupasse, with emphasis on the first syllable and sibilance on the last — had no parents, only a grandmother, to describe whom, all that is necessary to say is that she was as short as Pupasse was tall, and that her face resembled nothing so much as a little yellow apple shriveling from decay. The old lady came but once a week, to fetch Pupasse fresh clothes, and a great brown paper bag of nice things to eat. There was no boarder in the school who received handsomer bags of cake and fruit than Pupasse. And although, not two hours before, a girl might have been foremost in the shrill cry, "It is Pupasse who made the noise! It is Pupasse who made me laugh!" there was nothing in that paper bag reserved even from such a one. When the girl herself with native delicacy would, under the circumstances, judge it discreet to refuse, Pupasse would plead, "Oh, but take it to give me pleasure!" And if still the refusal continued, Pupasse would take her bag and go into the summer-house in the corner of the garden, and cry until the unforgiving one would relent. But the first offering of the bag was invariably to the stern dispenser of fools' caps and the unnamed humiliation of the reversed skirt.

Pupasse was in the fifth class. The sixth — the *abécédares* — was the lowest in the school. Green was the color of the fifth; white — innocence — of the *abécédares*. Exhibition after exhibition, the same green sash and green ribbons appeared on Pupasse's white muslin, the white muslin getting longer and longer every year, trying to keep up with the phenomenal growth; and always, from all over the room, buzzed the audience's suppressed merriment at Pupasse's appearance in the ranks of the little ones of nine and ten. It was that very merriment that brought about the greatest change in the Institut St. Denis. The sitting order of the classes was reversed. The first class — the graduates — were sent up to the top step of the great *estrade*; and the little ones put on the lowest, behind the pianos. The graduates grumbled that it was not *comme il faut* to have young ladies of their position stepping like camels up and down those great steps; and the little girls said it was a shame to hide them behind the pianos after their *mamas* had taken so much pains to make them look pretty. But madame said — going also to natural history for her comparison — that one must be a rhinoceros to continue the former routine.

Religion cannot be kept waiting forever on the intelligence. It was always in the fourth

class that the first communion was made; that is, when the girls stayed one year in each class. But Pupasse, who had spent three years in the sixth class, had already been four in the fifth, and Madame Loubert felt that longer delay would be disrespectful to the good Lord. It was true that Pupasse could not yet distinguish the ten commandments from the seven capital sins, and still would answer that Jeanne d'Arc was the foundress of the "Little Sisters of the Poor." But, as Madame Loubert always said in the little address she made to the catechism class every year before handing it over to Father Dolomier, God judged from the heart, and not from the mind.

Father Dolomier—from his face he would have been an able contestant of *bonnets d'âne* with Pupasse, if subjected to Madame Loubert's discipline—evidently had the same method of judging as God, although the catechism class said they could dance a waltz on the end of his long nose without his perceiving it.

There is always a little air of mystery about the first communion: not that there is any in reality, but the little ones assume it to render themselves important. The going to early mass, the holding their dog-eared catechisms as if they were relics, the instruction from the priest, even if he were only old Father Dolomier—it all put such a little air of devotion into their faces that it imposed (as it did every year) upon their companions, which was a vastly gratifying effect. No matter how young and innocent she may be, a woman's devotion always seems to have two aims—God and her own sex.

The week of retreat came. Oh, the week of retreat! That was the *bonne bouche* of it all, for themselves and for the others. It was the same every year. By the time the week of retreat arrived, interest and mystery had been frothed to the point of indiscretion; so that the little girls would stand on tiptoe to peep through the shutters at the postulants inside, and even the larger girls, to whom first communion was a thing of an infantile past, would condescend to listen to their reports with ill-feigned indifference.

As the day of the first communion neared, the day of the general confession naturally neared too, leading it. And then the little girls, peeping through the shutters, and holding their breath to see better, saw what they beheld every year; but it was always new and awesome—mysterious scribbling in corners with lead-pencils on scraps of paper; consultations; rewritings; copyings; the list of their sins, of all the sins of their lives.

"*Ma chère!*"—pigtailed and sunbonnets hiving outside would shudder. "Oh, *Mon Dieu!* To have to confess all—but *all* your sins! As for me, it would kill me, sure!"

And the frightful recoils of their consciences would make all instantly blanch and cross themselves.

"And look at Pupasse's sins! Oh, but they are long! *Ma chère*, but look! But look, I ask you, at them!"

The longest record was of course the most complimentary and honorable to the possessor, as each girl naturally worked not only for absolution but for fame.

Between catechisms and instructions Madame Loubert would have "*La Vie des Saints*" read aloud, to stimulate their piety and to engage their thoughts; for the thoughts of first communicants are worse than flies for buzzing around the forbidden. The lecture must have been a great quickener of conscience; for they would dare punishment and cheat Madame Loubert, under her own eyes, in order surreptitiously to add a new sin to their list. Of course the one hour's recreation could not afford time enough for observation now, and the little girls were driven to all sorts of excuses to get out of the class-room for one moment's peep through the shutters; at which whole swarms of them would sometimes be caught and sent into punishment.

Only two days more. Madame Loubert put them through the rehearsal, a most important part of the preparation, almost as important as catechism—how to enter the church, how to hold the candle, how to advance, how to kneel, retire—everything, in fact.

Only one day more, the quietest, most devotional day of all. Pupasse lost her sins!

Of course every year the same accident happened to some one. But it was a new accident to Pupasse. And such a long list!

The commotion inside that retreat! Pupasse's nasal whine, carrying her lament without any mystery to the outside garden. Such searching of pockets, rummaging of corners, microscopic examination of the floor! Such crimination and recrimination, protestation, asseveration, assurances, backed by divine and saintly invocations! Pupasse accused companion after companion of filching her sins, which each after each would violently deny, producing each her own list from her own pocket,—proof to conviction of innocence, and, we may say, of guilt also.

Pupasse declared they had filched it to copy, because her list was the longest and most complete. She could not go to confession without her sins; she could not go to communion without confession. The tears rolled down her long thin nose unchecked, for she never would remember to use her handkerchief until reminded by Madame Loubert.

She had committed it to memory, as all the others had done theirs; but how was she to know without the list if she had not forgotten some-

thing? And to forget one thing in a general confession they knew was a mortal sin.

"I shall tell Madame Loubert! I shall tell Madame Loubert!"

"*Ma chère!*" whispered the little ones outside. "Oh, but look at them! *Elles font les quatre cents coups!*" which is equivalent to "cutting up like the mischief."

And with reason. As if such an influx of the world upon them at this moment were not sufficient of itself to damn them. But to tell Madame Loubert! With all their dresses made and ready, wreaths, veils, candles, prayer-books, picture-cards, mother-of-pearl prayer-beads, and festival breakfasts with admiring family and friends. Tell Madame Loubert! She would simply cancel it all. In a body they chorused:

"But, Pupasse!"

"*Chère Pupasse!*"

"*Voyons, Pupasse!*"

"I assure you, Pupasse!"

"On the cross, Pupasse!"

"Ah, Pupasse!"

"We implore you, Pupasse!"

The only response — tears, and "I shall tell Madame Loubert."

Consultations, caucuses, individual appeals, general outbursts. Pupasse stood in the corner. Curiously, she always sought refuge in the very sanctum of punishment, her face hidden in her bended arms, her hoops standing out behind, vouchsafing nothing but tears, and the promise to tell Madame Loubert. And three o'clock approaching! And Madame Loubert imminent! But Pupasse really could not go to confession without her sins. They all recognized that; they were reasonable, as they assured her.

A crisis quickens the wits. They heard the cathedral clock strike the quarter to three. They whispered, suggested, argued — bunched in the farthest corner from Pupasse.

"Console yourself, Pupasse! We will help you, Pupasse! Say no more about it! We will help you!"

A delegate was sent to say that. She was only four feet and a half high, and had to stand on tiptoe to pluck the six-foot Pupasse's dress to gain her attention.

And they did help her generously. A new sheet of fool's-cap was procured, and torn in two, lengthwise, and pinned in a long strip. One by one, each little girl took it, and, retiring as far as possible, would put her hand into her pocket, and, extracting her list, would copy it in full on the new paper. Then she would fold it down, and give it to the next one, until all had written.

"Here, Pupasse; here are all our sins. We give them to you; you can have them."

Pupasse was radiant; she was more than delighted, and the more she read the better pleased she was. Such a handsome long list,

and so many sins she had never thought of — never dreamed of! She set herself with zeal to commit them to memory. But a hand on the door — Madame Loubert! You never could have told that those little girls had not been sitting during the whole time, with their hands clasped and eyes cast up to the ceiling, or moving their lips as the prayer-beads glided through their fingers. Their versatility was really marvelous. Poor Pupasse! God solved the dilemma of her education, and madame's increasing sensitiveness about her appearance in the fifth class, by the death of the old grandmother. She went home to the funeral, and never returned — or at least she returned, but only for madame. There was a little scene in the parlor: Pupasse, all dressed in black, with her bag of primary books in her hand, ready and eager to get back to her classes and fools' caps; madame, hesitating between her interests and her fear of ridicule; Madame Loubert, between her loyalty to school and her conscience. Pupasse the only one free and untrammelled, simple and direct.

That little school parlor had been the stage for so many scenes! Madame Loubert detested acting — the comedy, as she called it. There was nothing she punished with more pleasure up in her room. And yet —

"Pupasse, *ma fille*, give me your grammar."

The old battered, primitive book was gotten out of the bag, the string still tied between the leaves for convenience in hanging around the neck.

"Your last punishment: the rule for irregular verbs. Commence!"

"I know it, Madame Loubert; I know it perfectly, I assure you."

"Commence!"

"Irregular verbs — but I assure you I know it — I know it by heart —"

"Commence, *ma fille!*"

"Irregular verbs — irregular verbs — I know it, Madame Loubert — one moment —" and she shook her right hand, as girls do to get inspiration, they say. "Irregular verbs — give me one word, Madame Loubert; only one word!"

"That —"

"Irregular verbs, that — irregular verbs, that —"

"See here, Pupasse; you do not know that lesson any more than a cat does" — Madame Loubert's favorite comparison.

"Yes, I do, Madame Loubert! Yes, I do!"

"Silence!"

"But, Madame Loubert —"

"Will you be silent!"

"Yes, Madame Loubert; only —"

"Pupasse, one more word — and —" Madame Loubert was forgetting her comedy — "Listen, Pupasse, and obey! You go home

and learn that lesson. When you know it, you can reënter your class. That is the punishment I have thought of to correct your "want of attention."

That was the way Madame Loubert put it — "want of attention."

Pupasse looked at her—at madame, a silent but potent spectator. To be sent from home because she did not know the rule of the irregular verbs! To be sent from home, family, friends!—for that was the way Pupasse put it. She had been in that school—it may only be whispered—fifteen years. Madame Loubert knew it; so did madame, although they accounted for only four or five years in each class. That school was her home; Madame Loubert—God help her!—her mother; madame, her divinity; fools' caps and turned-up skirts, her life. The old grandmother—she it was who had done everything for her (a *ci-devant* rag-picker, they say); she it was who was nothing to her.

Madame must have felt something of it besides the loss of the handsome salary for years from the little old withered woman. But conventionality is inexorable; and the St. Denis's great recommendation was its conventionality. Madame Loubert must have felt something of it,—she must have felt something of it,—for why should she say, "Volunteer"? Certainly madame could not have im-

posed *that* upon *her*. It must have been an inspiration of the moment, or a movement, a *tressaillement*, of the heart.

"Listen, Pupasse, my child. Go home, study your lesson well. I shall come every evening myself and hear it; and as soon as you know it, I shall fetch you back myself. You know I always keep my word."

Keep her word! That she did. Could the inanimate past testify, what a fluttering of fools' caps in that parlor—"Daily Bees," and "Weekly Couriers," by the year-full!

What could Pupasse say or do? It settled the question, as Madame Loubert assured madame, when the tall, thin black figure with the bag of books disappeared through the gate.

Madame Loubert was never known to break her word; that is all one knows about her part of the bargain.

One day, not three years ago, ringing a bell to inquire for a servant, a familiar murmuring fell upon the ear, and an old abécédaire's eyes could not resist the temptation to look through the shutters. There sat Pupasse; there was her old grammar; there were both fingers stopping her ears—as all studious girls do, or used to do; and there sounded the old words composing the rule for irregular verbs!

And you all remember how long it is since we wore funnel-shaped hoop-skirts!

Grace King.

STREET-PAVING IN AMERICA.



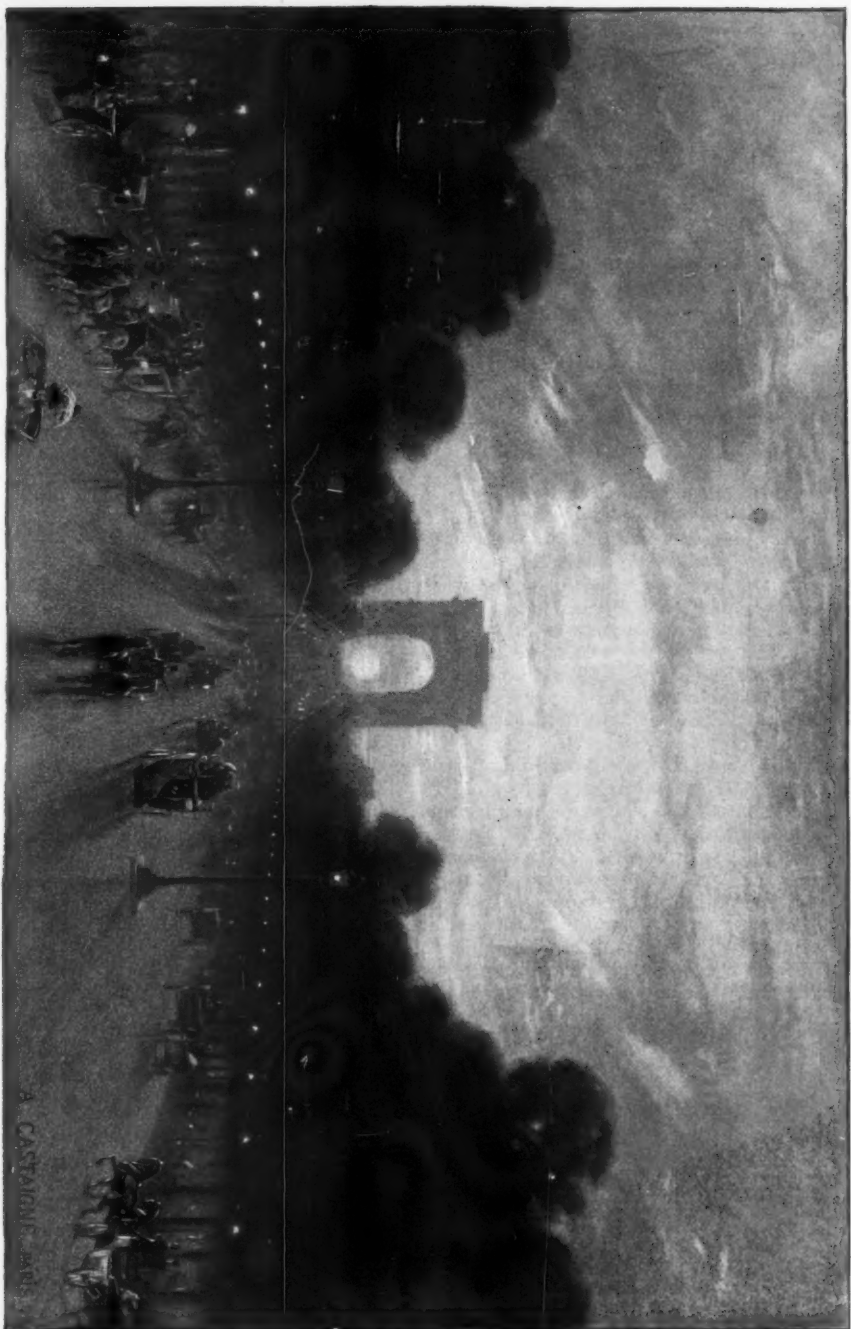
THE association of paved roadways with epochs of great advancement, as in the transcendent days of the Greeks and Romans, and their neglect in periods of retrogression, as in medieval times, when isolated castles became monumental evidences of a difference between individual and common welfare, and the renewed demand for them in the better days of the nineteenth century, indicate a relation between them and civilization.

Some understanding of what is involved in the problem of better streets may be drawn from the statistical information found in the census of 1890. It is only in American cities having a population of more than 10,000 that less than one third of the total length of streets has been paved in any manner. If the construction of new pavements on the remaining 24,838 miles of streets in such cities proceeds as rapidly as now seems probable, the expenditures for this work in the next ten years will

aggregate upward of a billion dollars. It is doubtful if more than sixty per cent. of the streets of these cities would then be well paved.

From a well-paved street abutting real estate derives, an increased value, hardly ever less, and often many times more, than the cost apportioned to it. It is, therefore, right that abutting property should, as it does in most American cities, bear the cost of the construction of a pavement, which becomes at once a substantial improvement, having a salable value, on which the property-owner alone can realize. The benefits are shared to some extent by adjacent property which may not abut on the street, but it is doubtful if a fair and practicable apportionment of the cost could be carried beyond the border line, though the justice of this restriction is almost intolerably strained when one paved street is compelled to bear the travel that would pass over others if put in equally good condition.

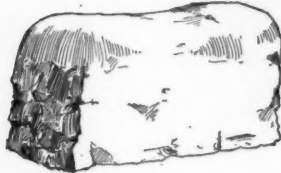
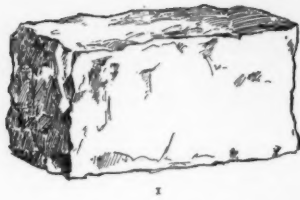
All calculations of the economies and profits of paved streets fail to encompass the sum of



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES, PARIS.

A. CASTAIGNE. 1835.



DRAWN BY FREDERICK YOHN.

3

GRANITE BLOCK.

Nos. 1 and 2 show forms of block when laid. No. 3, after several years of wear.

gain from them, because there is much involved that is intangible in character. The benefits of better sanitary conditions, with the consequent productiveness resulting from good health, the saving of expenses for medicines, and the professional services of physicians; the prolonging in some cases of lives that might succumb to the deleterious influences inherent in bad streets—all are incalculable; nor can be estimated the far-reaching effects of the retarded development of a city, due to failure to provide good streets.

The common mistake of regarding the cost of a street pavement as a merely luxurious expense, rather than as a profitable improvement, has, more than anything else, deterred the work of putting the roadways of our American cities and towns in proper condition, and, it should be added, has hindered progress and prosperity immeasurably. It has also had a mischievous influence, when coupled with false ideas of economy, in causing mere cheapness in cost to become with a deplorably large number

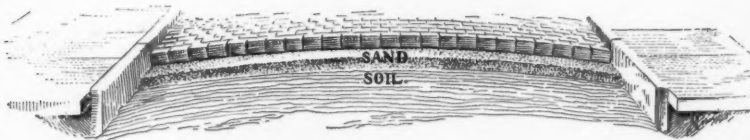
of people the main desideratum when they find that paving cannot longer be deferred. A record of the failures that it has inevitably led to, since the beginning of experiments in road-

making, would tell about all of the history of paving that is worth knowing.

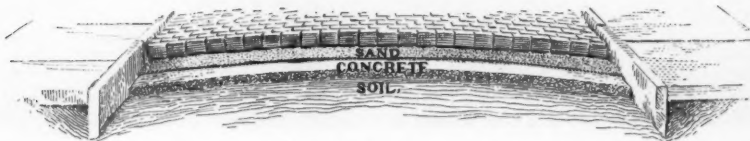
FOUNDATIONS.

THE different pavements are usually designated by the name of the material which is most largely employed in the construction of the surface; and, in consequence, attention is commonly directed particularly to its qualities as sufficient evidence of the merits of the system. This may lead to mistaken conclusions. The foundation is not less important than the surface construction, and should receive the same consideration in paving as in other engineering work. A pavement without a solid foundation is nearly as frail as a house built on a hill of sand. The early failure of much of the road-surfacing in American cities and towns is due largely to lack of requisite foundations. A London engineer who has had much experience has truly said that "the foundation is the pavement." The surface material is merely a covering, which may wear out, and still the foundation will constitute a pavement; if it fails, or solid support is lacking, a road-surface made of the least fragile material will be defective wherever there is an underlying weakness, which may cause more damage than the wear from above. It cannot safely be expected that the pavement will more than temporarily be better than its bed.

The standard foundation is hydraulic-cement concrete, from six to eight inches in thick-



1



2

DRAWN BY FREDERICK YOHN.

1. GRANITE-BLOCK PAVEMENT. 2. IMPROVED GRANITE-BLOCK PAVEMENT.

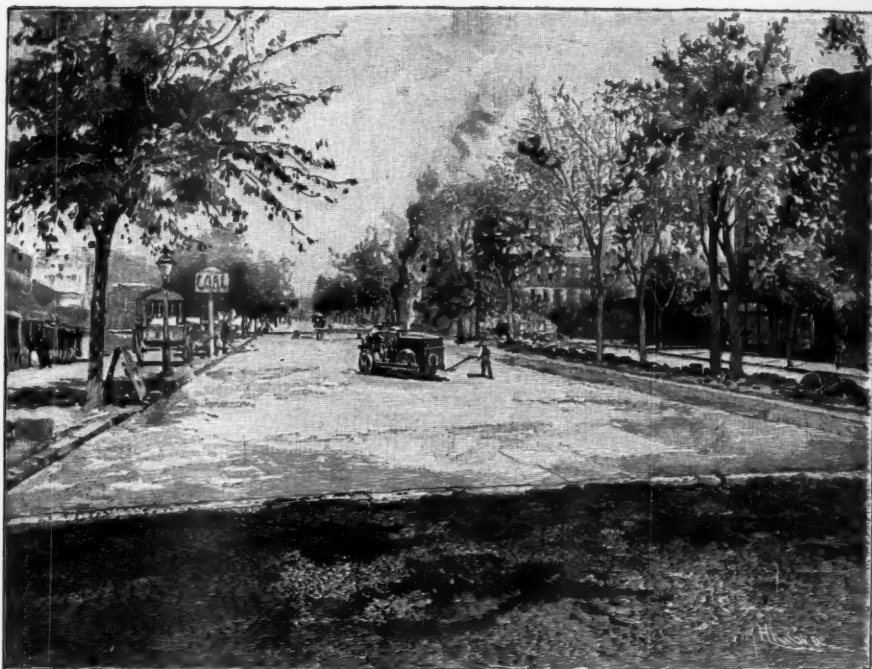


DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

PAVING FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

VOL. XLVI.—116.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER

LAYING TRINIDAD ASPHALT ON OLD MACADAM FOUNDATION ON THE WESTERN BOULEVARD, OR BROADWAY EXTENDED.

ness. It is a solid, cohesive mass, with the qualities of a continuous layer of stone, capable of bearing tremendous weights, and affording protection against the damaging effects of frost to the earth beneath. Other forms of foundation, inferior in character, but serviceable, are in use. Cobblestones may be utilized by being set on edge, slightly apart, and filling the interstices with hydraulic cement. A foundation similar to the subpavement of a Telford road may be made of rubblestone set on edge in close contact. Broken stone on gravel, the whole from eight to ten inches in thickness, is one of the cheaper forms, and is well suited to some kinds of paving. A layer of planks, two inches in thickness, on a bed of sand,—or, better, on gravel or broken stone,—is less commendable, though not without some merit. Old pavements, made of the harder materials, may be used when brought to proper grades, rather than have no kind of substantial foundation. This has been done in New York city under a guarantee by contractors of the durability of new paving. Where professional or official responsibility is involved, however, only the approved form of hydraulic-cement concrete can be recommended without risk for streets of more than average requirements; and on steep gradients or

marshy soil, as well as for the requisite support of some kinds of surface materials, it is almost indispensable. There is no experiment in using it, and a preference for other forms of foundation will be best justified by consideration of lower cost. Where the constituent materials may be had with little expense of transportation, the price may be as low as fifty cents per square yard; but in cities remote from the sources of supply, it will vary from seventy-five cents to upward of one dollar per square yard. The concrete is composed of a mortar of one part of hydraulic cement and two parts of clean sand, free from clay, mixed with small pieces of broken stone. During the process of mixing water is thrown upon the mass. The concrete is at once spread upon the street (the earth having been first rolled, under a weight usually of ten tons), and is then thoroughly compacted by ramming, until, as careful specifications require, "free mortar appears on the surface." The mixing and spreading of the mortar is necessarily performed with much rapidity by men who have acquired extraordinary dexterity in doing the work. Gravel or cobblestones should be carefully excluded from the mixture, only the angular fragments of broken stone, measuring in their largest dimension not more than one

inch and a half, being suitable for use. Concrete cannot be safely laid during freezing or frosty weather.

The surface materials which share in popular favor, somewhat according to locality, are granite, wood, and asphalt blocks, asphaltic and coal-tar distillate mastics, hard or vitrified brick, and stone suitable for the Macadam and Telford systems of paving, the comparative merits of which, however, are not to be under-

of the principal business streets of a large city, it would be worn down two inches. If redressed, the blocks would probably wear twenty years longer on a solid foundation.

PAVING.

VARIOUS methods of construction have been tried in American cities during the last forty years, experiments having taken a wide range,



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

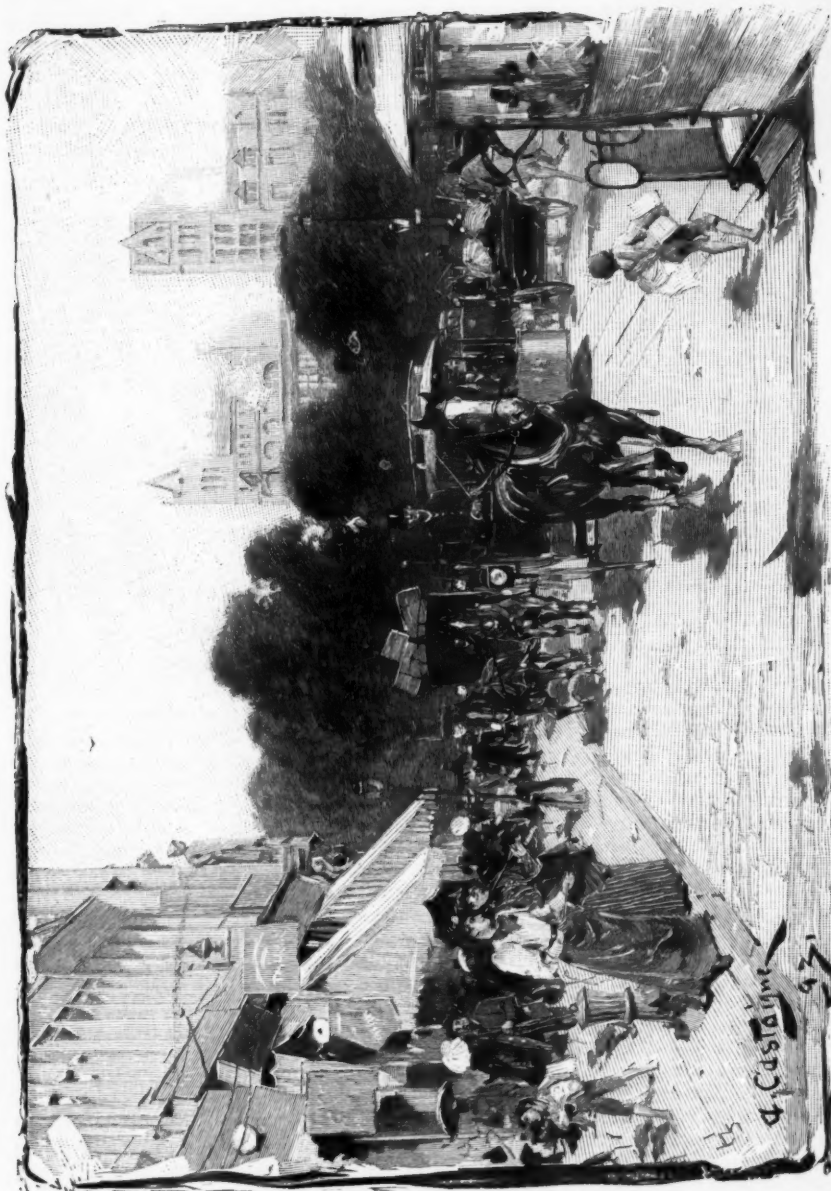
HEATING PEBBLES FOR JOINT FILLING, WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

stood as being indicated by the order of mention. With the exception of the Macadam and Telford systems, these different materials, each designating a kind of construction, may be combined, according to methods, under the general distinction of block and sheet pavements, each embracing many varieties, which, within the limits of this article, can be only briefly mentioned.

GRANITE OR STONE BLOCKS.

If wearing quality is the main requisite, as it is commonly believed to be for streets where there is much heavy hauling, no material which has yet been extensively tried is superior to granite or trap rocks, which experience has demonstrated can be most serviceably used in the form of small blocks. Failure to discriminate in the quality of stone has in some instances had unfortunate results. Limestones are especially unsuitable. Granite is preferable because it wears less smooth than other hard stones. Under heavy travel granite will give from fifteen to twenty-five years of service with slight repairs, and may be made to last forty or fifty years. It is estimated that in fifteen years, with such usage as it would have on one

especially in endeavoring to determine the best dimensions of blocks, as well as the most advantageous way of laying them. The Belgian block—the name being the designation of a method first introduced in the city of Brussels—was for a long time the most approved. It was a radical departure from earlier experiments in the use of stone of large dimensions. The Belgian blocks are small cubes of trap rock or granite of from five to seven inches of surface dimension, with little dressing. They are laid on a foundation of sand and gravel. It has been found that ruts are too easily worn along the longitudinal joints, and longer blocks of granite, laid lengthwise across the street, with the interstices filled with cement, have come into favor. Specifications for granite pavements now usually require that the blocks shall be rectangular in shape, with dimensions of from $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches to $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width, from 10 to 13 inches in length, and from 8 to 9 inches in depth, though in some cities these dimensions are slightly reduced. Experience has also demonstrated that while sand and gravel may make a bed which will, at little cost, meet the requirements of granite-block pavements on ordinary business streets, nothing inferior to



ENGRAVED BY M. HAUDER.

BROADWAY AND FOURTEENTH STREET.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

hydraulic-cement concrete should be used as a foundation on streets where there is much heavy hauling. As a rule, wherever the needs of a street require the use of granite paving, it is equally essential that it should have the best foundation. As a surface material its chief merit is its wearing quality, and there is inconsistency in using it without putting it on a base of adequate solidity, when there can be no better reason than extraordinary need of durability for preferring it.

The common objections to granite-block paving are the nerve-rasping noise caused by contact with it of hoofs and wheels; its slipperiness, resulting from wear and water; the resistance to traction from its uneven surface; and the receptivity of dust and foul substance in the interstices between the blocks, which also are the weakest part of the surface, on account of the difficulties of filling and cementing them sufficiently. And yet these joints are some protection against slipperiness. One of the best granite-block pavements in America was some years ago laid on

Westminster street, in the city of Providence, Rhode Island, on a concrete foundation, with the interstices between the blocks compactly filled and cemented, thus making an even surface which could be easily cleaned, and did not permit the accumulation of filth and dirt usually found in the joints of such pavements. It seems improbable, however, that any method of construction can make stone-block paving generally desirable; and in America, as in many of the principal European cities, its use is likely to be restricted to streets where there is much heavy travel. In none of the large cities is it in growing demand equally with other commonly approved kinds of paving.

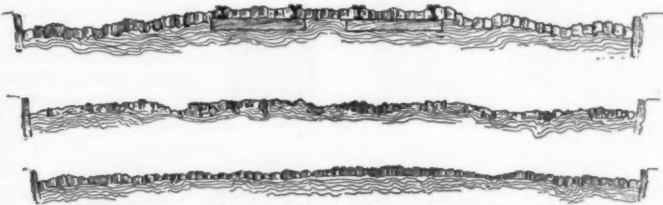
WOOD BLOCKS.

Wood has been tried as a paving-material in many ways, varying from simply laying thick planks on the level earth of roadways, as may still be seen in some towns where the soil is sandy, to the more ingenious methods of block construction. It was long believed that there were qualities in wood of some kind which, by some process of treatment, as well as by some manner of use, could be made serviceable in a superior degree in paving; and how tenaciously this idea was adhered to is indicated by the many experiments made

for a brief time with some success. The qualities of the material seem to have undergone all conceivable tests within the range of science, and the methods embrace about all the variations of practicable construction, including, to some extent, combinations with other materials, with results which have demonstrated that the simpler forms are the better.

The kinds of wood most largely used in America are pine, cedar, cypress, and oak, a choice between which is determined in different localities by convenience of supply rather than by superior quality. If from two to five years' longer service is preferable to lower cost, the wood having the greatest density and toughness should be used.

Attempts to protect blocks from decay, and to prolong their durability, by subjecting them



SURFACE LINES OF SOME WOOD-BLOCK PAVEMENT IN CHICAGO.

to processes known as mineralizing or creosoting, or by boiling them in oil, or covering them with compositions of tar and other substances, have not been conspicuously successful; on the contrary, there are doubts as to their utility, as blocks which have undergone such treatment, when examined after having been long in use, have shown no other effect than mere discoloration and a closing of the fibers of the wood, which seemed to have hastened internal decay. The cylindrical and rectangular forms of blocks are most approved: the former from 8 to 10 inches in diameter and 7 inches deep; the latter 4 inches wide, 5 inches deep, and 8 inches long.

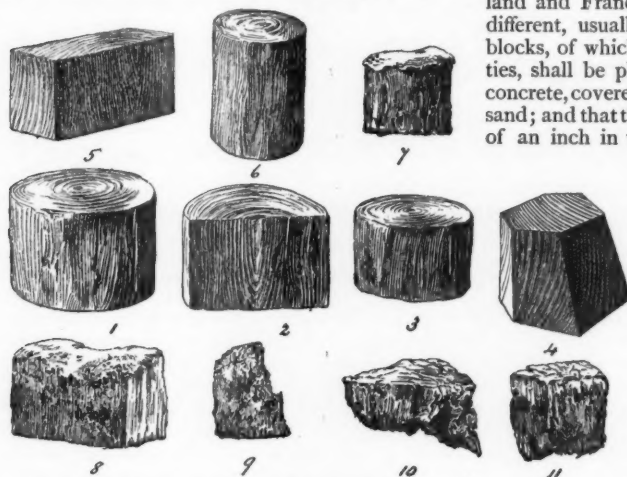
The most important considerations in methods of laying the blocks are the foundation and the joints. Early failures of wood pavements laid on sand and gravel were attributed, doubtless correctly to a great extent, to the character of the foundation; and experiments which aimed to remedy this defect brought into use in various ways planks from 1½ to 2 inches in thickness for a subpavement. Much stress was put upon the desirability of having an elastic as well as a uniformly solid foundation, and sand was spread over the layer of planks to a depth of two inches or more, making what was called a cushion. The same material was by some also placed under the planks, and others used a sub-

course of gravel or broken stone. As a means of giving greater firmness to the pavement, and preventing the displacement of blocks, wooden wedges, held by a groove in the foundation planks, were, in one system which was in favor for a time, placed between the parallel rows of blocks, reaching to within about three inches of the surface, the remainder of the open space being filled with gravel and tar. Finally, hydraulic-cement concrete, with a top layer of sand as a cushion, came into use, but it has had reluctant acceptance on account of its increased cost, and, therefore, the plank foundations are still preferred for wood-block paving, most extensively, however, in cities of the South and West. Attempts to protect wood by chemical treatment from the damaging ef-

which produce unsanitary conditions. As a theory this is too plausible to be disputed, but an attempt to verify it by a comparison of the mortality statistics of cities largely paved with wood blocks, and those having other pavements, is disappointing. The destructible character of wood, however, renders it one of the least durable materials, and experience indicates that satisfactory service cannot be expected from it for a longer period than ten years; but, notwithstanding its deficiency in wearing qualities, it continues to share in public favor in some of the principal European cities, chiefly because its surface is easily tractive, and at the same time is neither so hard nor so slippery as some other pavements, while it is also less noisy. The standard specifications, in Eng-

land and France, while in some respects different, usually require that the pine blocks, of which there are several varieties, shall be placed on a foundation of concrete, covered with about two inches of sand; and that the joints, about five eighths of an inch in width, shall be filled with

grout, with a top coat of hydraulic cement. The specifications vary as to the materials that shall be used in filling the interstices, but all aim to make them firm and impermeable, for the protection of both the blocks and foundation against water, as well as for the purpose of giving to the pavement a smooth surface, and preventing accumulation of dirt in the open spaces. It has been found that wood-



DRAWN BY AUGUST WILL, FROM PENCIL SKETCHES BY FREDERICK YONN.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, AND 6, FORMS OF WOODEN BLOCKS. 7, A CEDAR BLOCK AFTER FIVE YEARS' USE. 8, 9, 10, 11, PINE BLOCKS AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS OF SERVICE.

fects of water have been supplemented by a method of laying roofing felt under the blocks, and inserting it in the interstices between them for the purpose of absorbing moisture. The theory that led to the adoption of this system, which has distinct recognition, was that expansion and contraction, under variable atmospheric conditions, were the principal causes of the early failure of wood-block pavements. Water has always been recognized as their unconquered enemy. Experience has demonstrated, however, that no better protection can be afforded than by methods which facilitate drainage.

It is often asserted by persons who argue against wood-block pavements that the destructive tendencies of their absorption of liquids are also objectionable because they develop processes of fermentation and decay,

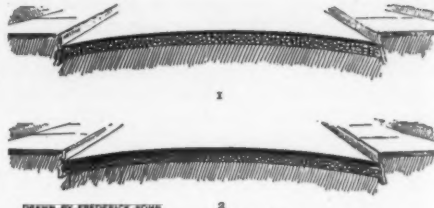
block pavements in London, where they are as well constructed as anywhere, need repairs after they have been in use two or three years, and in seven to ten years are no longer fit for travel.

In America wood-block pavements have not grown in favor. There is at present comparatively less demand for them everywhere than was the case a few years ago, except in parts of the country where suitable wood is obtainable more easily or at less cost than other paving materials. In some of the cities of the Northwest and South they are extensively in use, and there is a continued demand for them, without requirement of concrete foundations or impermeable joints. In San Antonio, Texas, a native wood which grows in the form of a thick bush, known as mesquit, is used as a paving material. It apparently has extraordinary du-

rability, and the expectation is that it will be serviceable for forty years or more. The blocks are of hexagonal shape, with the top slightly smaller than the bottom, and are laid on a foundation of concrete covered with sand.

SHEET PAVEMENTS.

DURING the last fifteen years, interest in what is commonly known as the sheet pavement, made of materials combined in the form of a mastic, has been rapidly growing in America. It is the most completely distinct modern product of experimental paving; its chief advantage over the block system being a surface of unbroken smoothness, which offers little resistance to traction. The different compositions numbering fifteen or more, used in this system of paving have been indiscriminately identified by the public with asphalt, which, though introduced in small proportions, is an essential part of the standard formula. All sheet pavements, however, cannot be properly called asphalt pavements; for asphalt is not used at all in some of the compositions, and those which are technically designated by the name in America, in discriminating between the different kinds of mastic, are only successful imitations of the original and genuine asphalt pavements, as laid in Europe, where asphalt first attracted attention as a material suitable for paving in 1849. It had long been in demand for commercial uses, and, while being transported from mines in France and Switzerland, particles falling from the wagons were crushed under the wheels, their compression being aided by the heat of the sun, thus forming a very good road surface, which suggested the idea of trying it in street-paving. The first experiment, which was on a macadam road, was encouraging, and in 1854 a portion of a street in Paris was paved with asphalt on a concrete foundation. It met expectations, and four years later other streets were similarly paved. It grew rapidly in favor, and in 1869 asphalt pavements were introduced in London; but not until 1880 were they given a trial in Berlin. They are now extensively in use in these as well as in other European cities. In distinction from the American pavements of the same name, the material of which they are made is now commonly called "natural asphalt rock." It comes largely from mines in France, Switzerland, and Italy, and is in the form of a bituminous stone, composed



DRAWN BY FREDERICK YORK.

ASPHALT AND VULCANITE STREET PAVEMENTS.

1. Shows foundation of concrete with wearing surface above. 2. Shows a bottom course of broken stone with a top course of smaller pieces of stone.

of amorphous carbonate of lime thoroughly impregnated with mineral tar. It is of a dark-brown color, is not easily broken, but can be cut, and is malleable. Analysis shows that about twelve per cent. of the substance is bitumen, and the remainder amorphous carbonate of lime. After it is taken from the mines in the shape of large rocks, it is crushed into small pieces, and is then reduced to a powder by a process of grinding. It is afterward heated in revolving cylinders at a temperature of 280 degrees Fahrenheit, is carried in carts or tanks, still heated, to the street to be paved, and spread on a concrete foundation, in a uniform layer of five inches, which, by the pounding of hot iron rammers, wielded by men, is compressed to a thickness of two and a half inches, after which hydraulic cement is swept over it, and it is again pounded with rammers. Not later than the second day after the work is completed the pavement is ready for use. It costs more than the standard American sheet pavement. On the question as to whether it is better, all things considered, there is an irreconcilable difference of opinion, proceeding from opposite points of view. The issue, however, is unimportant, as the system of sheet paving in America will, for the practical reasons which brought it into existence, probably continue to be essentially unlike that of Europe.

Attempts to produce a mastic which would be an acceptable substitute for the European asphalt rock have encumbered the streets of American cities with various kinds of worthless compositions. Coal-tar, pitch, and rosin, used as cementing substances, have been combined with sand, gravel, ashes, lime, sawdust, and other materials, in what have been repre-



DRAWN BY FREDERICK YORK.

ASPHALT PAVEMENT AFTER FOUR YEARS OF SERVICE WITHOUT REPAIRS.

sented in some instances to be asphaltic mixtures; but most of them have soon failed under the wear of travel and exposure to the weather, the evaporation of the volatile oils being quickly followed by disintegration of the remainder of the composition.

Mr. E. J. de Smedt, a Belgian chemist, who had studied asphalt pavements in Paris before coming to the United States in 1861, conceived the idea in 1869 of making a mixture

until after Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington had been partly paved with it under the direction of a special commission appointed by Congress in 1876. Hundred of miles of it are now in use on the streets of American cities.

Asphalt is not, as may be supposed, used in large proportions in the composition. Merely enough of it is introduced to cement the other materials. The mixture of the refined Trinidad asphalt and the residuum of the distillation

of petroleum oil is known as "asphaltic cement," which constitutes from ten to fifteen per cent. of the paving composition, the rest of which is fine sand and from three to five per cent. of pulverized carbonate of lime. Slight changes in the formula are made to suit differences of climate. The asphaltic cement is separately heated to a temperature of about 300 degrees Fahrenheit. The sand and carbonate of lime are heated in rotary drums to about the same temperature, and are combined with the asphaltic cement in a mechanical mixer. After the sand has been thoroughly impregnated with the cement, the heated mixture is carried



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

RESULT OF BAD PAVEMENT, PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK.

of silicious sand and pulverized carbonate of lime, cemented together by Trinidad asphalt, the latter being first refined and tempered with heavy petroleum oils or the residuum of the distillation of them. In 1870 the first Trinidad-asphalt pavement was laid for public use in front of the city hall in Newark, New Jersey. In 1873, Fifth Avenue, between Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth streets, opposite the Worth monument, in the city of New York, was paved with this composition, and other samples of it were subjected to trial about the same time; but there was little demand for it

in carts to the streets to be paved, where it is spread by means of hot iron rakes, being tamped by hand-implements, and afterward compressed, first by hand-rollers, and then, after hydraulic cement has been swept over it, by heavier steam-rollers, until it is reduced to a thickness of from one and a half to two and a half inches, as the specifications may require.

The asphalt most largely in use for paving purposes in America comes from the island of Trinidad, where it is found in what is known as Pitch Lake, situated about one mile from the sea, at an elevation of 138 feet; and deposits



DRAWN BY A. CASTAGNE.

PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, WITH ASPHALT PAVEMENT.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

of it, which have become known as "overflow pitch," or "land pitch," are found on the land about the village of La Brea. The lake covers 115 acres. Shallow streams of water, a few feet wide, flow through the pitch, elevations and depressions of which cause the surface to be uneven. The asphalt is excavated with picks, usually to a depth of about three feet. Loaded carts may easily be driven over the surface of the lake, but the viscous quality of the asphalt is indicated by the filling up in a few hours of the pits made in the excavation of the material. Of the asphalt exported to the United States from Trinidad in 1891, 45,170 tons were taken from Pitch Lake, and 10,450 tons from land in and near La Brea. The lake asphalt is preferred, because it is believed to have better cementing qualities; and its use is now required by the paving specifications in many cities, experience with some of the pavements in which "land pitch" was used as the cementing material having been unsatisfactory.

Asphalt has been found in Cuba, in Mexico, and in many places in the United States; but

none of it has been successfully used in cementing the composition of sand and pulverized carbonate of lime. A native asphalt is used for paving purposes with some success in California; and deposits of sand impregnated with bitumen have been found in Kentucky, but such experiments as have been made with it have not yet satisfactorily demonstrated that it has sufficiently durable qualities as a paving-material.

A kind of sheet pavement, commonly supposed to be asphaltic, and like it in appearance, is sometimes called vulcanite, but it is becoming more distinctly known as coal-tar distillate, because this is the principal cementing material, combined with about four per cent. of Trinidad asphalt, the remainder of the composition being sand and pulverized stone, with small quantities of hydraulic cement, slaked lime, and flowers of sulphur. The method of spreading and compressing the material is the same as with the asphaltic pavement; but the foundation usually consists of from four to six inches of broken stone, coated

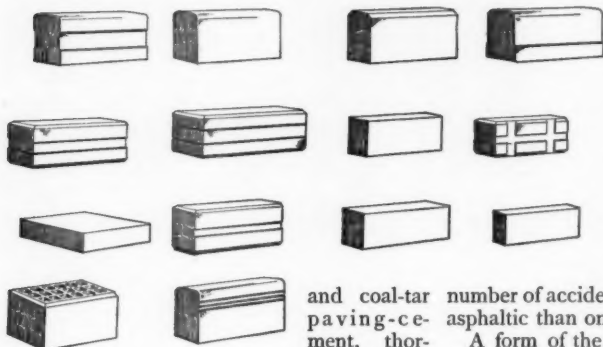
with coal-tar paving-cement, in the proportion of about one gallon to the square yard of base, on which there is spread what is commonly called a binder-course, two inches in thickness, composed of smaller broken stone

when wet. In considering these objections, the thought will doubtless come to the reader that sprinkling will allay the dust, but will at the same time increase the danger of accidents from the slipping of horses. The slipperiness about

which so much complaint has been made, however, is a characteristic of the asphaltic pavements of Europe more than those of America, due to a smoother surface and to the limestone in the former, which do not afford as good a foothold as the sand composition of the latter, though official statistics from American cities indicate that a slightly larger

number of accidents result from slipperiness on asphaltic than on other pavements.

A form of the American asphaltic paving, distinct from the sheet system, is represented in the use of the material as a cement, combined with crushed limestone, compressed under great weight into large blocks, which are laid in a foundation of gravel and sand. This kind of paving is not, however, in extensive use.



DRAWN BY FREDERICK YOHN.
SOME FORMS OF PAVING-BRICK.

and coal-tar paving-cement, thoroughly compacted with heavy rollers.

On this is laid the surface composition. A common objection to it is that it becomes so soft on warm days that wheels and hoofs leave impressions upon it, and in extremely cold weather it becomes very hard, with a tendency toward fragility, and frequently cracks.

The base and intermediate course of this form of paving are sometimes used for an asphaltic surface composition, or a concrete foundation four inches in thickness may be substituted for the base of broken stone, either of which should be cheaper than the so-called standard Trinidad-asphalt pavement, and quite as well suited to streets on which the travel is comparatively light.

The American sheet pavements, in comparison with those of Europe, are not deficient in tractive or sanitary qualities. Their worst faults are shown in tendencies of the mastic composition to disintegrate in places where the surface soon wears away, or in eruptive disturbances, which may result from improper use of materials, as well as mistakes or carelessness in work. To these causes oftener than to the effects of wear the failure of sheet pavements in American cities can be traced; and as the difficulties of doing all of the work with the requisite exactness and uniformity seem to be to some extent unavoidable, the only safe assurance of durability is an adequately protected guarantee, at the time of construction, that they will be kept in good condition for a fixed period of time.

Some of the common objections to the asphaltic pavements are the clicking noise of hoofs striking upon them, the easy raising of dust from them by passing winds, and their slipperiness

PAVING-BRICK AND THEIR USE.

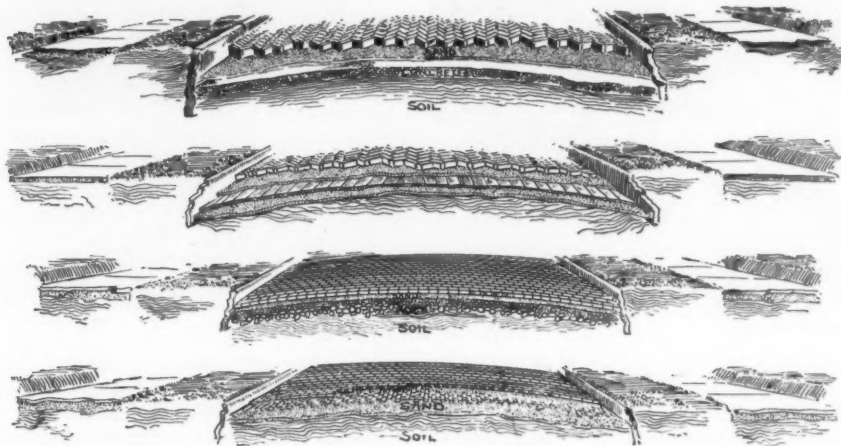
WITHIN the last five or six years, in the smaller cities of the Western and Middle States, there has been a demand for brick as a paving-material, which has grown more rapidly than the facilities for supplying it. The experiments with it, conducted professedly without knowledge that it long before had been used for such purposes in Holland, are traced back to the year 1870, when it was first tried in the United States as a street-paving material in Charleston, West Virginia, at about the same time that the first sample of Trinidad-asphalt pavement was placed at the service of the public in Newark, New Jersey. While the growth of the two systems in public favor has been contemporaneous, in only a few of the larger cities have they been brought into rivalry in any degree, largely because the promoters of each have not found their most tempting opportunities in the same fields. The experiment at Charleston grew out of an idea conceived by Dr. John P. Hale, of that town, that bricks which had been compressed and burned to unusual hardness for use in the construction of a house which was being built for him, would be a good substitute for broken stone as a street-paving material. When Dr. Hale explained his idea to the common council of Charleston, it was pronounced absurd by many of his fellow-citizens; but, as he proposed to bear the

expense of the experiment, he was given permission to lay, according to his own plans, a sample of brick pavement on the busiest street in the city. The people of Charleston, contrary to their expectations, found that the new paving-material, instead of being crushed into pieces in a month, had durable qualities. Since 1873 the demand for it there has been exclusive, and it is now in use on several miles of streets.

Other cities and towns were, however, slow to adopt Charleston's new kind of paving, and, though there was nothing lacking in the home laudation of it, the experiment had little more than local fame for several years; in fact, there is no evidence that it was known as an example in Bloomington, Illinois, when in 1874 per-

bricks were laid on edges in zigzag courses, the interstices being filled with sand. The Bloomington pavement was put on a base of coal cinders, four inches in thickness, covered with a layer of sand, on which a course of brick was laid; this being also overspread with sand, whereon was placed the surface layer of brick on edge. The success credited to these systems as experiments must be regarded as rather marvelous; but if it encourages imitation, the results may be unfortunate. Later experiments have led to improvements both in quality of materials and method of construction.

The manufacture of what are known as paving-brick has within a few years become a distinct industry, which has already grown into large proportions, requiring millions of dol-



DRAWN BY FREDERICK YOUNG.

SYSTEMS OF BRICK PAVING.

mission was granted to N. B. Heafer to lay a brick pavement on Center street, opposite the court-house, in that town. This, too, was proposed as an experiment, and it is still in evidence, eighteen years of use having worn away about an inch of its surface without otherwise impairing it.

The Charleston and Bloomington pavements were in some respects not alike—in none, really, other than that baked clay was the material chiefly used in their construction, and the qualities of this were different. The brick were the kind manufactured in the respective localities for building purposes: those used in Charleston, a dark red in color, were compressed and burned somewhat harder than usual; the Bloomington brick were of a yellowish color, with less density, and were apparently more friable. The foundation of the Charleston pavement was composed of a layer of planks, covered with sand, on which the

lars of capital in its operation. Chemical discoveries, aided by improvements in machinery, have made it possible to produce, from some kinds of clay, brick which rival granite in hardness; yet the industry is probably in the infancy of all its possibilities. The advancement has been rapid, however, during the time that attention has been directed to it: the brick made ten years ago withstood a pressure of from 500 to 4200 pounds per square inch; some are made now which withstand a pressure of 22,000 pounds per square inch. Clay unlike that ordinarily used for building-brick is required; it should be vitrifiable, with qualities capable of certain chemical affinities. The better paving-bricks are made from shale clays, which in some places are mined at a depth of about three hundred feet in the earth, and in other places are found on the surface. In the crude state these clays are much like stone. In the process of converting them into brick they



DRAWN BY GUY ROSE.

LAYING A BRICK PAVEMENT.

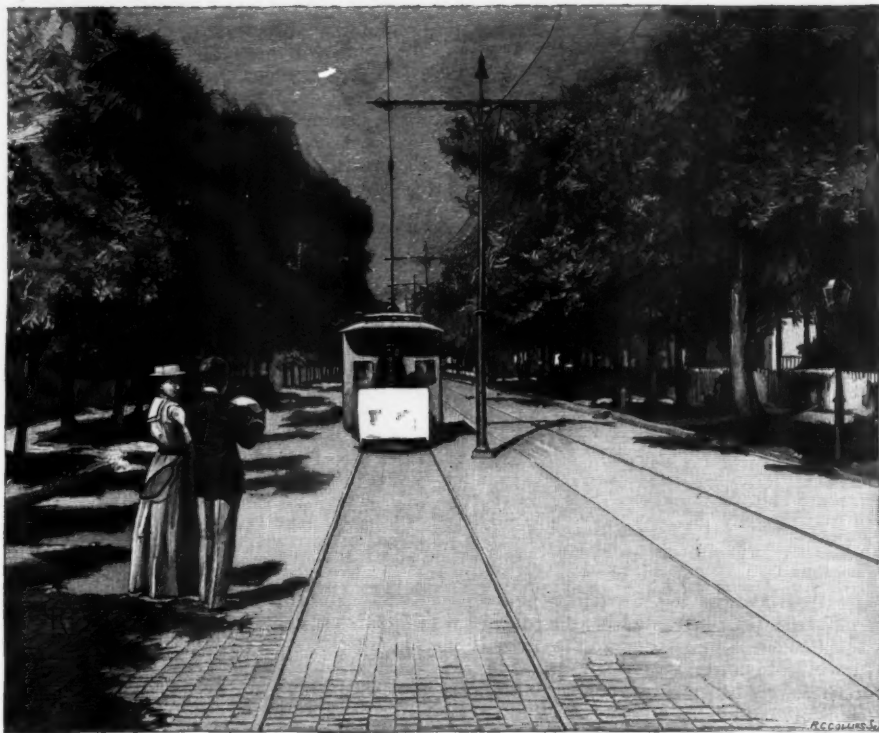
ENGRAVED BY A. BLOSSE.

are pulverized by machinery into a fine powder, which, when mixed with water, becomes a plastic mass, capable of being molded into any of the various forms made for paving purposes. Some blocks are much larger than the ordinary brick, and are intended to afford peculiar advantages, either in the character of the surface or in durability; but experience has led to a preference for brick of about the same shape and size as those used for building purposes, mainly for the reason that they undergo the heating process to which they are subjected with more thorough uniformity than the larger blocks. This process usually continues for about ten days at from 2000 to 3000 degrees Fahrenheit. If the clay does not possess the requisite qualities, it will fuse under heat that will produce vitrification, and the bricks will be useless.

Paving-brick should have a degree of density and compactness which will preclude as much as possible the absorption of moisture, together with the strength derived from combined toughness and hardness, which will enable them to bear great pressure without fracture, and at the same time to resist abrasion; in short, they should have, as nearly as possible, the qualities

characteristic of granite, with which, indeed, very favorable comparisons may be made, as shown by tests of samples of brick now produced at many points in the Middle States, where the industry seems to be most favored by natural conditions. These tests, applied by various mechanical processes, are employed by many municipal engineers in endeavoring to determine the qualities of brick offered for paving purposes, and while they should not be regarded as conclusive, they certainly have some indicative value. Tests of samples of brick may, however, indicate a degree of durability which could not be realized from their use in a pavement; besides, samples nearly always have better than average qualities; and it is pertinent to add, also, that one of the great difficulties with brick paving is to secure uniformly good quality in the material, owing to the impossibility of producing it in the processes of manufacturing.

The durability of brick, which is unquestionably its best quality, has not yet been demonstrated sufficiently to warrant any manner of suggestion that it may be advantageously substituted for granite where the requirements of service are extraordinary. Experience has



DRAWN BY GUY ROSE.

COLLEGE AVENUE, INDIANAPOLIS, PAVED WITH BRICK.

ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

been comparatively favorable to it, however, in the smaller cities, on streets bearing moderately heavy traffic, but not without some exceptions, where, owing to defective materials, it proved disappointing. It has been tried in only a few of the larger cities, and in those to a limited extent; but within the last six years a popular demand for it, attracted by its comparative cheapness and durability, has brought it into use in more than two hundred of the towns and smaller cities most accessible to the points where paving-brick manufactories have been located. In some towns the pavements are without foundations other than a spread of gravel, sand, or coal cinders, and the most common forms of base are a layer of broken stone six to eight inches in thickness, of planks, or a subcourse of brick, each covered with sand; concrete is rarely used.

In towns where even a cheaper form of pavement at first cost is desired, the Macadam and Telford systems¹ may be serviceable, but they are better suited to driveways and country roads than to inhabited streets, because they are almost constantly either dusty or muddy,

¹ See "Our Common Roads," in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for April, 1892

owing to the detritus of their surfaces; and under heavy wear they need frequent repairs, rendering them, in the course of several years, if kept in good condition, more expensive than other kinds of paving. In London the cost of their maintenance, on streets where there was not more than average traffic, was found to be from 40 to 50 cents per square yard yearly.

And now, having somewhat cursorily considered the most commonly used materials, we come to the inevitable, with many the determining, question—the cost. Information on this point can at best be given only approximately; for street pavements, as with any commodity, may not, when alike, cost the same in different cities, or (as is frequently shown where competitive proposals are received from contractors) the same in the same city. Wages, transportation of materials, competition, local conditions, all variably affect prices. An approximation for different points in the United States is given in the table on the following page, the information for which has been furnished by officials in the street departments of the cities named.

The inequalities of cost shown in this table are in some measure due to differences in the

qualities of the pavements. The minimum and maximum prices of granite paving in New York, Boston, and Columbus are based respectively on sand and concrete foundations. Minneapolis and Omaha have an advantage in being located within convenient shipping distance of the quarries from which they get their supply of granite blocks, and something is saved, temporarily at least, by laying them on sand. The cost of asphaltic paving in New York is

London that the yearly cost per square yard of the different kinds of paving most largely in use there, including construction and maintenance, is: of wood, from 40 to 61 cents; asphalt, 33 to 59 cents; and granite, 25 to 69 cents.

Cost, materials, methods of construction,—all important, but merely details of different systems,—should be considered with reference to essential qualities, which, we find in the end, embrace all factors of the paving problem.

Cities.	Granite.	Asphalt.	Wood.	Brick.	Macadam.
New York	\$2.50 to \$3.75	\$3.45 to \$4.45	\$1.47
Chicago	3.04	2.94	\$1.00	\$2.00	.90
Boston	3.75 to 4.75	3.50	2.75	1.25 to 1.50
Brooklyn	2.65	2.00
San Francisco	2.00	2.4040
Minneapolis	1.67	2.75	1.00
New Orleans	5.00	3.25	3.00
Washington	2.88	2.2575 to .96
Cincinnati	4.25	2.85	3.50	2.25
Milwaukee	2.45 to 2.55	1.10	1.95
Detroit	4.25	3.20	1.75	2.75
Buffalo	3.00	3.00	2.55
Omaha	2.00	2.98	1.60	1.75 to 1.99
Denver	3.40	3.13
Nashville	2.40	1.30	.50
Kansas City	3.40	2.80	1.50	2.00
Columbus, O.	2.80 to 3.50	1.58 to 2.16

increased somewhat by the requirement that the contractors shall guarantee that the pavements shall be kept in good condition for periods of from five to fifteen years. In Brooklyn it is much lower, because old cobblestone pavements are used as foundations for the asphaltic wearing surface. In Washington the cost of asphaltic pavements is limited to \$2.25 per square yard, but this is exclusive of grading, curbing, and "all extra work." The wood-block paving in Chicago, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Detroit, and New Orleans is placed on plank foundations; in the other cities cited it is on concrete. The differences in the cost of brick paving are due chiefly to distances of transportation of the brick. In Omaha, where the cost is \$1.75 and \$1.99, the pavement includes a concrete foundation, and a guarantee of good condition for five and ten years respectively is required from the contractors. A guarantee cannot always be secured, in some instances because of inability rather than unwillingness to give it; but it is the best measure of the value of any pavement.


Construction does not represent the total cost. A pavement may be very cheap at first and very expensive in the end, made so by necessary repairs and attention. Cost can be accurately determined only by ascertaining the total expenditure during the period that the pavement is serviceable; and when this is divided into a yearly average, a fair and correct comparison can be made. In pursuing this method of calculation, it has been found in

The sum of these qualities is the standard which is yet unattained to the highest degree, and which stands pointing, for him who can invent the perfect pavement, the way to fame and wealth.

To pave is regarded as a duty to the public. When paving is done, correlative duties are imposed on the public; the pavement which is placed by its command, or voluntarily provided for its benefit, it should protect. Municipal power may be rightfully and helpfully exercised in requiring that the wheels of vehicles shall have tires ample in width to bear the loads upon them with the least wear of the surface of a street. Protection should be given also against abuses of corporation franchises permitting the tearing open of street pavements for the purpose of laying or reaching gas-, water- and steam-pipes, electric wires, and other underground systems. In many of the streets of our larger cities these now constitute a network which should be combined in subways. Openings in pavements for excavations below the foundation are damaging beyond complete repair, and, if numerous, will be ruinous. In some of our best-governed cities it is wisely and rightly required that all desired connections between adjacent property and underground street systems shall be made before the construction of new pavements begins; and, after the work is completed, openings are not permitted to be made, except in cases of extreme necessity, and then only by special authorization.

William Fortune.

BÉRANGER.

 IN Paris, full of misery and gold,
In seventeen eighty,— read
and you shall see,
At my grandsire's, a tailor
poor and old,
A new-born babe, what hap-
pened unto me.
Around my head there shone
no glory, lying
In a bare cradle, destitute of charms;
But my grandfather, running to me crying,
Found me one day within a fairy's arms.
And thus that fairy with her gay refrain
Calmed my first cries, and soothed my earliest
pain.

In this fashion, and by this charming song, "The Tailor and the Fairy," Béranger in 1822, at forty-two, with a smile that bordered on sadness, modestly and proudly took up again his life and his work. He has said that his songs are himself. His history might be written by tacking two or three marginal notes to his couplets, and giving you in their order some others, which are also biographical. Adding to these the more celebrated of his strophes, and choosing from others less known but as beautiful, I should have a study of Béranger from his verse alone of which neither you nor I could think of complaining.

You would know his youth, so wretched and so gay; his love-affairs; his dreams; his first songs, full of rude Gallic strength, passing later to satire, and always following the precepts of the master, light in pursuit, and firm in encounter; then raising himself little by little through his patriotism to higher inspirations, you would hear in turn his pipes, his vielle, his trumpet; you would see him stir a revolution, then greet it, then quiet it; you would follow him in his retirement, hearing the weakened, trembling, but sometimes prophetic, voice of his muse from the chimney-corner; and you would admire him in his death,—as simple as his life,—and you would go forth deeply moved, repeating his passionate adieu to his country.

Unhappily my task is not so plain. This Béranger, the veneration of our fathers, must to-day be defended, since he is attacked; he must be brought forward, since he has been neglected—he whose prophecies were so true, he who was the Nostradamus of the republic.

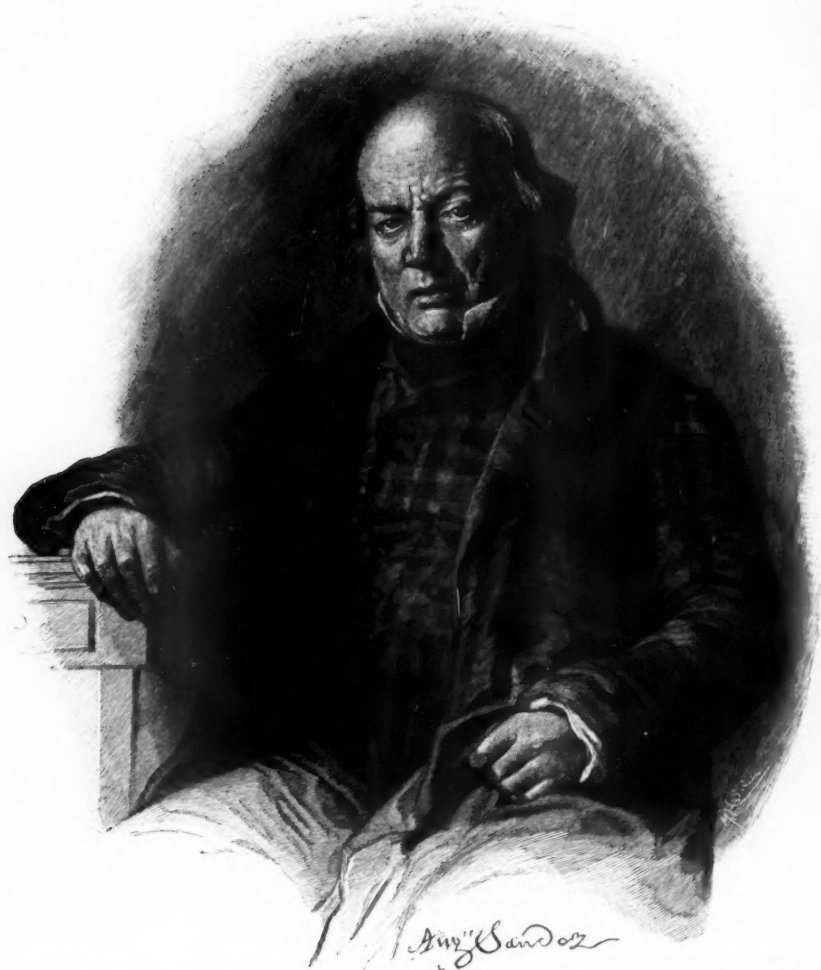
That he would be forgotten, he himself prophesied, and he resigned himself to the thought

with that wise tranquillity born of self-knowledge. Ingratitude, however, he did not foresee, and undoubtedly he could not have looked forward to it with resignation, yet it has reached that point. It reaches it now, and it is to relieve myself from that reproach—to contribute what I can toward purging us all of it—that I find myself obliged to accompany my essay with a commentary, and to show as briefly as possible the true Béranger—as he should be for us, the sons and grandsons of those whom he roused to combat, consoled in defeat, and



FROM DRAWING BY NICHOLAS TOUSSAINT CHARLET.
OWNED BY GARNIER & CO., PARIS.

P. J. DE BÉRANGER.



DRAWN BY AUG. SANDOZ. OWNED BY GARNIER & CO., PARIS.

F. J. DE BÉRANGER.

ENGRAVED BY N. HAIDER.

led back to victory. To that end, then, let us mingle our prose with his verse; and first let us finish the sketch of his life.

Behold him, then, come into the world in mid Paris, in the Rue Montegueil. One could say, like the poor little waif of the streets, that his mother was not there when he was born, for she never gave him her breast, troubled herself very little about him, and he saw her in all only for a few days seventeen years later. His father, moreover, an unsettled and thoughtless adventurer, cared but little more for him; we shall meet this parent again, however.

The child was put out to nurse at Auxerre in Burgundy. When nature's fountain failed, the

foster-father, a good-natured old fellow, replaced the lost milk by pieces of bread steeped in wine. The child took to it kindly. Two years later, returned to the grandfather at Paris, the child grew—he has told us how—ill-favored, wretched, and suffering. They sent him to school in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where he was believed to be a dunce. We have two memories of that time. The little Béranger caught a glimpse of the aged Favait under an arbor of nasturtiums and sweet-peas—Favait, the octogenarian, who had a son there—he whom Marshal Saxe had called “the ballad-maker of the army,” and he was moved without knowing why. And the other, one bright, sunny day of

which he sang, on the 14th of July, the taking of the Bastille, an operation in which he assisted from the roof of the school.

Soon after this his father took him, not to take care of him, but to send him away by *diligence* to Péronne, to a paternal aunt who kept an inn there called "L'Epée Royale"—another omen. He must have remembered the sign when he sang to King Denys—that is to say, Louis XVIII.—"The Sword of Damocles,"

Old Denys, I laugh at your sword,
I drink, and I sing, and I whistle your songs.

What fell on his head was not the sword, but a whole thunderbolt. He escaped being killed, was a long time unconscious, and at last, coming to himself, the first words that he said to his frightened aunt, whom he remembered having seen sprinkling the house to avert the tempest, were, "What's the good of your holy water, anyhow?" He asked that question all his life, and even admitted once that

Sometimes, taken in small doses,
Holy water does no harm.

He never decided, however, to mix it with his wine. The good aunt meant well, though she believed in holy water, and was a good and solid republican. She it was who found the heart of the boy—she and the foreign cannon, the cannon at the siege of Lille, whose echoes made the child stamp with rage.

In 1792 he received his hasty education in the printing-office of Father Laisney, where he was bound as an apprentice. Unable to teach him spelling, the good man taught him verse: it is always the way. In 1796, his father, bethinking himself of him, came to Péronne. Royalist and conspirator, he was much discountenanced to find his son an ardent patriot, an orator listened to in the clubs. There is in "My Biography" a conversation between the brother and sister which is worthy of Molière. This is the end of it:

The brother: Sister, on the return of the Bourbons I shall present my son to our excellent princes.

The sister: Take care that he does not sing the "Marseillaise" to them.

Notwithstanding the prediction, the father took Béranger to Paris, and founded there a bank of discount which at first did a magnificent business—thanks to whom? Why, to Béranger himself, strange as it may seem. The young man showed such abilities that the father, somewhat reconciled, began to prophesy on his own account, saying, "You will be the

Vol. XLVI.—118.

greatest financier of your day." Nor was he blinded by paternal tenderness, for he told him later, observing that he was always thin and coughing: "You have not long to live. I shall bury you before long." "We shall not sorrow for each other," added Béranger, in the same strain. The worthy father concerned himself with conspiracies, and so the young man, mixed up in these intrigues, with open eyes and sharpened senses studied the monarchists, M. de Bourmont, Mme. Clermont Gallerande, and many others. When Sainte-Beuve reproached him for his opposition to the nobility, he forgot that Béranger had seen them close at hand and at work. The truth is that they flattered the poor father a good deal, who was weak enough to believe himself well-born, and who was the banker of all their enterprises. But they ruined him very nearly; the bank failed—a bitter blow to Béranger, who was already oppressed with a scrupulous sense of honor, and who was for a long time embittered by the fall.

And now his days of misery began—days when for the luxury of a pleasure which cost only 100 sous he was condemned to a week of bread and water—days when he wept in his neglected chamber, alas! sleepless through wretchedness. But, thanks to his youth, these were the days when the spirit of poetry in him was awakened, and with her the spirit of love—the days of the first Lizette, the days sung later in "The Garret."

Yes; 't is a garret,—let him know 't who will,—
There was my bed—full hard it was and small;
My table there—and I decipher still
Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall.
Ye joys that Time hath swept with him away,
Come to mine eyes, ye dreams of love and fun;
For you I pawned my watch how many a day
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

One jolly evening when my friends and I
Made happy music with our songs and cheers,
A shout of triumph mounted up thus high,
And distant cannon opened on our ears;
We rise,—we join in the triumphant strain,—
Napoleon conquers—Austerlitz is won—
Tyrants shall never tread us down again,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us be gone—the place is sad and strange.
How far, far off, these happy times appear;
All that I have to live I'd gladly change
For one such month as I have wasted here—
To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power,
From founts of hope that never will outrun,
And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,—
Give me the days when I was twenty-one.

—Thackeray's translation.

We prefer the other, the true Lizette, she of the darning-needle, as described in "My

Coat"—Mlle. Judith Frère, who became his devoted companion for more than sixty years, though unblest by the bans of the Church.

One evening, somewhere in 1803, she shuffled the cards for him. Béranger let her do it. When one is young one expects much; there is always a vein of superstition. He had just made a great attempt. He had tied together all his verses, his essays, and his poems,—“The Deluge,” “The Restoration of Religion,”—and had sent them all to Lucien Bonaparte, who was a republican, and also a maker of verses. And while he was waiting Lizette spread out the cards. She predicted a letter and good fortune, and then Béranger mounted the six flights of stairs and slept happily, awakening to see again his patched boots and ragged trousers—trousers that he himself had mended. His spirits were lowered a bit as he handled the needle of his grandfather. Suddenly there was a rap at his door—oh, joy! this the promised letter, and, oh, happiness unspeakable! the fortune too. Yes, the fortune; for, three days after that letter and the interview with Lucien which followed it, the brother of the First Consul gave the unknown poet a position as Member of the Institute, something like 1200 francs, which Béranger received up to 1812. Is n't that a fortune at twenty, and don't you see that the cards are always right? It should be said at once that when, shortly after this, Lucien, suspected of republicanism, was exiled by the First Consul,—become emperor and all-powerful,—Béranger wished to pay his debt by the publication of his poems with a very noble and brilliant dedication. The censor rejected the edition. He threw the book into the fire.

Let us go on. In 1804 he lost his father, whom he had loved in spite of everything; and for him, at a great risk, he had become a rebellious recruit, having omitted to be enrolled. Be it said in passing that one thing saved him from scrutiny—his precocious baldness. He was bald at twenty-three, the result of obstinate headaches. When, therefore, he passed near gendarmes he took off his hat. From his shining head, and his round shoulders, no one would have believed him less than forty, and the conscript was saved.

Later, in 1814, for the defense of Paris he demanded the gun which he had once avoided. But Marmont would not permit Paris to defend herself, and the patriot was refused his gun. In 1809 M. de Fontanes, the head of the university, to whom he had been recommended, gave him a position. He made him a copying clerk in his office at a salary of 1000 francs. It was a place for which Béranger felt himself best fitted—excepting always that of the national song-writer. As he wished for no

advancement, he received none. Even the thought of being head clerk frightened him. However, he obtained several times an increase of salary, and at the end of twelve years was in receipt of 2000 francs.

It was about 1821 that he ceased to go to his office for fear of being dismissed. At the time when this excellent situation failed him he was still undecided as to his literary career. He had tried comedy, epic poetry, idyls, and between times had composed songs for relaxation and amusement, not even taking the pains to write them down. They took, however, and won a way for him to the wine-vaults in 1813. Here he met Désaugiers. These songs, the first which came into his mind, were in a measure all wanton, and, as he said himself, “broad-mouthed.” He persevered when he found that they caught the popular ear, and some of them are veritable *chefs-d'œuvre*, such as “The Grandmother”; “The Little Gray Man,” fat-cheeked and gay; “Madame Grégoire,” the best perhaps, so fresh and full of verve, a jet of old French wine falling with the measure as in glass brimful; “The Good-natured Girl”; “Roger Bontemps”; and many more which have but one fault, that they are easier to sing than to say, and that they require for their singing the end of the supper, and to moisten the refrain something more than sugared water. In some of them there is a shade of sadness.

The end of the empire was approaching, and a sense of opposition was aroused in the gay strains of our poet. In 1812 he wrote “The Beggars,” that marvel of lightness, spirit, and grace. He did better yet in 1813; he dared to criticize the empire, in the only fashion that was permitted, alas! He held up for the consideration of the giant of battles, cribbed and cabined in Europe itself—whom? “The King of Yvetôt.”

If e'er he went into excess,
‘T was from a somewhat lively thirst;
But he who would his subject bless,
Odd's fish!—must wet his whistle first;
And so from every cask they got,
Our King did to himself allot

At least a pot:
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That 's the kind of King for me.

—Thackeray's translation.

To Attic wit he added compactness of form, cleverness of method, and the force of rhyme. The race woke again. In Béranger there lived again Regnier, La Fontaine, Rabelais, Villon even. Our land had another son in her own image. Then came the invasion. From his high garret—another garret perched up in the Rue Bellefond—he assisted at the battle of Paris.

Meanwhile, tired of imperial despotism, he asked himself for a moment if the people and the bourgeois would not listen to him. The song of "Good Frenchmen" spoke of hope, but it quickly vanished. Satire appeared in "Old Clothes, Old Gold Lace," in which he sang the carnival of apostacies. Nevertheless, he was not deceived by the return from Elba. He had scant belief in Napoleon grown wise, in Napoleon a convert to liberty; and it was almost as a spectator, feeling the powerlessness of humanity, that he assisted at the last catastrophes.

1815 has come to an end. A new era begins for the country, and at the same time opens for Béranger. At the time when these new plans sprang up in his mind, as if to take leave of his earlier vein, he collected and published his songs. He has taken *them* for his work. It is decided; he definitely abandons poetry as such,—elegiac, epic, or dramatic,—save a slight return to it at about forty, which leaned toward tragedy, but was not repeated. He devoted himself entirely to that popular form, the song. Up to that time light and wanton, sometimes amorous and tender, always gay, it had been the lark, the robin, the nightingale. He knew now that it could give to him the wing of an eagle, and furnish him with, not a thunderbolt assuredly, but crackling grape-shot for the service of liberty. His political rôle began. They offered him in 1816 neither more nor less than the dramatic department of the "Débats." He refused,—refused every preferment.

To his declination he added in postscript "The Marquis of Carabas," another *chef d'œuvre*, to which he appended, four years later, that "Marquis Prétintaille," so proud of his quarterings that the lower orders had no fears for him, even in love-affairs—two satirical masterpieces which were accompanied by others, fearless, political, full of biting jest, which inflicted smarting wounds upon Bourbon royalty, and that other enemy then so much feared—the Church.

One of the first of these serious songs, which Benjamin Constant has called odes, was "The Good Fellow's God," from which Chateaubriand quoted a couplet as approaching Tacitus, and in which Sainte-Beuve, even in his narrowest days, found inspiration.

In 1821 Béranger published his second collection. The absurd author of "The Poetic Gaul," M. de Marchangy, in a public address attacked "Mathurin Bruneau" for outraging the majesty of royalty; "The Opinion of These Young Women," "The Old Bachelor," "The Neighbor," for outraging public morals; and "The Good God" for outraging religion. Poor "Good God." But it is always thus. His minis-

ters have always found him dangerous. M. de Marchangy also attacked—I do not know under what head—two lines of stars replacing ten verses suppressed by the publisher.

Yet Béranger, accused of so many crimes, suffered three months' imprisonment, which he passed with great cheerfulness at St. Pélagré "The prison is going to spoil me," he said.

The fact is that the gourmand did it again. Not at once, however. Even his second collection (1825) was treated with much consideration by M. de Villèle. It was only for the third collection, in 1829, that he obtained from the authorities what he called "gilding on the edges,"—that is to say, a rigid trial, nine months in prison, and 2000 francs fine. This time Béranger chose La Force for his prison. He was visited by all those whom France counted among her most celebrated, from the oldest of politicians to the youngest of litterateurs—Lafayette among the older politicians, Victor Hugo among the younger poets. His popularity was very great. He smiled at it. He was a real power, displeasing to the aristocrats and ideologists of his own party, to whom he said so cleverly, "Don't thank me for the songs that I write against my enemies; thank me for those that I don't write against you."

Attacked by corruption, inflexible in his probity, sustained by the heart of the people, he lived modestly on the income from his songs, having quitted his office, and long since given back to the father-in-law of Lucien, now ill and poor, the pension that Lucien had given him.

It will be seen by the titles that I shall cite presently that in the second collection Béranger had attempted nearly all the veins that he believed possible for the *chanson*. Sainte-Beuve has divided them into five, with slight modifications, as follows:

The humorous vein: I have mentioned the best in this line. Béranger held this vein very late, but with age it was touched with fancy, and then it is that we have "The Keys of Paradise," "Margot," "The Blind Man of Bagnolet," and that admirable "Oration of Turlupin." In the second place, political satire, anti-clerical, almost always exceedingly animated, sometimes very crude, here and there bitter, as in the "Adieu to Glory," with its superb refrain:

Sigh lower, ye who 'neath burdens sink;
What is it to us who eat and drink
If the universe tremble on ruin's brink?
Farewell, Glory, a last good-by;
Tear out the records of triumphs gone by.
Hasten, Cupid! our cups are dry.

A third vein is that of romance, or rather of the elegy in the Latin sense of the word: for it can be both a plaint and a song of joy, like the love-lays of the old French, with some of

the older purity of form — "Wretched Spring-time," "The Humming-Bird," "The Love-Potion," "Homesickness," and finally "The Swallows," over which so many tears have been shed. I cannot resist the pleasure of quoting it.

A convict who toiled in the mines of the north
Thus spoke to the swallows that flew o'er his head:
"Welcome, thrice welcome, dear birds of the summer,

Who tell me the reign of the winter is dead.
Did Hope plume your wing that you flew thus to find me,

Perhaps from my fatherland over the sea?
As on light wing and free wing you hover above me,

Oh, say, of that land are you speaking to me?

"Maybe as a fledgling you first tried your pinions

'Neath the eaves of that roof under which I was born,

Where my mother still thinks of the boy who has left her —

Aye, thinks of him often, and thinks but to mourn.
Weeping, she listens to each passing footfall,
And, half hoping, whispers, 'Perhaps it is he.'
As on light wing and free wing you hover above me,

Oh, say, of her love are you speaking to me?

After the humorous vein, the satire, and the elegy, came the *ballade*, sometimes purely poetic, sometimes social and political. Béranger's imagination found its refuge in the poetical ballad. For he had a touch for the supernatural, a fondness for dreams, a love for the fancy that springs from the woods and fields, and touches the heart of the peasant. Remember "The Falling Stars," "Louis XI.," "The Wandering Jew," and "Happiness," so many little dramas with a touch of legendary coloring, and those happy refrains which at once, to use his own expression, "lodge in the memory, to awaken there who knows what thoughts and echoes."

Again, again a star that falls,
That falls, falls, and disappears.

As to the political ballad, which forms the fifth of the divisions into which Béranger's work can be separated, it is the most numerous, and it is that which has left the deepest impression upon the memory of the people. This, with its satirical touch, was the most powerful instrument of war. Therefore, as their author has said, it would be unjust to judge them without taking into account the influence which they had exerted; or, in other words, by isolating them from the history of which they are a part. There are times for a nation when the best music is that of the drum which beats the charge. This is the strain which sounds in

"The Old Flag," "The Old Corporal," and "The Memories of the People," and to what extent did it quicken the beat of our fathers' hearts when we to-day cannot listen to it unmoved? Let us hear "The Old Sergeant."

Near to the wheel where his daughter was spinning,

Forgetting the roar and the rattle of guns,
The old sergeant smiled, with his maimed hand beginning

To rock in their cradle his twin grandsons.

Here, where the tranquil scene is giving

Peace after war, sometimes he saith,

"It is not all in being or living, —

God send you, my children, a glorious death!"

But what does he hear — hark! a drum is beating,

His gray locks tremble, his pulses stir,

As he waves to the passing regiment greeting,

For the old war-horse has felt the spur.

But alas! as he watches the colors flying,

"That is not the flag that I know," he saith;

"If you ever avenge your country, dying,

God send you, my children, a glorious death!"

"As they swept on to victory, foremost in battle,
They were touched with a glory, those blouses of blue,

And Liberty heard through the cannonade's rattle

The crush of the thrones that our arms overthrew.

And the nations we saved, they crowned us all glorious,

And strewed flowers in the path of our soldiers," he saith;

"They are happy who died in that moment victorious.

God send you, my children, a glorious death!"

Later than this (after 1830), Béranger followed the political ballad by the social ballad. The year 1830 dates the climax of his career, the culminating point of his existence. It was here that he had his highest view of men and affairs. Here, taking stock of humanity, he stopped, fixed his life and his works, and took those final resolutions from which he never departed. He had aroused, he had prepared, that revolution. It was certainly as much — it was more — his work than that of the most illustrious of that day who gloried in it. But though he had part in the work, he would bear no part in the triumph. He helped to install the monarchy of July, believing it to be a useful transition, a passage without fall or shock from the Bourbons to the republic. He spoke of it as "the plank that street boys put across a gutter on a rainy day. Only the street boys ask a sou from every one who crosses the plank."

He asked nothing, even refusing what they offered him. The portfolio of Public Instruction! He laughed at the notion. "I will accept it at once," he said; "but I warn you that

as soon as I am installed, I shall have my songs adopted as text-books in all young ladies' boarding-schools." At least they wanted to drag him to court. Louis Philippe wished to thank him. He refused to go.

"But people are admitted without ceremony. You can go in boots."

"Yes, yes; in boots to-day, in silk stockings a fortnight from now. The song is dethroned. I am good for nothing now."

He did in fact go into retirement—a retirement which, political at first, he made absolute in 1833. It was at that date that he published his fifth collection, announcing in the preface that it would be his last, and that he should thereafter keep silence. He kept his word. The last collection seems the work of a genius in its fullest activity. Yet the character is changed. Gaiety, almost absent, has given place to meditation. There are no more political ballads, no more warlike satires, and the poet no longer concerns himself with government, but with society. It is against society that he launches his songs, almost all of them consecrated to the humble, to the poor, to the wretched. To Jacques on his pallet, ruined by usury and crushed by taxes,—

Quick, up with you, Jack, and bow:
Look, the bailiff's coming now!

"The Old Vagabond" is a complaint and malediction of savage strength.

Here in this gutter let me die;
I finish old, infirm, and tired.
"He's drunk," will say the passers-by;
'T is well,—their pity's not desired.
I see some turn their heads away,
While others toss to me their sous.
On to your junket! run, I say!
Old tramp,—in death I need no help from you.

Yes, here I'm dying of old age:
Of hunger people never die.
I hoped some almshouse might assuage
My suffering when the end was nigh.
But filled is every retreat,
So many people are forlorn,—
My nurse, alas! has been the street.
Old tramp,—here let me die where I was born.

The poor—is any country his?
What are to me your grain, your wine,
Your glory, and your industries,
Your orators? They are not mine.
And when a foreign foe waxed fat
Within your undefended walls,
I shed my tears, poor fool, at that!
Old tramp,—his hand was open to my calls.

I have called these social ballads. Evidently our poet thought that with the Bourbons the old régime had passed away forever, and that all that was needed now was to reor-

ganize the new. The love of humanity became his occupation. No Utopia startled him if it had happiness for its aim. It was then that he wrote the song of "The Fools," one of those poems which honor and immortalize the language in which they are written.

The torch which should light the future would be love. This was the end of which he dreamed, which he asked, which he predicted in that other meditation, "The Four Historic Ages," a résumé from sublime heights of the world's past. It was by love that men were to be more closely joined to heaven; and the sublime task would devolve upon France, hers would be the honor.

To arouse the world to thy shining,
God made thee burn, oh morning star!

Only—and here again he became political—it was necessary, in his eyes, that France should be a republic. And, notwithstanding all the doubts, bitterness, and irony that crossed his thoughts here and there (in "The Suicide," for example, that tragic lamentation), he had confidence that it would come, he read it in the stars, and, wrapping himself in the robe of Nostradamus, he predicted it for the year 2000. Such was Béranger's poetic legacy.

"What! you will write no more songs?"

"Not quite that. Listen: I promise to publish no more."

In fact, he wrote several others, something like a hundred, in the twenty-four years more that he lived. Not many. But he has confessed that it was always a difficult work for him; and in his most fertile time months passed sometimes without his writing a line.

From 1833 we shall see him sometimes leaving, sometimes approaching, Paris, as he is moved in turn by the fear of becoming misanthropic through mingling with his fellows, or the desire of once more seeing his friends and the smoky chimneys of the great city. He leaves Paris for Passy, Passy for Fontainebleau, Fontainebleau for Tours, where, from that garden—later celebrated, too, by Balzac—he wrote his charming verses "My Garden." And in this garden, this very paradise of which he sings, do you know what he sought? A love-affair: the love-affair of an old man, unhappy as that of Corneille at the same age, and of which he nearly died. He hides his grief for a moment at Fontenay-sous-Bois, then returns to Passy to revive and spend the peaceful evening of his life with his good Judith, found again to be kept forever.

Presently 1848 bursts upon us, and the republic is born. But was it that for which he had watched? The good man shook his head. "We had a staircase to descend by," he said;

"and behold, we have jumped out of the window!" He feared catastrophes. Meanwhile the people remembered him. It was no longer as in 1830, when Béranger, one of the authors of the revolution, found himself on the morrow neither elected nor eligible for election.

The régime of that era had fallen. Béranger declined to be a candidate. He had not fewer than 204,471 votes. His resignation, which he offered almost immediately, was not accepted. He served some months. More than ever he felt himself useless. Moreover, he was sixty-eight, and at that age one hardly learns to govern. He handed in his resignation for the second time, and it was accepted. Many reproached him for it as a defection, and bitter words began to be whispered behind his back. He resolutely continued to live in obscure retirement, doing all the possible good he could around him. He sadly saw the realization of his fears, and the fall of the republic, and soon the chill of the tomb struck him. His loved Lizette died first. It would soon be his time. Then he wrote his admirable "Adieu." It was on July 16, 1857, that he died. Some time afterward his "Last Songs" and his "Biography" appeared. Neither of these works, it must be confessed, answered the expectation which had been formed of it. The "Biography" contained some finely written pages, but no revelation of men, no new views of things; while in the collection one recognized at once the singular weakness of the numerous songs consecrated to Napoleon, and even the rest were of varying and unequal value. Was he right, then, in keeping silence since 1833, and beginning this posthumous collection with that melancholy confession, "More Verses"? At the same time it was in excellent verse that he complained of his inability to write; and there are in the "Last Songs" some pearls, like "An Idea." Notwithstanding the beauty of some of the poems, this last collection of Béranger met with lively criticism, and an extraordinary concert of attack and recrimination was raised against the poet, hardly cold in his humble grave. Sainte-Beuve had already, in 1850, attached the bell, and presented Béranger as a clever trickster, facile at capturing popularity without any risk. From right and left they threw themselves with sharp teeth on the man and his work. Excellent names were mingled in the movement—M. Renan, M. Eugène Pelletan, the refined and the pure. Some reproached him for his irreligion, others for his deism; these for having forced the people into revolution, those for having encouraged the *coups d'état*. He had sung Napoleon, then called back the empire; deceitful and false.

They went so far as that, and presented him

—Béranger—as a *poseur*, as a hypocrite, as an egoist. It is too much, you say. In pleading error and calumny, nothing can be too much. And as the result of that campaign, a dark shadow was thrown upon the features so familiar to the people. Then came the scorn of his work, and almost the forgetfulness of the masses; and thus it is that he who was the national poet has as yet no statue; thus it is that the country which he loved so well has neglected his glorious genius.

It has been necessary to review this in order to show its injustice. Béranger's reputation should be a national one. He an egoist? As if his whole life had not protested against the accusation! Yes; he was of the family of La Fontaine, but he was La Fontaine's superior, as "Figaro" has said. Children knew him well, for no one loved children more than Béranger. In his eloquent and generous study of the poet, my friend Claretie relates a charming anecdote. One day, in 1857, a little boy, the son of a poor working-man, a poet whom Béranger had aided by his advice, came to him to read a fable. He gave him a box of bonbons. "Be sure, now," he said, "and don't eat them all at once." The child promised, and prolonged the pleasure with such effect that seven months after Béranger's death there were still some sugar-plums in the box. The father had left his work to devote himself to verse-making, and was poorer than ever. One evening, when he came home tired and weary, the child threw himself into his arms, laughing in a house without bread. "Look here, father; I have finished the sugar-plums. See what there is in the bottom of the box." There was a bill for two hundred francs; and, since Béranger was dead, the father could say with justice that the bill had fallen from heaven. There are a hundred like traits in his life. When he was not doing good with his own hands—he who lived on an income of twenty-four hundred francs, which he received from his publishers—when he was not doing good with his own hands, I say, he did it through others.

Here is a letter to Lafitte:

MY DEAR FRIEND: Please lend 5000 francs to X. I know him, and will be responsible for him. Please also lend 5000 francs to B. L., whom I also know, and will not be responsible for.

Lafitte lent the 10,000 francs.

And his letters to Rouget de Lisle, the author of the "Marseillaise," who, reduced to misery, was on the point of killing himself. Béranger saved him, drew him out of his misery, watched over him like a child, taking care of his wardrobe, and letting him feel his superiority only in repairing rents and sewing on buttons. "Retire

into your memories," he said to the moody and dull poet; "live backward, and make a spring-time of the winter which comes." This counsel he followed for himself.

Is the poetry of Béranger that of an egoist? No; but it is that of an altitudinarian, say some. The pose of disinterestedness; the pose of poverty. Ah, what a pity it is not met with more frequently! When Manuel died,—Manuel, the true and intimate friend of Béranger, the solid republican who alone might have persuaded him to consent to preferment had he lived,—Manuel left to Béranger by will an income of a thousand francs. He refused that also, and asked only for the hair-mattress on which his friend had died, and on which he himself died twenty years later. What a pose! Ah, what a pose! But acknowledge that it would have been much easier to have accepted the income, and died on a feather-bed.

Yes; but, say the purists, with his Bonapartist songs he reestablished the empire, and twice, in 1830 and in 1848, by discarding the robe of a politician he neglected his duty.

In the first place, I say that his songs on Napoleon were not Bonapartist. What he celebrates in the man—who dazzled him, I admit—is his genius, never his system. It is the revolution, it is equality—it is glory, in short. And why not pardon Béranger as we have pardoned Victor Hugo? It has been said that Béranger reestablished the empire. It is false. Here is a proof. About 1853 Dumas was publishing in the "Presse" his amusing memoirs. Béranger was told that the next chapter would be devoted to him, and that in it Dumas would depict him as shifting his course. At once he wrote to his "dear son" (it will be remembered how delighted Dumas was to hear himself thus called by Béranger): "Who has been able to put such an idea of me into your head? I am sure that you believe nothing of it; you are only trying to pay off some of my bad jokes by this new trick, which will be a very serious thing for me, whose whole life ought to suffice for an answer to such an accusation." And he asked, he demanded (so the letter runs), that Dumas, if he published the attack, should furnish him the means of answering by opening to him the columns of the "Presse." "I am sixty-three," he said in conclusion; "and it is a trifle hard to be obliged at that age to furnish a certificate of good conduct and morals. You will do as I ask? Answer as soon as possible, and pardon me for having used this sheet upside down." This last detail, which is charming, shows in what a friendly spirit he wrote.

Dumas published an article full of clever compliments, and Béranger thanked him by another letter, as bright as the first was earnest, in which he still showed his determination to

risk his repose—his dear repose—for the purpose of ridding himself of the offense which they had endeavored to fasten on him. "I subscribed to the consulate, I never subscribed to the empire," he affirmed. And his songs concerning Napoleon remind me of the coins struck after 1804, where one sees on one side the image of Napoleon emperor, and on the other side the inscription "République Française." No; he never shifted his course. Is his funeral forgotten? The menaces of Pietri, the police confiscating the coffin, the soldiers in arms keeping his nearest friends at a distance, and Paris alarmed!

What! The empire trembled lest the republic should rise from that grave, and you pretend that it entombed a friend of the empire!

But as to his retirement, then, his desertion. What must be thought of that? Ah, nothing more than Béranger himself has said. And he knew how useless it was to speak. He kept silence. Béranger—and this is the foundation of his nature—offers the phenomenon of a mind at the same time modest and wise, knowing very exactly its own measure, feeling with the utmost certainty what it can do and what it cannot do; and that once seen, keeping to what it can do, determined that nothing in the world shall compel it to do less or persuade it to undertake more. It is undoubtedly a rare character in this epoch of overweening conceit, when every one believes himself mightier than he is, when we impatiently demand of our heroes just the things that they cannot give us, when we wish the vaudevillist to be a philosopher, the philosopher a business man, the business man a poet, and the poet a politician. But it is that exact knowledge of himself, that defiant attitude, if you will, which is the key to Béranger. Even when he was a child, the idea of becoming a man oppressed him, and he wished to remain a child. Having heard that the beard would not grow if it were cut with scissors, he took up the habit, and never shaved with a razor. He grew up to be a man, however; and at one time he believed that he might be a poet like Molière or like Corneille.

But toward 1815, at thirty-eight, having reached his maturity, he paused, and recognized the fact that, if he elevated the tone of the song, he might through its medium say all that he had to say (not enough, perhaps, for an epic or dramatic poem), and that by so doing he would gain an originality which he certainly could not attain in elegiac or dramatic attempts. From that time his resolution was taken. He would be a singer of songs, and nothing more. To that personal reason full of wisdom is added another full of patriotism. In the times of an enslaved press songs for the people were needed. A journal could be suppressed, a song cannot

be suppressed. Once lodged in the memory, who can take it out?

Observe that in 1833 he felt himself already grown old. With a secret sadness he perceived that his vigor was exhausted, that his inspiration was extinguished. He would not stammer ill-formed verse. He determined to be silent. His posthumous volume shows that he was right. Could he continue his vocation when it was only with infinite pains that he could rhyme a dozen couplets? He would no longer have been Béranger; and, moreover, what could he say that he had not already said, and said so nobly, so distinctively? Should he go into political life, then? But he felt with the same sorrow that he was not of the stuff that makes statesmen. An orator? He was even less adapted to that. When he found himself in public,—and ten people constituted a public for him,—his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Should he essay the tribune? The very ones who had reproached him for having deserted it would have sent him back to his Muse. But one rôle remained possible for him, that of a counselor. He essayed it. He gave advice that nobody followed, and on account of which things went neither better nor worse. In short, he had in his retirement only the consolation of knowing that he had declined a task which he had not the power to do—a rare merit, after all.

Is Béranger dimmed by these avowals? I think not. He made himself what it was his ambition to be—the song-writer of France. One can be that only by being a great poet. Who can read him and doubt that he was a great poet? Ah, his faults! I know them. His brevity, which makes his couplets sometimes, as Sainte-Beuve says, “an overloaded trunk”; an obsolete vocabulary, too many inversions, with also certain faults in the refrain—“that movable post where, willy-nilly, the bark must be tied up, though it asks nothing better than to sail free at the will of the wind.” Something should, however, be said in parenthesis concerning this post of a refrain, of which he seems to complain, and which was, however, so useful to him. For it is the refrain which adds force to the song, and the people love songs with refrains. It was necessary to his purpose that he should be able to repeat the end of the couplet as a chorus. So all the life of the song had to be condensed thus. Béranger understood that well, and therefore he sought first for his refrain. Possessed of his idea, he sought to give it expression, to sum it up in one or two verses,

and for these verses he searched among popular and well-known airs—airs that everybody sang—to find the one best adapted to his purpose. Thus the refrain, words and music, was struck out by a single blow. None the less is he a poet of delicacy, of health, and of power, giving us to taste of Gallic wine in a Greek vase. In fact, he had much in common with those Athenians whom he loved so well.

One fact concerning Béranger which has not been noted is that after Molière he is our poet who has created the most types. We know Madame Grégoire, *Le Roi d'Yvetôt*, Roger Bontemps, *Le Marquis de Carabas*, Paillasse Frétillon, and twenty others, as we know Arnolphe, Célimène, or Tartuffe. What force and strong strokes of the brush, what verses that are proverbs, what profound and graceful prefaces! “Power,” he says, “is a bell, preventing those who ring it from hearing any other sound.”

Was he not kindred with Montaigne, whose curiosity, vivid expression, independence, and good faith he had? And, like Montaigne, he had his *Le Boétie* in Manuel.

He was independent to the point of folly; but above all, like the firm and upright Manuel, Béranger was a friend of the people, was a democrat, was a patriot. Listen to the reason he gives for having given up the biographies which he had promised to write. “If it is pleasant to overthrow unjust judgment by contradicting accusations that have been erroneous or too severe, how much suffering would there be when to speak the truth would be to diminish the luster of a life that neither virtue nor intelligence has preserved from all faults, particularly if one is convinced, as I am, that to destroy unnecessarily day by day the admiration of the people is to work for their demoralization!” Just and generous words, which I repeat to those who have tried to blot him out of the heart of the people. But he will retake his true place, since he wished for the republic and had a passionate love for France, because his songs are a school where one can learn to love him; because when he speaks of his country a hymn mounts to his lips—a hymn always true, like his “Children of France,” whose strophes of tears and fire seem to have been written yesterday. Yes, honor to the children of France; and above all, honor to him who sings of them so well! Honor to the good old poet, to the sage, to that happy foster-father who so early made him drink of liberty in his little cup. Honor to the good man, to the great man. Honor to Béranger!

C. Coquelin.

[We are indebted to Mr. Walter Learned for the foregoing translation—not only of M. Coquelin's text, but (except in the case of Thackeray's lines) of the Béranger songs as well.—EDITOR.]

THE HEIR OF THE MCHULISHES.

By the author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp."

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.



JOURNEY to Kelpie Isl- and consisted of a series of consecutive episodes by rail, by coach, and by steamboat. The consul was already familiar with them, as indeed were most of the civilized world, for it seemed that all roads at certain seasons led out of and returned to St. Kentigern as a point in a vast circle wherein travelers were sure to meet one another again, coming or going, at certain depots and caravansaries with more or less superiority or envy. Tourists on the road to the historic crags of Wateffa came sharply upon other tourists returning from them, and glared suspiciously at them, as if to wrest the dread secret from their souls—a scrutiny which the others returned with half-humorous pity or superior calm.

The consul knew also that the service by boat and rail was admirable and skilful; for were not the righteous St. Kentigerners of the tribe of Tubal Cain, great artificers in steel and iron, and a mighty race of engineers before the Lord, who had carried their calling and accent beyond the seas? He knew, too, that the land of these delightful caravansaries overflowed with marmalade and honey, and that the manna of delicious scones and cakes fell even upon deserted waters of crag and heather. He knew that their way would lie through much scenery whose rude barrenness, and grim economy of vegetation, had been usually accepted by cockney tourists for sublimity and grandeur; but he knew also that its severity was mitigated by lowland glimpses of sylvan luxuriance and tangled delicacy utterly unlike the complacent snugness of an English pastoral landscape, with which it was often confounded and misunderstood, as being tame and civilized.

It rained the day they left St. Kentigern, and the next, and the day after that, spasmodically, as regarded local effort, sporadically, as seen through the filmed windows of railway carriages or from the shining decks of steamboats. There was always a shower being sown somewhere along the valley, or reluctantly tearing itself from a mountain-top, or being pulled into long threads from the leaden bosom of a lake; the coach swept in and out of them

to the folding and unfolding of umbrellas and mackintoshes, accompanied by flying beams of sunlight that raced with the vehicle on long hillsides, and vanished at the turn of the road. There were hat-lifting scurries of wind down the mountain-side, small tumults in little lakes below, hysteric ebullitions on mild, melancholy inland seas, boisterous passages of nearly half an hour with landings on tempestuous miniature quays. All this seen through wonderful aqueous vapor, against a background of sky darkened at times to the depths of an india-ink-washed sketch, but more usually blurred and confused on the surface like the gray silhouette of a child's slate-pencil drawing, half rubbed from the slate by soft palms. Occasionally a rare glinting of real sunshine on a distant fringe of dripping larches made some frowning crest appear to smile as through wet lashes.

Miss Elsie tucked her little feet under the mackintosh. "I know," she said sadly, "I should get web-footed if I stayed here long. Why, it's like coming down from Ararat just after the deluge cleared up."

Mrs. Kirkby suggested that if the sun would only shine squarely and decently, like a Christian, for a few moments, they could see the prospect better.

The consul here pointed out that the admirers of Scotch scenery thought that this was its greatest charm. It was this misty effect which made it so superior to what they called the vulgar chromos and sun-pictures of less favored lands.

"You mean because it prevents folks from seeing how poor the view really is."

The consul remarked that perhaps distance was lacking. As to the sun shining in a Christian way, this might depend upon the local idea of Christianity.

"Well, I don't call the scenery giddy or frivolous, certainly. And I reckon I begin to understand the kind of sermons Malcolm's folks brought over to McCorkleville. I guess they did n't know much of the heaven they only saw once a year. Why, even the highest hills—which they call mountains here—ain't big enough to get above the fogs of their own creating."

Feminine wit is not apt to be abstract. It

struck the consul that in Miss Elsie's sprightliness there was the usual ulterior and personal object, and he glanced around at his fellow-passengers. The object evidently was sitting at the end of the opposite seat, an amused but well-behaved listener. For the rest, he was still young and reserved, but in face, figure, and dress utterly unlike his companions—an Englishman of a pronounced and distinct type, the man of society and clubs. While there was more or less hinting of local influence in the apparel of the others,—there was a kilt, and bare, unweather-beaten knees from Birmingham, and even the American Elsie wore a bewitching tam-o'-shanter,—the stranger carried easy distinction, from his tweed traveling-cap to his well-made shoes and gaiters, as an unmistakable Southerner. His deep and pleasantly level voice had been heard only once or twice, and then only in answering questions, and his quiet, composed eyes alone had responded to the young girl's provocation.

They were passing a brown glen, in the cheerless depths of which a brown watercourse, a shade lighter, was running, and occasionally foaming like brown beer. Beyond it heaved an arid bulk of hillside, the scant vegetation of which, scattered like patches of hair, made it look like the decaying hide of some huge antediluvian ruminant. On the dreariest part of the dreary slope rose the ruins of a tower, and crumbling walls and battlements.

"Whatever possessed folks to build there?" said Miss Elsie. "If they were poor, it might be some excuse; but that those old swells, or chiefs, should put up a castle in such a God-forsaken place gets *me*."

"But, don't you know, they *were* poor, according to our modern ideas, and I fancy they built these things more for defense than show, and really more to gather in cattle—like one of your Texan ranches—after a raid. That is, I have heard so; I rather fancy that was the idea, was n't it?" It was the Englishman who had spoken, and was now looking around at the other passengers as if in easy deference to local opinion.

"What raid?" said Miss Elsie, animatedly. "Oh, yes; I see—one of their old border raids—moss-troopers. I used to like to read about them."

"I fancy, don't you know," said the Englishman, slowly, "that it was n't exactly *that* sort of thing, you know, for it's a good way from the border; but it was one of their raids upon their neighbors, to lift their cattle—steal 'em, in fact. That's the way those chaps had. But of course you've read all about that. You Americans, don't you know, are all up in these historical matters."

"Eh, but they were often reprisals," said a Scotch passenger.

"I don't suppose they took much trouble to inquire if the beasts belonged to an enemy," said the Englishman.

But here Miss Elsie spoke of castles generally, and averred that the dearest wish of her life was to see *Macbeth's* castle at Glamis, where *Duncan* was murdered. At which the Englishman, still deferentially, mistrusted the fact that the murder had been committed there, and thought that the castle to which Shakspeare probably referred, if he had n't invented the murder, too, was further north, at Cawdor. "You know," he added playfully, "over there in America you've discovered that Shakspeare himself was an invention."

This led to some retaliating brilliancy from the young lady, and when the coach stopped at the next station their conversation had presumably become interesting enough to justify him in securing a seat nearer to her. The talk returning to ruins, Miss Elsie informed him that they were going to see some on Kelpie Island. The consul, from some instinctive impulse,—perhaps a recollection of Custer's peculiar methods,—gave her a sign of warning. But the Englishman only lifted his eyebrows in a kind of half-humorous concern.

"I don't think you'd like it, you know. It's a beastly place,—rocks and sea,—worse than this, and half the time you can't see the mainland, only a mile away. Really, you know, they ought n't to have induced you to take tickets there—those excursion-ticket chaps. They're jolly frauds. It's no place for a stranger to go to."

"But there are the ruins of an old castle, the old seat of—" began the astonished Miss Elsie; but she was again stopped by a significant glance from the consul.

"I believe there was something of the kind there once—something like your friends the cattle-stealers' castle over on that hillside," returned the Englishman; "but the stones were taken by the fishermen for their cabins, and the walls were quite pulled down."

"How dared they do that?" said the young lady, indignantly. "I call it not only sacrilege, but stealing."

"It was defrauding the owner of the property; they might as well take his money," said Mrs. Kirkby, in languid protest.

The smile which this outburst of proprietorial indignation brought to the face of the consul lingered with the Englishman's reply.

"But it was only robbing the old robbers, don't you know, and they put their spoils to better use than their old masters did; certainly to more practical use than the owners do now, for the ruins are good for nothing."

"But the hallowed associations—the picturesqueness!" continued Mrs. Kirkby, with languid interest.

"The associations would n't be anything except to the family, you know; and I should fancy they would n't be either hallowed or pleasant. As for picturesqueness, the ruins are beastly ugly; weather-beaten instead of being mellowed by time, you know, and bare where they ought to be hidden by vines and moss. I can't make out why anybody sent you there, for you Americans are rather particular about your sight-seeing."

"We heard of them through a friend," said the consul, with assumed carelessness. "Perhaps it's as good an excuse as any for a pleasant journey."

"And very likely your friend mistook it for something else, or was himself imposed upon," said the Englishman, politely. "But you might not think it so, and, after all," he added thoughtfully, "it's years since I've seen it. I only meant that I could show you something better a few miles from my place in Gloucestershire, and not quite so far from a railway as this. If," he added with a pleasant deliberation which was the real courtesy of his conventionally worded speech, "you ever happened at any time to be anywhere near Audrey Edge, and would look me up, I should be glad to show it to you and your friends." An hour later, when he left them at a railway-station where their paths diverged, Miss Elsie recovered a fluency that she had lately checked. "Well, I like that! He never told us his name, or offered a card. I wonder if they call that an invitation over here. Does he suppose anybody's going to look up his old Audrey Edge—perhaps it's named after his wife—to find out who *he* is? He might have been civil enough to have left his name, if he—meant anything."

"But I assure you he was perfectly sincere, and meant an invitation," returned the consul, smilingly. "Audrey Edge is evidently a well-known place, and he a man of some position. That is why he did n't specify either."

"Well, you won't catch me going there," said Miss Elsie.

"You would be quite right in either going or staying away," said the consul, simply.

Miss Elsie tossed her head slightly. Nevertheless, before they left the station, she informed him that she had been told that the station-master had addressed the stranger as "my lord," and that another passenger had said he was "Lord Duncaster."

"And that proves—"

"That I'm right," said the young lady, decisively, "and that his invitation was a mere form."

It was after sundown when they reached

the picturesque and well-appointed hotel that lifted itself above the little fishing-village which fronted Kelpie Island. The hotel was in as strong contrast to the narrow, curving street of dull, comfortless-looking stone cottages below it, as were the smart tourists who had just landed from the steamer to the hard-visaged, roughly clad villagers who watched them with a certain mingling of critical independence and superior self-righteousness. As the new arrivals walked down the main street, half beach, half thoroughfare, their baggage following them in low trollies drawn by porters at their heels, like a decorous funeral, the joyless faces of the lookers-on added to the resemblance. Beyond them, in the prolonged northern twilight, the waters of the bay took on a peculiar pewtery brightness, but with the usual mourning-edged border of Scotch sea-coast scenery. Low banks of cloud lay on the chill sea; the outlines of Kelpie Island were hidden.

But the interior of the hotel, bright with the latest fastidiousness in modern decoration and art-furniture, and gay with pictured canvases and color, seemed to mock the sullen landscape, and the sterile crags amid which the building was set. An attempt to make a pleasure in this barren waste had resulted only in empty vases, bleak statuary, and iron settees, as cold and slippery to the touch as the sides of their steamer.

"It'll be a fine morning to-morra, and ther'll be a boat going away to Kelpie for a peek-neek in the ruins," said the porter, as the consul and his fair companions looked doubtfully from the windows of the cheerful hall.

A picnic in the sacred ruins of Kelpie! The consul saw the ladies stiffening with indignation at this trespass upon their possible rights and probable privileges, and glanced at them warningly.

"Do you mean to say that it is common property, and *anybody* can go there?" demanded Miss Elsie, scornfully.

"No; it's only the hotel that owns the boat and gives the tickets—a half-crown the passage."

"And do the owners, the McHulishes, permit this?"

The porter looked at them with a puzzled, half-pitying politeness. He was a handsome, tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, with a certain naïve and gentle courtesy of manner that relieved his strong accent. "Oh, aye," he said, with a reassuring smile; "ye'll no be troubled by *them*. I'll just gang away noo, and see if I can secure the teekets."

An elderly guest, who was examining a timetable on the wall, turned to them as the porter disappeared.

"Ye'll be strangers noo, and not knowing

that Tonalt the porter is a McHulish hissel'?" he said deliberately.

"A what?" said the astonished Miss Elsie. "A McHulish. Aye, one of the family. The McHulishes of Kelpie were his own forebears. Eh, but he's a fine lad, and doin' well for the hotel."

Miss Elsie extinguished a sudden smile with her handkerchief as her mother anxiously inquired, "And are the family as poor as that?"

"But I am not saying he's *poor*, ma'am, no," replied the stranger, with native caution. "What wi' tips and gratooties and percentages on the teekets, it's a bit of money he'll be having in the bank noo."

The prophecy of Donald McHulish as to the weather came true. The next morning was bright and sunny, and the boat to Kelpie Island—a large yawl—duly received its complement of passengers and provision-hampers. The ladies had apparently become more tolerant of their fellow pleasure-seekers, and it appeared that Miss Elsie had even overcome her hilarity at the discovery of what "might have been" a relative in the person of the porter Donald. "I had a long talk with him before breakfast this morning," she said gaily, "and I know all about him. It appears that there are hundreds of him—all McHulishes—all along the coast and elsewhere—only none of them ever lived *on* the island, and don't want to. But he looks more like a 'laird' and a chief than Malcolm, and if it comes to choosing a head of the family, remember, maw, I shall vote solid for him."

"How can you go on so, Elsie?" said Mrs. Kirkby, with languid protest. "Only I trust you did n't say anything to him of the syndicate. And, thank Heaven! the property is n't here."

"No; the waiter tells me all the lovely things we had for breakfast came from miles away. And they don't seem to have ever raised anything on the island, from its looks. Think of having to row three miles for the morning's milk!"

There was certainly very little appearance of vegetation on the sterile crags that soon began to lift themselves above the steely waves ahead. A few scraggy trees and bushes, which twisted and writhed like vines around the square tower and crumbling walls of an irregular but angular building, looked in their brown shadows like part of the debris.

"It's just like a burnt-down bone-boiling factory," said Miss Elsie, critically; "and I should n't wonder if that really was old McHulish's business. They could n't have it on the mainland for its being a nuisance."

Nevertheless, she was one of the first to leap ashore when the yawl's bow grated in a peb-

bly cove, and carried her pretty but incongruous little slippers through the seaweed, wet sand, and slimy cobbles, with a heroism that redeemed her vanity. A scrambling ascent of a few moments brought them to a wall with a gap in it, which gave easy ingress to the interior of the ruins. This was merely a little curving hollow from which the outlines of the plan had long since faded. It was kept green by the brown walls, which, like the crags of the mainland valleys, sheltered it from the incessant strife of the Atlantic gales. A few pale flowers that might have grown in a damp cellar shivered against the stones. Scraps of newspapers, soda-water- and beer-bottles, highly decorated old provision-tins, and spent cartridge-cases,—the remains of chilly picnics and damp shooting-luncheons,—had at first sight lent color to the foreground by mere contrast, but the corrosion of time and weather had blackened rather than mellowed the walls in a way which forcibly reminded the consul of Miss Elsie's simile of the "burnt-down factory." The view from the square tower—a mere roost for unclean sea-fowl, from the sides of which rags of peeling moss and vine hung like tattered clothing—was equally depressing. The few fishermen's huts along the shore were built of stones taken from the ruin, and roofed in with sodden beams and timbers in the last stages of deliquescence. The thick smoke of smoldering peat-fires came from the low chimneys, and drifted across the ruins with the odors of drying fish.

"I've just seen a sort of ground-plan of the castle," said Miss Elsie, cheerfully. "It never had a room in it as big as our bedroom in the hotel, and there were n't windows enough to go round. A slit in the wall, about two inches wide by two feet long, was considered dazzling extravagance to Malcolm's ancestors. I don't wonder some of 'em broke out and swam over to America. That reminds me. Who do you suppose is here—came over from the hotel in a boat of his own, just to see maw!"

"Not Malcolm, surely."

"Not much," replied Miss Elsie, setting her small lips together. "It's Mr. Custer. He's talking business with her now down on the beach. They'll be here when lunch is ready."

The consul remembered the romantic plan which the enthusiastic Custer had imparted to him in the foggy consulate at St. Kentigern, and then thought of the matter-of-fact tourists, the few stolid fishermen, and the prosaic ruins around them, and smiled. He looked up, and saw that Miss Elsie was watching him.

"You know Mr. Custer, don't you?"

"We are old Californian friends."

"I thought so; but I think he looked a little upset when he heard you were here, too."

He certainly was a little awkward, as if

struggling with some half-humorous embarrassment, as he came forward a few moments later with Mrs. Kirkby. But the stimulation of the keen sea air triumphed over the infelicities of the situation and surroundings, and the little party were presently enjoying their well-selected luncheon with the wholesome appetite of travel and change. The chill damp made limp the napkins and tablecloth, and invaded the victuals; the wind, which was rising, whistled round the walls, and made miniature cyclones of the torn paper and dried twigs around them: but they ate, drank, and were merry. At the end of the repast the two gentlemen rose to light their cigars in the lee of the wall.

"I suppose you know all about Malcolm?" said Custer, after an awkward pause.

"My dear fellow," said the consul, somewhat impatiently, "I know nothing about him, and you ought to know that by this time."

"I thought *your friend*, Sir James, might have told you," continued Custer, with significant emphasis.

"I have not seen Sir James for two months."

"Well, Malcolm's a crank—always was one, I reckon, and is reg'larly off his head now. Yes, sir; Scotch whisky and your friend Sir James finished him. After that dinner at MacFen's he was done for—went wild. Danced a sword-dance, or a strathspey, or some other blamed thing, on the table, and yelled louder than the pipes. So they all did. Jack, I've painted the town red once myself; I thought I knew what a first-class jamboree was: but they were prayer-meetings to that show. Everybody was blind drunk—but they all got over it except *him*. *They* were a different lot of men the next day, as cool and cautious as you please, but *he* was shut up for a week, and came out crazy."

"But what's that to do with his claim?"

"Well, there ain't much use 'whooping up the boys' when only the whooper gets wild."

"Still, that does not affect any right he may have in the property."

"But it affects the syndicate," said Custer, gloomily; "and when we found that he was whooping up some shopkeepers and factory-hands who claimed to belong to the clan,—and you can't heave a stone at a dog around here without hitting a McHulish,—we concluded we had n't much use for him ornamentally. So we shipped him home last steamer."

"And the property?"

"Oh, that's all right," said Custer, still gloomily. "We've effected an amicable compromise, as Sir James calls it. That means we've taken a lot of land somewhere north, that you can shoot over—that is, you need n't

be afraid of hitting a house, or a tree, or a man anywhere; and we've got a strip more of the same sort on the sea-shore somewhere off here, occupied only by some gay galoots called crofters, and you can raise a lawsuit and an imprecation on every acre. Then there's this soul-subduing, sequestered spot, and what's left of the old bone-boiling establishment, and the rights of fishing and peat-burning, and otherwise creating a nuisance off the mainland. It cost the syndicate only a hundred thousand dollars, half cash and half in Texan and Kentucky grass lands. But we've carried the thing through."

"I congratulate you," said the consul.

"Thanks." Custer puffed at his cigar for a few moments. "That Sir James MacFen is a fine man."

"He is."

"A large, broad, all-round man. Knows everything and everybody, don't he?"

"I think so."

"Big man in the church, I should say? No slouch at a party canvass, or ward politics, eh? As a board director, or president, just takes the cake, don't he?"

"I believe so."

"Nothing mean about Jimmy as an advocate or an arbitrator, either, is there? Rings the bell every time, don't he? Financiers take a back seat when he's around? Owns half of Scotland by this time, I reckon."

The consul believed that Sir James had the reputation of being exceedingly sagacious in financial and mercantile matters, and that he was a man of some wealth.

"Naturally. I wonder what he'd take to come over to America, and give the boys points," continued Custer, in meditative admiration. "There were two or three men on Scott's River, and one Chinaman, that we used to think smart, but they were doddering ijets to *him*. And as for me—I say, Jack, you did n't see any hayseed in my hair that day I walked inter your consulate, did you?"

The consul smilingly admitted that he had not noticed these signs of rustic innocence in his friend.

"Nor any flies? Well, for all that, when I get home I'm going to resign. No more foreign investments for *me*. When anybody calls at the consulate and asks for H. J. Custer, say you don't know me. And you don't. And I say, Jack, try to smooth things over for me with *her*."

"With Miss Elsie?"

Custer cast a glance of profound pity upon the consul. "No; with Mrs. Kirkby, of course. See?"

The consul thought he did see, and that he had at last found a clue to Custer's extraordi-

nary speculation. But, like most theorists who argue from a single fact, a few months later he might have doubted his deduction.

He was staying at a large country-house many miles distant from the scene of his late experiences. Already they had faded from his memory with the departure of his compatriots from St. Kentigern. He was smoking by the fire in the billiard-room late one night when a fellow-guest approached him.

"Saw you did n't remember me at dinner."

The voice was hesitating, pleasant, and not quite unfamiliar. The consul looked up, and identified the figure before him as one of the new arrivals that day, whom, in the informal and easy courtesy of the house, he had met with no further introduction than a vague smile. He remembered, too, that the stranger had glanced at him once or twice at dinner, with shy but engaging reserve.

"You must see such a lot of people, and the way things are arranged and settled here everybody expects to look and act like everybody else, don't you know, so you can't tell one chap from another. Deuced annoying, eh? That's where you Americans are different, and that's why those countrywomen of yours were so charming, don't you know, so original. We were all together on the top of a coach in Scotland, don't you remember? Had such a jolly time in the beastly rain. You did n't catch my name. It's Duncaster."

The consul at once recalled his former fellow-traveler. The two men shook hands. The Englishman took a pipe from his smoking-jacket, and drew a chair beside the consul.

"Yes," he continued, comfortably filling his pipe, "the daughter, Miss Kirkby, was awfully good fun, so fresh, so perfectly natural and innocent, don't you know, and yet so extraordinarily sharp and clever. She had some awfully good chaff over that Scotch scenery before those Scotch tourists, do you remember? And it was all so beastly true, too. Perhaps she's with you here?"

There was so much unexpected and unaffected interest in the young Englishman's eyes that the consul was quite serious in his regrets that the ladies had gone back to Paris.

"I'd like to have taken them over to Audrey Edge from here. It's no distance by train. I did ask them in Scotland, but I suppose they had something better to do. But you might tell them I've got some sisters there, and that it is an old place and not half bad, don't you know, when you write to them. You might give me their address."

The consul did so, and added a few pleasant words regarding their position,—barring the

syndicate,—which he had gathered from Custer. Lord Duncaster's look of interest, far from abating, became gently confidential.

"I suppose you must see a good deal of your countrymen in your business, and I suppose, just like Englishmen, they differ, by Jove! Some of them, don't you know, are rather pushing and anxious for position, and all that sort of thing, and some of 'em, like your friends, are quite independent and natural."

He stopped, and puffed slowly at his pipe. Presently he took it from his mouth, with a little laugh. "I've a mind to tell you a rather queer experience of mine. It's nothing against your people generally, you know, nor do I fancy it's even an American type; so you won't mind my speaking of it. I've got some property in Scotland,—rather poor stuff you'd call it,—but, by Jove! some Americans have been laying claim to it under some obscure plea of relationship. There might have been something in it, although not all they claim, but my business man, a clever chap up in your place,—perhaps you may have heard of him: Sir James MacFen,—wrote to me that what they really wanted were some ancestral lands with the right to use the family name and privileges. The oddest part of the affair was that the claimant was an impossible sort of lunatic, and the whole thing was run by a syndicate of shrewd Western men. As I don't care for the property, which has only been dropping a lot of money every year for upkeep and litigation, Sir James, who is an awfully far-sighted chap at managing, thought he could effect a compromise, and get rid of the property at a fair valuation. And, by Jove! he did. But what your countrymen can get out of it,—for the shooting is n't half as good as what they can get in their own country,—or what use the privileges are to them, I can't fancy."

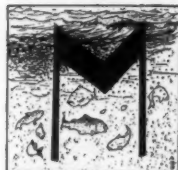
"I think I know the story," said the consul, eying his fellow-guest attentively; "but if I remember rightly, the young man claimed to be the rightful and only surviving heir."

The Englishman rose, and, bending over the hearth, slowly knocked the ashes from his pipe. "That's quite impossible, don't you know. For," he added, as he stood up in front of the fire, in face, figure, and careless repose more decidedly English than ever, "you see my title of Duncaster only came to me through an uncle, but I am the direct and sole heir of the old family, and the Scotch property. I don't perhaps look like a Scot,—we've been settled in England some time,—but," he continued with an invincible English drawing deliberation, "I-am-really-you-know-what they call The McHulish."

Bret Harte.

LEAVES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SALVINI.

A SECOND VISIT TO PARIS.



Y company was still engaged for the whole month of June, and I wished to take advantage of the opportunity to appear four times at Venice. The Princess Margherita of Savoy, now our beloved queen, was at Venice for the sea-bathing, and was present at all my performances. I preserve preciously a beautiful souvenir which she was good enough to send me. From Venice I returned to Florence, and again took up my wanderings with different actors and actresses. I opened at Paris, October 3, 1877, in the Salle Ventadour; of all that I played there, to the "Morte Civile" was adjudged the palm. It was a real revelation to the Parisians. It would be tedious to repeat all that the greatest artistic and literary luminaries wrote of it. Victor Hugo, La Pommeraye, Zola, Gautier, Vitu, elevated to the stars both composition and interpretation. The celebrated dramatic critic Vitu even made a translation of it so that it might be acted in French at the Odéon. Not "Othello," not "Macbeth," not "Ingomar," nothing aroused such interest as Paolo Giacometti's drama.

After three nights at Antwerp, six at Brussels, and two at Lille, I went back to Paris for eleven more, five of which were devoted to the "Morte Civile."

ESTIMATE OF MOUNET-SULLY.

IN Paris I had the opportunity to know the famous Mounet-Sully, whom I admired much in Victor Hugo's "Hernani," and to whom I permitted myself to make a small criticism on his highly artistic and meritorious performance—a criticism of the justice of which he was fully convinced. It is only conscientious artists who are able to recognize their own defects. I found in Mounet-Sully too much nervousness; he was always on the stretch, continuously in forced action, as if something might break at any moment. He was a man of fine presence, of most accurate delivery, and if he could have freed himself from the traditions imposed upon him by the Conservatory,—traditions to which all French actors who adopt the serious style are subjected,—it would have aided him to

be less conventional. He is to-day one of the most solid pillars of the Maison de Molière, and that is not a little thing.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

ONE night when I went on the stage to see Mounet-Sully he presented me to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. I had never heard that excellent artist except as Doña Sol in "Hernani." I was entirely satisfied with her physical and vocal gifts, as well as with her incisive and penetrating diction, but it seemed to me that her movements were a little angular. I saw her another time in the "Dame aux Camélias," and she was attractive in the earlier acts, both from her "voice of gold," as the French style it, and from the naturalism with which she molded the character. At some points I noted a little precipitation in her delivery, the reason for which I had not observed in Victor Hugo's verses; and while I recognized in her superior talent for assuming her rôle and modulating the various expressions of the voice, for so accentuating her phrases as to give them brilliancy, and for making herself up with that attractiveness which is, perhaps, peculiar to French actresses, yet I could not help noticing, especially in the last act of that play, a seeking after effects that were discordant with the position and character of the personage. I saw her afterward at Florence in Sardou's "La Tosca," and in that play she produced the same effect on me. She has very great gifts, an exceptional artistic quality, and notable defects. When I went through Paris on my last return from North America, I saw her in "Jeanne d'Arc."

I am not blind to the fascinating merits of that eccentric actress, and I proclaim her the brightest star which has in recent years risen above the horizon of dramatic art; but I ask, is the superiority attributed to her by the world all pure gold? Is there not in it a taint of alloy? Her sentiment, her artistic intuition, the acuteness of her interpretation, her moving and harmonious voice, the just accentuation of her phrasing, the tastefulness of her dress—all this is gold, pure gold. A slight tendency to declamation, a use of gesticulation not always appropriate, a marked precipitation of speech, especially at critical moments, and a pronounced monotony in pathetic expression, constitute the alloy. So much has been, and

is still, said of the extravagances of that original genius, that wherever she goes no one will stay away from seeing her. It must, however, be admitted that all these advertisements draw more attention to the woman than to the actress.

COQUELIN.

I MUST give, too, my impression of another celebrated French artist, an impression which is highly favorable to him, yet not without a "but," for which he will bear me no grudge. He is the cleverest, the most exact, the most delicate, the most keen in his delivery of a monologue, that our century has produced. Every one has already perceived that I refer to the elder Coquelin. How subtle and bright is the intelligence which this actor brings into play to give life to his delivery! With how artistic a touch he colors every period, every phrase! In how just a measure he balances his effects, so insinuating his humorous anecdotes that one would fancy they were told by many persons and not by himself alone! The variety of his voice, the mobility of his face, are powerful auxiliaries which he uses with studied art; he is never vulgar, never artificial, never monotonous, never incorrect. If this almost perfect artist could disabuse himself in the matter of playing a few parts which are not adapted either to his natural tendencies or to his characteristic face, if he would confine himself to such typical characters as do not have to support the responsibility of the entire play, in my opinion he would heighten his fame. When one does everything, one does too much, and can with difficulty attain to perfection. For that matter, this fault is found in many great artists, and I have seen but rare exceptions.

THE FRENCH PUBLIC.

WHAT can I say of the French public? Has it a taste of its own, an independent judgment? I doubt it. Those ten, twenty, and thirty men of superior intelligence who never miss a first night, whether of music or drama, guide and lead after them the mass of the audience. Would the claque with its paid applause ever have become established in France if the public had an opinion of its own? And if it had such an opinion, would it submit to the imposition of judgment upon it? It is very true that if the play or the actor is not in touch with the audience, the claque has not the power to force it to return and see the same play, but it serves, nevertheless, to modify any distaste on the part of the public. In Italy it could have no other effect than to make the public still more hostile to a play. One can never obtain a sincere, independent, legitimate judgment from

the mass of the French public. If the thirty intelligent persons do not approve, the mass will remain indifferent. And just so is it with the press. If the papers favor a play, they have much influence on public opinion, they incite the people to fill the theater, and the audience, whether it will or no, is persuaded that it has been amused. If the censors are unfavorable, the house will stay empty. Hence it results that it is never the public which decides, but the thirty assiduous men of intelligence who render the verdict, and the press which condemns or applauds.

When I was again in Florence, I lived quietly and happily with my wife, whom I could not take with me on my professional tours, since she was obliged to attend to our family affairs, and to care as well for her own health. During the summer I busied myself with my garden and vineyard on my small property near Florence. At the end of October, 1879, we returned to our winter quarters in Florence, and on November 13 our second child was born, after which event my wife was taken with an obstinate fever; then inflammation set in, and finally scarlet fever, which in her enfeebled condition did not break out openly, but none the less accomplished its maleficent work. After a month of suffering under this accumulation of ills, a violent attack of peritonitis developed, and the poor creature, worn out, lost her reason and then her life, leaving me two little babies as memorials of our love.

I cannot describe my anguish of mind. The world imagines that the artist wraps up all his aspirations in his own self-love. It is indeed true that that satisfaction appeals to the mind, but it cannot compensate for the tortures of the heart. Not to have known my mother, who died when I was two years old; to have lost my father at fifteen; to have seen waste away, still young, the woman who first inspired me with deep affection; to have been bereaved of my wife, who was not yet twenty-four; and finally to see a brother die upon whom I had counted as the friend of my old age—all this I have endured. Truly those who have no feelings are most happy!

A TOUR OF EASTERN EUROPE.

LEFT alone by the death of my wife, with my well-grown sons at school, and my last children too young to give me any consolation, I threw myself with renewed ardor into the embrace of art, resolved to seek no other distraction, but to look for relief and oblivion in unwearied study, in practice on the stage, in continuous traveling; but throughout four years it was impossible for me to forget my misfortune. All that was not connected with my art

was repulsive to me: to new acquaintanceships I was indifferent; traveling did not cheer me; and even in the exercise of my profession the dominating recollection of the irreparable loss I had suffered remained fixed in my mind.

On November 11, 1879, I again started out, this time for Trieste, whence I went again to Vienna. Having given a few nights at Pesth, I went on to the cosmopolitan city of Russia, Odessa. There everybody has a more or less complete knowledge of Italian, and I had a festive greeting from the heterogeneous population.

I remained in Odessa from January 15 to February 20, 1880, and then went to Roumania, where I first appeared on February 23. I played six times at Jassy, three times at Galatz, twice at Braila, and finally, on March 20, I proceeded to the capital, and stayed there until April 14. I was so well received by the people and their rulers, that the Prince, now King Charles I., honored me with the Star of Roumania. The scholarly Princess, now Queen Pauline Elizabeth ("Carmen Sylva"), showed me the greatest kindness and courtesy. She had the kindness to read to me one of her poetical works, written in French, which seemed to me full of dash and interest, and elegant in form. I shall always retain an agreeable memory of the exquisite welcome of that court. After leaving Bucharest I played three times at Cracow, and on April 20 left Roumania to return to Florence, in order to take breath for my future peregrinations.

TRAGEDY IN TWO LANGUAGES.

IN this year the agent of an impresario and theater-owner of Boston came to Florence to make me the proposal that I should go to North America for the second time, to play in Italian supported by an American company. I thought the man had lost his senses. But after a time I became convinced that he was in his right mind, and that no one would undertake a long and costly journey simply to play a joke, and I took his extraordinary proposition into serious consideration, and asked him for explanations.

"The idea is this," the agent made answer; "it is very simple. You found favor the last time with the American public with your Italian company, when not a word that was said was understood, and the proprietor of the Globe Theater of Boston thinks that if he puts with you English-speaking actors, you will yourself be better understood, since all the dialogue of your supporters will be plain. The audience will concern itself only with following you, with the aid of the play-books in both languages, and will not have to pay attention to the others, whose words it will understand."

"But how shall I take my cue, since I do

not understand English? And how will your American actors know when to speak, since they do not know Italian?"

"Have no anxiety about that," said the agent. "Our American actors are mathematicians, and can memorize perfectly the last words of your speeches, and they will work with the precision of machines."

"I am ready to admit that," said I, "although I do not think it will be so easy; but it will in any case be much easier for them, who will have to deal with me alone, and will divide the difficulty among twenty or twenty-four, than for me, who must take care of all."

The persevering agent, however, closed my mouth with the words, "You do not sign yourself 'Salvini' for nothing!" He had an answer for everything, he was prepared to convince me at all points, to persuade me about everything, and to smooth over every difficulty, and he won a consent which, though almost involuntary on my part, was legalized by a contract in due form, by which I undertook to be at New York not later than November 15, 1880, and to be ready to open at Philadelphia with "*Othello*" on the 29th of the same month.

I was still dominated by my bereavement, and the thought was pleasant to me of going away from places which constantly brought it back to my mind. Another sky, other customs, another language, grave responsibilities, a novel and difficult undertaking of uncertain outcome—I was willing to risk all simply to distract my attention and to forget. I have never in my life been a gambler, but that time I staked my artistic reputation upon a single card. Failure would have been a new emotion, severe and grievous, it is true, but still different from that which filled my mind. I played, and I won! The friends whom I had made in the United States in 1873, and with whom I had kept up my acquaintance, when they learned of the confusion of tongues, wrote me discouraging letters. In Italy the thing was not believed, so eccentric did it seem. I arrived in New York nervous and feverish, but not discouraged or depressed.

When the day of the first rehearsal came, all the theaters were occupied, and I had to make the best of a rather large concert-hall to try to get into touch with the actors who were to support me. An Italian who was employed in a newspaper-office served me as interpreter in coöperation with the agent of my Boston impresario. The American artists began the rehearsal without a prompter, and with a sureness to be envied especially by our Italian actors, who usually must have every word suggested to them. My turn came, and the few words which *Othello* pronounces in the first scene came in smoothly and without difficulty.

When the scene with the *Council of Ten* came, of a sudden I could not recall the first line of a paragraph, and I hesitated; I began a line, but it was not that; I tried another with no better success; a third, but the interpreter told me that I had gone wrong. We began again, but the English was of no assistance to me in recognizing which of my speeches corresponded to that addressed to me, which I did not understand. I was all at sea, and I told the interpreter to beg the actors to overlook my momentary confusion, and to say to them that I should be all right in five minutes. I went off to a corner of the hall and bowed my head between my hands, saying to myself, "I have come for this, and I must carry it through." I set out to number mentally all the paragraphs of my part, and in a short time I said, "Let us begin again."

During the remainder of the rehearsal one might have thought that I understood English, and that the American actors understood Italian. No further mistake was made by either side; there was not even the smallest hesitation, and when I finished the final scene of the third act between *Othello* and *Iago*, the actors applauded, filled with joy and pleasure. The exactitude with which the subsequent rehearsals of "Othello," and those of "Hamlet," proceeded was due to the memory, the application, and the scrupulous attention to their work of the American actors, as well as to my own force of will and practical acquaintance with all the parts of the play, and to the natural intuition which helped me to know without understanding what was addressed to me, divining it from a motion, a look, or a light inflection of the voice. Gradually a few words, a few short phrases, remained in my ear, and in course of time I came to understand perfectly every word of all the characters; I became so sure of myself that if an actor substituted one word for another I perceived it. I understood the words of Shakspeare, but not those of the spoken language.

In a few days we went to Philadelphia to begin our representations. My old acquaintances were in despair. To those who had sought to discourage me by their letters others on the spot joined their influence, and tried everything to overthrow my courage. I must admit that the nearer came the hour of the great experiment, the more my anxiety grew and inclined me to deplore the moment when I had put myself in that dilemma. I owe it in a great degree to my cool head that my discouraging forebodings did not unman me so much as to make me abandon myself wholly to despair. Just as I was going on the stage, I said to myself: "After all, what can happen to me? They will not murder me. I shall have tried,

and I shall have failed; that is all there will be to it. I will pack up my baggage and go back to Italy, convinced that oil and wine will not mix." A certain contempt of danger, a firm resolution to succeed, and, I am bound to add, considerable confidence in myself, enabled me to go before the public calm, bold, and secure.

The first scene before the palace of *Brabantio* was received with sepulchral silence. When that of the *Council of Ten* came, and the narration of the vicissitudes of *Othello* was ended, the public broke forth in prolonged applause. Then I said to myself, "A good beginning is half the work." At the close of the first act, my adversaries, who were such solely on account of their love of art, and their belief that the two languages could not be amalgamated, came on the stage to embrace and congratulate me, surprised, enchanted, enthusiastic, happy that they had been mistaken, and throughout the play I was the object of constant demonstrations of sympathy.

AMERICAN CRITICAL TASTE.

FROM Philadelphia we went to New York, where our success was confirmed. It remained for me to win the suffrages of Boston, and I secured them, first having made stops in Brooklyn, New Haven, and Hartford. When in the American Athens I became convinced that that city possesses the most refined artistic taste. The theatrical audiences are serious, attentive to details, analytical,—I might almost say scientific,—and one might fancy that such careful critics had never in their lives done anything but occupy themselves with scenic art. With reference to a presentation of Shakspeare, they are profound, acute, subtle, and they know so well how to clothe some traditional principle in close logic, that if faith in the opposite is not quite unshakable in an artist, he must feel himself tempted to renounce his own tenets. It is surprising that in a land where industry and commerce seem to absorb all the intelligence of the people, there should be in every city and district, indeed in every village, people who are competent to discuss the arts with such high authority. The American nation counts only a century of freedom, yet it has produced a remarkable number of men of high competence in dramatic art. Those who think of tempting fortune by displaying their untried artistic gifts on the American stage, counting on the ignorance or inexperience of their audience, make a very unsafe calculation. The taste and critical faculty of that public are in their fullness of vigor. Old Europe is more bound by traditions, more weary, more *blasé*, in her judgment, not always sincere or disinterested. In America the national pride is warmly felt,

and the national artists enjoy high honor. The Americans know how to offer an exquisite hospitality, but woe to the man who seeks to impose on them! They profess a cult, a veneration, for those who practise our art, whether of their own nation or foreign, and their behavior in the theater is dignified. I recall one night when upon invitation I went to see a new play in which appeared an actor of reputation. The play was not liked, and from act to act I noticed that the house grew more and more scanty, like a faded rose which loses its petals one by one, until at the last scene my box was the only one which remained occupied. I was more impressed by this silent demonstration of hostility than I should have been if the audience had made a tumultuous expression of its disapproval. The actors were humiliated and confounded, and as the curtain fell an instinctive sentiment of compassion induced me to applaud.

To return to my tour. From Boston I went to Montreal and Toronto, thence to Cincinnati for a week, and again to New York for a fortnight. I think that all my dramatic colleagues will agree with me that the life of an actor in America is extremely wearing. The system obtains everywhere of opening the theaters every night, and I cannot blame the owners from the point of view of their own interests; for since they hire their watchmen and attendants by the year, they must pay their salaries whether their houses are open or closed. They are therefore constrained to impose similar conditions upon the managers. The most celebrated artists must therefore play every night except Sunday, and in some States even on that day, and on one or two days of the week they must play twice. Think of an artist, all of whose repertory is made up of tragedies of Shakspeare, and tell me whether it is possible that human strength can resist such a strain.

Admitting that one's nerves may be elastic enough to endure it, one cannot control the vocal organs; and after a few weeks of such exaggerated effort, the actor's strength and vocal faculty diminish, and the later representations seem pale and without the life and fire required for the best results. I always held back from submitting myself to this imposition; I was never willing to play more than four or at the most five times a week, and even to the injury of my immediate interests I would never depart from this resolution. There may have been actors able to support the burden more easily, but I know, though endowed with muscles of steel, sound health, and a strong voice, I would not undertake it. I know well that to keep a machine in good running order, there must be time to keep it always polished and oiled; with

this precaution, even after fifty years of activity, it will not show a trace of rust, and will still be in condition to perform its regular functions. In so long a period my machine was forced to stop only twice; and both times, after the damage was repaired,—damage which resulted not from imprudence, but from unforeseen accidents,—it began running again as efficiently as before. I continued my peregrinations to Albany, Buffalo, Detroit, and Chicago, and other cities in the West and South.

A VISIT TO THE CAPITAL.

At last we proceeded to the capital of the United States. Washington is a very attractive city, with superb edifices, wide and well-paved streets, beautiful shops, and a population of most agreeable quality. It is safe to say that, after those of Boston, the theater audiences there are the most intelligent and appreciative in North America. The delegates to Congress, of the different States, with their families, form an important contingent of intelligence beyond the average. In that city I had an experience worth relating. With an acquaintance who spoke Italian and English I went one day to visit the Capitol. When we had entered the majestic structure, and were walking through the offices, the corridors, and the private rooms of the committees, I noticed that I was an object of curiosity to the many people whom I met. After half an hour spent in visiting the labyrinth of halls and galleries, a gentleman presented himself to me as a member of the House, and invited me in the name of the Speaker to visit the House of Representatives. I tried to excuse myself on the ground of my modest morning-dress, but the gentleman who invited me observed that this question of dress was little attended to in America, and I yielded to his arguments and to those of the friend who was with me, and presented myself before the Speaker. The Speaker rose from his chair, as did all the members present. After a few very courteous words, he gave me permission to visit the hall of the House, and as I passed through the corridors between the lines of seats all the members advanced from right and left to shake hands with me. When I reached the back of the great hall a crowd of the pages of the House, dressed in uniform, surrounded me with little note-books in their hands, belonging to the congressmen, and asked for my autograph. I had to write my name two hundred and seventy-eight times; and, luckily for me, the attendance that day was not large! My hand became cramped with so many signatures, and Heaven knows what my calligraphy became before I finished.

IMPRESSIONS OF EDWIN BOOTH.

THE celebrated actor Edwin Booth was at this time in Baltimore, a city distant two hours from the capital. I had heard so much about this superior artist that I was anxious to see him, and on one of my off nights I went to Baltimore with my impresario's agent. A box had been reserved for me without my knowledge, and was draped with the Italian colors. I regretted to be made so conspicuous, but I could not fail to appreciate the courteous and complimentary desire to do me honor shown by the American artist. It was only natural that I should be most kindly influenced toward him, but without the courtesy which predisposed me in his favor he would equally have won my sympathy by his attractive and artistic lineaments, and his graceful and well-proportioned figure. The play was "Hamlet." This part brought him great fame, and justly; for in addition to the high artistic worth with which he adorned it, his elegant personality was admirably adapted to it. His long and wavy hair, his large and expressive eye, his youthful and flexible movements, accorded perfectly with the ideal of the young prince of Denmark which now obtains everywhere. His splendid delivery, and the penetrating philosophy with which he informed his phrases, were his most remarkable qualities. I was so fortunate as to see him also as *Richieu* and *Iago*, and in all three of these parts, so diverse in their character, I found him absolutely admirable. I cannot say so much for his *Macbeth*, which I saw one night when passing through Philadelphia. The part seemed to me not adapted to his nature. *Macbeth* was an ambitious man, and Booth was not. *Macbeth* had barbarous and ferocious instincts, and Booth was agreeable, urbane, and courteous. *Macbeth* destroyed his enemies traitorously—did this even to gain possession of their goods—while Booth was noble, lofty-minded, and generous of his wealth. It is thus plain that however much art he might expend, his nature rebelled against his portrayal of that personage, and he could never hope to transform himself into the ambitious, venal, and sanguinary Scottish king.

I should say, from what I heard in America, that Edwin Forrest was the Modena of America. The memory of that actor still lives, for no one has possessed equally the power to give expression to the passions, and to fruitful and burning imagery, in addition to which he possessed astonishing power of voice. Almost contemporaneously a number of most estimable actors have laid claim to his mantle; but above them all Edwin Booth soared as an eagle.

After a very satisfactory experience in Baltimore, I returned for the third time to New

York, and gave "Othello," "Macbeth," and the "Gladiator," each play twice, and made the last two appearances of my season in Philadelphia. After playing ninety-five times in the new fashion, I felt myself worn out, but fully satisfied with the result of my venturesome undertaking. When I embarked on the steamer which was to take me to Europe, I was escorted by all the artists of the company which had cooperated in my happy success, by my friends, and by courteous admirers, and I felt that if I were not an Italian I should wish to be an American.

IN EGYPT.

At the end of May, 1881, I landed at Havre, and went on to Paris, where I took a good week of rest—relative rest, that is, for in that city it is not easy to do nothing. I did not fail to frequent the Comédie Française to hear some of those excellent society comedies which are played there with so much taste, delicacy, and truth; and after having myself recited such a vast quantity of verse during seven months, that pure and beautiful prose appeared to me a most savory change, seasoned as it was with the most delicate sauces and spices by the most expert of cooks. When I reached Florence my first thought was to retire at once to my country house, to enjoy that calm which one cannot find except at home and in the bosom of his family. However, offers of new theatrical enterprises came to disturb my repose, and I was constrained to accept a proposition that I should go to Egypt for the months of December, 1881, and January, 1882. I formed, for these two months only, an Italian company, and on December 3 I opened in Alexandria. Theatrical methods there are regulated upon the Italian principles, and it is necessary to change the play every night; so besides my accustomed tragedies I gave dramas and comedies, as for example "Le Lapidaire," by Alexandre Dumas; "Fasma," by Dall' Ongaro; "La Calomnie," by Scribe; and "La Suonatrice d'Arpa," by Chiossone.

I need not say how much pleasure the people of Alexandria took in these plays. The Italian colony overwhelmed me with generous demonstrations, and the Boat Club invited me to name after myself a new acquisition of their navy—not, it is true, a *Duilio*. After playing fourteen times in Alexandria, we went to Cairo, and I lost no time in visiting those tremendous monuments the Pyramids, glorious and imposing relics of a greatness the idea of which we cannot now even conceive.

RECEPTION IN RUSSIA.

At the end of January I went back to Italy, and was invited to go to Russia. I got to

gether fresh actors and actresses, and on February 24, 1882, I presented myself on the stage of the Maria Theater in St. Petersburg. I thus passed quickly from a land of suffocating heat to one of bitter cold, but changes of temperature have never affected me much. I confess that when I first entered that empire I felt a vague apprehension, the cause of which I did not fully explain to myself. I had been invited by the Direction of the Imperial Theaters, I came in the quality of a foreign artist, and no harm could possibly come to me; nevertheless, after the vexations inflicted by the customs officers at the Russian frontier on the members of my company, an indescribable disgust developed in my mind. My imagination is naturally fervid, and in my fancy I saw the poor exiles in Siberia, the knout administered in the public streets to disrespectful subjects, the tortures of the prisons, the summary confiscations of the property of the suspected, the arrogance of the soldiery, the extreme rigor of the laws, the servile obsequiousness obligatory toward the Czar, the despotism of the great, and the extreme degradation of the humble; and all this seemed to me so dark as in fact to be wholly black. The Nihilists had only a little before laid their inexorable hand on their prey, and all were still palpitating with the tragic end of the Emperor Alexander II. You can imagine how the Government stood to its arms, and how the people constantly trembled with dread. The theater was a permitted and innocent distraction, and there, freed from fear, and laying aside the perturbation of politics, the public worked off its excitement in clamorous enthusiasm, sometimes to the point of disturbing the course of the play and disconcerting the unlucky actor. I have never had experience with a public so systematically persistent in applause as the Russian. After the artist has gone through a very fatiguing part, and, panting, prostrated, in a bath of perspiration, hopes to be able to retire to his room to rest, he is obliged to stand for a full half-hour, exhausted and perspiring as he is, to receive the interminable ovations of the people; and he must go before the curtain fifteen, twenty, or even thirty times. Not content with that, they wait for you at the door, no matter how long you take to dress, and stand in lines for you to pass between, begging a look or a touch of your hand; and if you live so near by as not to need a carriage, they accompany you on foot to the door of your lodgings, with open manifestations of sympathy. The Russian is courteous, hospitable, liberal to the actor; but, like all those whose enthusiasm exceeds due bounds, he forgets easily.

There have been but very few native artists of celebrity. On the other hand, the Imperial

companies, which play only in St. Petersburg and Moscow, are meritorious, and distinguished for the smoothness of their representations. In the secondary cities the artistic contingent is of wretched quality, and may be compared with the lowest ranks of our own — the so-called *guitti*; but the Russian public, particularly in the provinces, is amiable, tolerant, and ready, for the sake of amusement of any kind, to accept an alloy for the pure metal. I made twenty appearances at St. Petersburg in thirty-eight days, and then went to Moscow, where I gave eleven more performances. At Moscow the public seemed to be much calmer, and, moreover, our houses were much better. In both cities splendid gifts were made me, which I preserve as pleasant remembrances of an enjoyable experience. By the end of April, 1882, I was again resting in Florence.

STUDY OF "KING LEAR."

AFTER having given due attention to the interests of my family, and fulfilled my social obligations, I employed my time in polishing my study of Shakspeare's *King Lear*, and overcoming some difficulties which that character presented to me, with the intention of bringing it out in the United States, whither I had arranged to go in the beginning of October. My work on that play preoccupied me greatly, and although I had brought it out in a preliminary appearance at the Teatro Salvini, and it had been well received by public and press, I did not feel entirely satisfied with myself, and I proposed to combat my difficulties deliberately and seriously. I wished to find the way to make some scenes more effective, while maintaining the character in its proper relations. It was necessary to devise means for producing effects with auxiliaries different from those to which I had been accustomed, to move and interest the audience by creating new combinations and contrasts, and by conjuring up a type of sentiment in accord with the character and the age of that grandiose personage. I do not know whether I was successful, but the greeting of the public gave me assurance that I made at least some approach to my object. I was thus provided with a new play for my third venture in the United States.

I played 109 times in this season as against 95 the time before; moreover, the last sixteen representations of the "*Morte Civile*" were most lucrative, since I gave them in company with the famous actress Clara Morris. It is right that I should pay a merited tribute to this excellent actress; for one could not wish for a better interpreter of the part of *Rosalie* in the drama I have named. This season was also more brilliant than the one before it, because the rumor

had spread that I would not come again to North America—a baseless and absurd rumor, since the financial results were rather such as to encourage me to cross the ocean again, as in fact they did. The public was, however, so fully persuaded of the sincerity of my alleged resolution, that several gentlemen associated themselves to offer me a banquet at the Brunswick Hotel, at which all classes of New York society were represented. The distinguished German actor Barnay, who was then in New York, came to the banquet after his play, and made a speech full of kindly encomium, which aroused sincere enthusiasm.

I again recrossed the ocean, not to rest, as I might perhaps have been excused for doing, after so many and continuous fatigues, but to study the part of *Coriolanus* in proof of my unwearied love of my art, which I have always looked upon as my second mother. If in the vicissitudes of my life I had not had this recourse, I do not know what would have become of me. Art has always received me, restored me, protected me; and if it has not been able to make me forget my misfortunes altogether, it has mitigated them. I owe to it my moments of comfort, satisfaction, and joy, and now that I am constrained to abandon it, I do not weep, for I have never been weak; but my heart feels the sting of bitterness.

While I was occupying myself with the character of that impetuous but valorous warrior, it was proposed to me to go to Rome and Trieste, and to play a few times in Florence. My fellow-citizens never evinced more affection and admiration for me than upon this occasion. At Rome my nine appearances were greeted with hearty interest and enthusiasm. At Florence the theater was never large enough to receive those who wished to secure entrance, and at Trieste I was overwhelmed with ovations. The same company went with me for a season at Covent Garden, London. The time of the year was not propitious. At the end of February there were very thick fogs accompanying a humid and cold atmosphere, and the heating arrangements of the theater were so defective that it seemed like playing in an ice-house. I remember that on the night when I played the "Gladiator," in the fourth act, when I had to fight in the arena with nothing but silken tights on my body, before I went on my teeth chattered with cold. At the end of that very fatiguing act the perspiration rolled from me as in a Turkish bath, and when I reached my dressing-room a heavy chill came over me, from the effects of which I suffered long. The audience sat in their overcoats and furs, the men with their collars turned up, and the women with their heads wrapped in shawls and hoods. Our season had opened with excellent promise, but

whatever may have been the public's love for the theater, many were constrained to stay away in such weather for fear of illness. I made urgent complaints to my impresario, but the evil was irremediable. After twenty-one nights of "Othello," "King Lear," "Macbeth," the "Gladiator," and "Hamlet," we proceeded to Edinburgh, and the weather having become milder, our business again rose to its regular level. Our tour included the cities of Glasgow, Manchester, Newcastle, Birmingham, Brighton, and Dublin, and closed with a farewell representation of "Othello" in London.

CORIOLANUS.

IT being out of the question to remain in London, the only city in which a summer season is possible, I proposed to my company that they should continue at my disposition at half salary from the end of May until November 1 of that year (1884), proposing again to go on the road at the latter date. They agreed; and on November 4 we began a series of nine representations at Naples, whence we went to Messina, Palermo, and Catania, and thus I ended the year, resolved to confine myself for the immediate future to the study of the banished and vindictive hero *Coriolanus*. I felt that I could divine that character, which resembled my own in some ways—not, certainly, in his warlike exploits, but in his susceptibility, in his spurning of the arrogance and insolent pretensions of the ignorant masses, and, above all, in his filial submissiveness and affection. Unfortunately, I was not able to submit the results of this study to the judgment of the Italian public, as I have done with all my others, since it demands too costly a stage setting, and it was impossible to secure in the great number of assistants necessary that artistic discipline without which the grandiose easily merges in the ridiculous. I regretted this much, as my compatriots would have given me an unbiased and intellectual judgment of the work; but for the reasons I have stated I reconciled myself to giving it for the first time at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where indeed nothing was lacking for an admirable setting of the tragedy. This, as my reader will not need to be told, was the fourth time that I went before the American public, on three of which times I was supported by an English-speaking company.

The close of my artistic career approaches, and with it the end of the anecdotes with which it has been diversified. The chief object of these memoirs is to make it known to any one whom it may aid how a young man, without inherited resources, and constrained to look out for himself from very early years, can by upright conduct, firm resolution, and assiduous effort

acquire in time some renown, and the means for enjoying the comforts of life in his old age without being dependent on anybody. Those who meet with misfortune owing to too little application to study, or to pretensions out of proportion to their deserts, deserve indulgence indeed, but not compassion. If my example can be of utility to those who are born with artistic instincts, I shall have the reward for which I hoped in undertaking this sketch of my life. Moralizing is now out of fashion, but an example still receives attention, and may be of service. Art is pure, loyal, honorable, uncontaminated. Through these virtues it exacts, commands, imposes morality upon whomsoever places himself under its ægis, and it rejects, condemns, and punishes him who fails to respect it. It is for this reason that great artists, with rare exceptions, are moral and honorable.

A LUDICROUS APPEARANCE IN KHARKOV.

BEFORE telling of my fourth visit to North America, I must narrate a rather strange experience which I had in the spring of 1885. A lady (I say *lady* to distinguish the sex) made me an offer to play in Little Russia with native actors. My knowledge of all foreign languages is extremely limited, but of Russian I do not know a single word. I informed my would-be impresario of this difficulty, and she diminished my hesitation by writing me that Italian was more or less familiar to all in those regions, and particularly at Kharkov, where there is a university, and that the actors would do their best to coöperate with me; and she added that she would provide two prompters speaking the two languages. Persistence sometimes overcomes even avarice, and I allowed myself to be seduced by her pressing arguments. I went to Kharkov, where the company was assembled, and I was scandalized to behold a theater entirely of wood, old, ruinous, and littered with the dirt of a century, which was enough to make me shiver. The actors, except the leading lady, who could recognize French by sight, did not understand a word outside of their own tongue; there were indeed two prompters, but the Russian knew no Italian, and the Italian no Russian. At the rehearsals the two prompters made a conventional sign to each other to call the attention of the one upon whom it was incumbent to speak. The actors, who were Russian provincials, seemed not to be in the habit of committing their parts to memory, for even at the last rehearsal which I made with them, they were not sure of their lines. The unhappy prompter had to repeat a phrase two and three times to get the actor to take it, and you can imagine what smoothness this system produced in the representation. I

am naturally patient, and I sought to inculcate into this band of mountebanks the advantages of more study, more exactness, more attention, and I sought to furnish them with an example by never giving the Italian prompter occasion to speak; but it profited nothing. The public representation began, and the audience, accustomed to that system of acting, was not at all disturbed by it, but seemed to look upon it as a surprising phenomenon that, while the murmur of the prompter formed a constant accompaniment to the words of the other actors, when I spoke the murmur ceased. It seemed, too, that little attention was given to exactness in costume, for I noticed that *Brabantio* in "Othello" wore short breeches and shoes with buckles, like a priest. In the "Gladiator," instead of tunic and toga, the lover came on the stage in trunk-hose and short Spanish cloak of the time of Philip II. You can picture to yourself what the scenery, furniture, and accessories must have been. But the people did not complain, and did not even criticize. In their eyes everything was admirable, and they gave vent to the most exaggerated enthusiasm. During the rehearsals the prompters occupied stools, one on each side of the stage, but during the public performances both crowded into the little prompter's box, which was covered with a hood of pasteboard. On the first night I was so much preoccupied that I thought of nothing that did not concern the course of the play itself, but on the second I noticed those two unfortunates wedged in together, simply melting with perspiration, each with one arm out of the box holding the book of the play, and nudging each other at intervals to indicate whose turn it was to prompt; and, thinking of the Siamese twins, such an impulse to laugh came upon me that with difficulty I avoided making a scandal.

The University of Kharkov is large and of much importance, and, as was natural, the audiences were made up in large part of students. Every one knows the characteristics of that picked class of society, marked by energy, enthusiasm, goodness of heart, and generous tendencies, compounded with thoughtlessness and disorder. Especially in Russia, where the students are held in check by a rigorous Government, which suppresses every liberal aspiration, whenever an opportunity offers to give rein to excitement, the reaction follows, and unbridled demonstrations break out. I refer to this because one night I had experience of the consequences of this condition. I do not remember what the play was, but when I came out of the theater I found a real mob waiting for me, and with deafening shouts they lifted me in the air and carried me above their heads like a balloon to my carriage, into which they

threw me as if I were a rubber ball. I may remark that I weigh 250 pounds! As soon as I felt myself freed from their clutches, I shouted, "Whip up, driver!" and the horses broke into a trot; but the crowd ran behind the carriage shouting and clamoring, and from time to time I caught the words "*Un souvenir!*" It was not easy for me to satisfy them at that moment, but a happy idea came to me. When I reached my hotel I remembered that I had in my portfolio a number of visiting-cards. I took them all and threw them into the most fervent group of manifesters, and while these were busy picking up the cards, I had time to get out of my carriage and rush into the hotel, happy in my deliverance. The Russians are most lavish in their gifts, and I brought away many as remembrances of those regions, which I have not seen since. At Saratov and at Taganrog there was no lack of demonstrations; but as there were no students, enthusiasm did not become dangerous to life, as in Kharkov. We were to have gone on to Kazan, but the manager thought it good to pocket all the receipts, and to omit to pay the actors, who justly refused to keep on under these conditions. I gave a performance for their benefit, and took my departure, leaving that management of little faith the richer by several thousands of francs on my account also, but very glad, nevertheless, to get away from it.

MISFORTUNES IN CALIFORNIA.

FROM my journey to Russia I returned to Florence, to await the time of going to the United States, where the season opened, as usual, in the month of October. My first performances were in the new Metropolitan Opera House. There I first produced "*Coriolanus*," and I was so happy as to meet with a flattering reception. After the usual tour through the chief cities, in February, 1886, we went to California. The weather was unusually severe. Along the line beyond Denver was erected an immense penthouse of wood, many miles long, to carry over the tracks the frequent avalanches from the mountains above. To admire this Titanic work I went out on the platform of my car before we reached the entrance of the snow-shed, and for more than half an hour I was compelled to breathe the damp cloud of smoke and steam, which was shut in by the shed and could not escape. I say I was *forced* to breathe it, because in the darkness and the dazed feeling produced by the dense and black atmosphere, and the undulation of the swiftly running train, I was afraid to move for fear of falling on the rails. When we shot out into the light I was as drenched as if I had been ducked in a well, and I believe it is to this that

I owe the complete loss of my voice after our first two or three performances in San Francisco,—a thing which in my whole career had never happened to me before. It was a most provoking accident. Everything promised us at the outset a splendid financial success,—my artistic success was won already,—when the sudden closing of the theater, the uncertainty of the people whether I could go on again, and the contemporaneous appearance of several new attractions, all united to divert the public from us, and we passed a week of interrupted profit and unlooked-for loss. I tried the most heroic and disagreeable remedies, but the disease would not be turned from its course, and we had to wait until my vocal organs could resume their sonority. While I lay in bed trying to get well, out of spirits, cross, and worried, not only for my own loss, but for that of my manager, a telegraphic despatch came from Florence to aggravate my trouble and grieve me sorely. My brother Alessandro was dead. This sad news pained and depressed me so greatly that when I returned to the stage, not fully cured, and afflicted by my sudden loss, the public could not have formed a very favorable opinion of my artistic merit. Certainly I was not in condition to make the most of what I may have had.

PLAYING WITH BOOTH.

FROM California we returned to New York, where I had an offer to play for three weeks with the famous artist Edwin Booth, to give three performances of "*Othello*" a week, with Booth as *Iago* and me as *Othello*. The cities selected were New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. As the managers had to hire the theaters by the week, they proposed that we should give "*Hamlet*" as a fourth performance, with Booth as *Hamlet* and me as the *Ghost*. I accepted with the greatest pleasure, flattered to be associated with so distinguished and sympathetic an artist. I cannot find epithets to characterize those twelve performances! The word "extraordinary" is not enough, nor is "splendid"; I will call them "unique," for I do not believe that any similar combination has ever aroused such interest in North America. To give some idea of it, I will say that the receipts for the twelve performances were \$43,500, an average of \$3,625 a night. In Italy such receipts would be something phenomenal; in America they were very satisfactory. During this time I came to know Booth, and I found in him every quality that can characterize a gentleman. The affability and modesty of his manners rendered him justly loved and esteemed, not only by his countrymen, but by all who had the fortune to make his acquaintance.

For the performances I have described the best-known artists who were then free were engaged; and my son Alessandro played *Cassio* in "Othello" and *Laertes* in "Hamlet" with honor to himself, as he had also played with credit in more important parts in the course of my tour. This still youthful actor was endowed by nature with the gift of easily acquiring northern idioms. He was educated in German Switzerland, and had made a thorough study of German, which rendered the acquisition of English easy for him. I had sought to influence him in any other direction than that of the stage, but in a few months he ventured to present himself before the New York public in a lover's part, in English, beside that able actress Clara Morris, and the verdict was encouraging. By degrees he mastered the English language to such a degree that it could not be perceived that he was a foreigner. Nature bestowed upon this youth the material of an actor. He has a good presence, a fine voice, a vivid imagination, and a natural adaptability to diverse characters. In my opinion those best suited to him are the virile and energetic; in the languid, amorous, and sentimental he does not seem to me so successful.

FIFTH VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

IN 1889 I accepted a fifth engagement for North America. The actor's life in North America can be summed up in three words, "Theater, railroad, hotel." Very few are the cities in which a stop of two or three weeks is made. Away from the large centers, sometimes theater and town are changed every night, with the intervening weariness of packing and of sleeping-cars. And in addition there is the infliction of the reporters, to which you must submit, the thousands of autographs from which there is no relief, and the admirers who persecute you. As you can imagine, at the end of such a season of seven months the actor is very eager to tear this shirt of Nessus from his back. But with all that, if I had been ten years younger I should have returned thither ten times more. One can endure in America what would not be endurable in Europe, and especially in Italy. I do not know whether this is due to the air, or to the material comforts of life, or whether it is that the example of industry animates, fortifies, and spurs one on: but it is certain that so continuous a strain in Europe would prostrate a man in a single year, while in America one undergoes it with resignation and resists it with courage. I will not deny that the anticipation of a satisfactory profit had some influence in maintaining my vitality, although my strongest incitement came from knowing that I was appreciated and loved.

VOL. XLVI.—121.

"SAMSON."

IN October, 1889, then, I found myself again in North America, and I began again the life which I have described. This time, too, I was fortunate in the choice of a play which I had already given in the United States during my first visit in 1873 with the Italian company. After seventeen years "Samson" could be called new to the audiences who saw it. This play was put on the stage as a great spectacle. Scenery, furniture, costumes, accessories, all were made new for the occasion. The fall of the temple of Dagon was presented with so much realism that I feared every night that I should be crushed under one of those enormous blocks which fell on all sides of me. My son Alessandro had the stage management, and he took diligent precautions against a catastrophe. Nevertheless, one night a block of cornice rebounded, and gave me a bruise on the leg which lasted for several days. I was fortunate in having in the actress who played *Delilah* a most efficient coadjutress in the great success of that tragedy. During seven consecutive months I gave only three plays—"Othello," "Samson," and the "Gladiator," except that in the last month I added the "Morte Civile," to be able to take a little breath, and played it as a rest. I gave "Othello" thirty-six times, "Samson" thirty-five, the "Gladiator" twenty, and the "Morte Civile" twelve, in all one hundred and three performances, all requiring great expenditure of force. I need hardly say that, as always, the public showed me appreciation beyond my deserts.

I realized, however, that I should not have the courage to make a sixth appearance in America under those inexorable conditions, and I resolved to announce my farewell to the American people in the papers, with expression of my regret at taking my leave of them for the last time. No one would believe my declaration. People adduced the example of other artists, who have used this means to swell their audiences; but to the honor of truth I can say that I never was under the necessity of having recourse to so puerile a subterfuge. I was induced to say adieu to the United States by my fear of being no longer able to answer their expectation, for it had cost me too much to hide the extreme fatigue consequent on my performances during the season just expired. In former years, owing to my exuberant strength, every effort came spontaneously; now I felt that, to attain the same effects, I must make a greater expenditure of energy. As I left that hospitable land behind, and saw the great Statue of Liberty fade gradually from my sight, I felt a pang in my soul, and if my eyes were dry, my heart wept. I

make a salute to that country whose people are so full of vigor, industry, and courage, and lack neither culture, nor understanding, nor feeling. May the United States receive the salutation of a humble artist, who while his heart beats will feel for that nation respect and love!

In returning to Europe the thought consoled me that I left in the land of Washington an offshoot of my blood. My son Alessandro loves the United States as I do, and can henceforth call himself half American; and I am sure that with industry and unflinching will, besides winning general estimation for himself, he will keep alive beyond the ocean a sympathetic memory of me. In the mean time, thank God, he represents me worthily, and through him my name is still heard in America.

IAGO.

IN 1890-91 Andrea Maggi's company was at the Teatro Niccolini in Florence for the carnival season. Maggi had played the part of *Othello* in other cities, and every condition seemed to favor my taking that of *Iago* in that theater, one of those of the highest repute in Italy. I accepted, and set to work to study, not the character, which was already impressed on my mind, but the mechanism of the words, a thing which for some little time had become difficult for me, owing to a defect of memory. It was much harder for me to commit exactly to memory the precise lines of the part of *Iago* than to form a conception of the personage and to study out the effects. As to the last, the best way to arrive at many is to seek for none. This is not the place to make an analysis of the character; I will only say that every

one looks at it in his own way, and that I have already published my view of it. The "actor of the classic school," as some impressionists call me, aimed to present an example of naturalness in delivery, while bringing into relief the poetic beauties of the part, and to effect this so that the verse form should not obscure truth; and it is said that success was not lacking. With this interpretation I completed my trilogy of parts of the second rank, the others being *Lanciotto* in "Francesca da Rimini" and *Pylades* in "Oreste"; and it was my purpose with these to demonstrate that even in an inferior part it is entirely possible to win the consideration of the public.

It has always been my aim to overcome the difficulties of my profession. The more difficult a thing has seemed, the more firmly I have set my mind upon conquering it. Not a few of the characters which I have played in the course of my long career have aroused bitter criticism, and yet have been well received by the public because my interpretation has been found accurate. Others have dated their success from some counsel of mine, which was based on experience, and for which the author has been grateful to me. Has the collection of the masterworks of art always found in me an interpreter of mirror-like truth? No, I say. I have sought to the extent that my limited abilities have permitted to penetrate to my author's ideal, but I have the conscience to confess that I have not always risen to the height of my own conception. I have never had a more severe critic than myself in matters pertaining to my art. As I myself look at it, my sentiment of blame is stronger than that of satisfaction.

THE END.

Tommaso Salvini.

THE AUTUMN WASTE.

THERE is no break in all the wide, gray sky,
Nor light on any field; and the wind grieves,
And talks of death. Where cold, gray waters lie
Round grayer stones, and the new-fallen leaves
Heap the chill hollows of the naked woods,
A lisping moan, an inarticulate cry,
Creeps far among the charnel solitudes,
Numbing the waste with mindless misery.
In these bare paths, these melancholy lands,
What dream or flesh could ever have been young,
What lovers have gone forth with linkèd hands,
What flowers could ever have bloomed, what birds have sung!
Life, hopes, and human things seem wrapt away
With shrouds and specters in one long decay.

Archibald Lampman.

BENEFITS FORGOT.

By the Author of "Reffey," "A Common Story," "Captain, My Captain," etc.

XXXII.



N the late afternoon of the following day Dorothy was sitting on the piazza of one of the smaller hotels at Colorado Springs watching the sun go down behind Pike's Peak. The little city of invalids and tour-

ists, which has easily one of the loveliest situations in the world, was at one of its best moments. The sun had not gone; the clear air seemed clearer for the tinge of rosiness, and the splendid bulk of the Peak, cut crisply against the dying light, looked down on a cluster of villas and hotels in which each structure seemed to stencil its Queen Anne jaggedness, or Late Colorado vagaries, of outline, against a sky which invited stenciling.

She was alone on the piazza. Some of the other people staying at the hotel (there were not many) had made up a party and driven over to the Garden of the Gods and Manitou; two or three young men had gone on a walk to Cheyenne Cañon; some ladies, left behind, were in their rooms. It was just before the supper hour, and the excursionists would soon be returning. Her father had left her half an hour before, saying that he wanted a walk; he had not suggested that she should come with him, and she had made no movement to accompany him. She was glad to be quiet and to think.

She sat thus for a long time, meditating about many things, and working intermittently at some embroidery in her hands, until suddenly she felt, rather than saw, a shadow fall between her and the sun, and, looking up, perceived Jasper. She rose instantly. A shock went through her. She felt herself gazing at him defiantly, and then she saw how very ill he looked. His face was almost spectral; its old firmness was gone. His hollow cheeks and cavernous eyes gave her a start. Her glance roved hastily over him; she saw that his clothes, which had been used to set so trimly on his figure, hung on him with an almost shambling looseness. In her surprise she remained motionless; arrested halfway in her intention to go in and leave him

standing there. He perceived his advantage, and said, in the thin and wasted voice which had replaced his former manly tones:

"You are wondering at the change. Did n't you know that I had been ill?"

She made "Yes" with her lips.

"But you did n't think it was so bad? It was a close call."

"You ought not to be out. You ought not to be up," she said. She forgot that she had not meant to speak to him. A ball of worsted with which she had been working fell from her arms, and rolled out on the piazza. He stooped with his old precise courtesy, and restored it to her.

"I had a very good reason for getting up," he said. "I heard that you had gone away—that you were leaving Maverick for good. I had meant to wait until I could come to see you in the usual way; I should have managed it in a day or two. But your going made everything different."

"Excuse me," rejoined Dorothy, hastily. "I can't allow you to include me in your plans."

He smiled tolerantly. "You remember our last meeting, do you not? You remember your promise. I have been waiting for your answer."

In all the reflections which had contemned Jasper, and put him forever out of the case for her, she had not thought of this—that, in form, he was entitled to some word from her. She saw that it put her for the moment in the wrong with him. But she said, with disdain:

"I did n't think it necessary to tell you that I had found you out. I supposed you would guess that."

Jasper bit his lip, and waited a moment before replying. He had determined, in seeking this interview, to keep his temper.

"I knew that you had resolved to break faith with me when I heard of your engagement to my brother. I don't see why I was bound to suppose that your reason was one discreditable to me."

"Break faith with you?" she repeated scornfully.

"You won't say that you had n't as good as promised me; you won't pretend that if you had never said a word, you had not still given me the right to believe that I was something more to you than another. You distinguished

me, you encouraged me; it might not have meant great things in another case. But you haven't forgotten that we were once betrothed; and you know a woman does n't single out for favor a man who has once occupied that relation to her unless she means something in particular."

The truth of this came over Dorothy helplessly. She gathered herself to confute it, but before she spoke she knew that he had, in a sense, the right of it. It was not in her to lessen a fault because it was hers; rather it pressed on her the more closely. But she saw that if she let Jasper make this point, it must be the end of everything.

"Does it really seem to you that you have a right to expect the same consideration as other men?" she asked, looking into his eyes.

"Why not? You give it to him."

Dorothy caught her breath as he said this, not bitterly or heatedly, but with the quiet manner of stating a consideration which she had omitted. She saw all that he meant; it quelled her, and beat her down. She glanced at him where he stood with his back to the sun, supporting himself lightly against a pillar, and fixing her with a glimmering smile. She opened her lips to speak, and closed them again, thinking better of what she had been going to say. But in a moment she raised her head, and said quickly: "I can't discuss that with you," and made a motion to pass him.

He put out a gentle hand to stay her. "Please don't go yet, Miss Maurice. I've left a sick-bed and come a long way to see you. I'm sure you won't refuse to hear me. You have not been fair." He did not strike this note at hazard. She stopped; he had known she must stop. "If you don't think me worthy of ordinary usage because of my treatment of him, what do you think of his treatment of me?"

The question sent a chill through her; she knew what she had thought of it. Was that still her thought? Confronted with her own sense of Philip's act balanced in this sort against her sense of Jasper's, she had suddenly the need to take refuge in any denial of her old feeling. She could not bear to think, even for that passing moment, that a feeling of hers was sanctioning his comparison. For a moment no answer befriended her; it was because from one point of view there was no answer, she saw. But the necessity to defend him, to cry out against this odious grouping, brought her the certainty—the sudden, illuminating certainty—that hers was the other point of view. She saw surely, for the first time, that the mood of her talk with Deed was a finality; that love had conquered in her. It was her love that spoke now.

"And have you the courage to think the two cases in any way alike?" she said.

He had counted on her inward assent to the soundness of his position. He had it; but he was dealing with another force which he could not measure. He was shaken by the assurance with which she answered. Was he mistaken, then? Had she not thrown Philip over because she hated the injury he had done him? He had reckoned on this, and on the revulsion of feeling toward the injured one which he had imagined in her generous nature. Taking his own act for a moment from what he supposed to be her standpoint, and putting it at its worst (he knew what to think of it himself, but he could fancy her ignorant objections to it readily enough), in what way could she in justice feel it to be more heinous than Philip's? Jasper was, of course, better at almost anything than in estimating the moral value of his own actions; his sincerity in believing them "all right" from the standpoint of a man who did n't pretend to the priggishness of being better than his neighbors disabled his usual cleverness at this point. But he saw his mistake, and maneuvered an inward retreat, and brought himself into line at another place before he answered.

"Suppose I say I have that courage?" He stroked his mustache lightly. Its rich, bright abundance made the cheek behind it seem paler.

She met his eye fearlessly. "I should ask you if you had given your brother back the share in the ranch you took from him if I believed you."

"Why should I?"

"Why should you?"

"Yes. It is mine, for one thing; but that apart, he has n't done as much for me."

"But he has restored the mine to you—he has surrendered everything."

"The mine, yes; but not everything. There is a matter of \$5000."

"What do you mean?" She swept a thousand possibilities with her mental vision while she waited for his answer, and rejected them one after another.

"My precious brother negotiated the loan of that sum on the security of the mine, I find. That was one of the first things he did with his borrowed claim."

"It is not true," said Dorothy, simply.

"You might ask your father."

"My father?" exclaimed she.

"Philip borrowed it for him. It was at a time when your father found it inconvenient to owe me as much as that." He smiled with intention.

"Do you mean to say that—that—" she gasped.

"That I had the presumption to lend your

father as much money as that? Yes. I suppose I must n't expect you to like it, but I did it."

"And he—he took it from *him* to pay you?"

Jasper nodded. She gave a little moan, and sank into one of the seats on the piazza.

The young men who had gone for a walk to Cheyenne Cañon were visible on the road before the hotel. Their woolen stockings and knee-breeches were covered with dust; they came along at a swinging pace, laughing and talking. They passed into the house through the wide entrance, casting a glance of polite curiosity at the intent group at the further end of the piazza.

"Will you do me a kindness?" she asked in a husky voice, as he dropped into the seat beside her. He protested his eagerness. "Go away, please!" she entreated.

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed Jasper, as if he had not understood.

"Please go away. You have made me hear it. I could n't help that. But you won't stay, now." She paused, and clasped her hands before her. A wretched sigh escaped her. "Oh, how could he?" she cried to herself, in the words she had once used for Philip.

"You are not fair, Miss Maurice," he said, rising with dignity. "Am I to blame because my brother has chosen to borrow money on my mine, and has failed to return it to me? Am I to blame because your father chooses, for reasons of his own, to make such an arrangement with your affianced husband?"

"Oh, don't! don't! Have you no manliness?" She felt her cheeks burning with the horror of the ideas that were coming to her; she turned away to hide their shameful confession. She was trying not to hate her father; she was searching for excuses for him. Was it to this, then, that Mr. Deed's allusion to Philip's motives pointed? Was it her father that she must blame for what Philip had done?

"Is the truth so hard, then?" Jasper was asking. "Would you rather believe what you wish to believe? Would you rather think well of certain persons, even if you knew it was not the truth? But I need n't ask. You take the side toward which you are drawn for the moment—like a woman; and everything is indifferent to you but the illusions by which you make yourself think that the right side at all hazards. The truth does n't matter to you—nor justice, nor fairness. You need n't tell me that; I know it," he said.

She winced; the stroke was well aimed. "You know much better than that," she answered feebly.

"Say rather that I used to know better. But I knew it of another woman, I think. The woman I used to know, Miss Maurice, could n't be so resolved to think badly of a man who has

openly taken his right, and so determined, at all costs, to think well of a man who trades on his brother's ignorance to cheat him out of his property." She shrank where she sat, and he pressed home his advantage. "Is it the motive that makes the difference? Is it so wrong, then, to take what belongs to one, without malice, or double thoughts, or hope of any gain but the plain one; and is it so right to take what does *not* belong to one, with the admirable motive of revenge, and the other admirable motive of winning a sneaking advantage with a woman? Ah," cried he, bitterly, "it makes a difference who does such things, and even more it makes a difference for whom they are done!"

"Oh no, no!" she began vehemently. But she sank back in her chair helplessly. She shook her head. "You would not understand."

His voice took a note of tenderness as he dropped again into the seat beside her, and said in low tones, "Are you sure of that, Miss Maurice? I think I know what you have been thinking of me these last few weeks, since we met. You have heard things about me which could n't make you think well of me. But I want you to do me the justice to remember that they were not told you by my friends. There are always two sides. It would be fair to hear mine, before judging. But I don't ask you to do that. Suppose I admit all that you are thinking; suppose I say that I see it, in a degree, from your own point of view; suppose I agree to make it right with my father, to restore what he thinks I came by unfairly; suppose, in other words, I agree to take your view—would you care, would it make a difference to you?"

She glanced up at him in bewilderment. "I'm not sure that I know what you mean," she said quickly. "I could n't care that you should agree with me, merely to agree. You must know that. But the other—" She paused a moment. "You must be equally sure that I should be glad of anything that made you think it right to do that," she said gravely. It was difficult to think of anything but the near and personal trouble which was gnawing at her heart; but his suggestion opened vistas—it stimulated and engaged her.

"Would you care so much, then?" he asked, regarding her curiously.

She hesitated a moment. "Yes; very much," she said heartily. "I have seen your father. Knowing him has given me a great wish to help him. If you could see how what you did has wounded and broken him, you would wish to do what you say even more than I could wish to have you do it."

"He has n't treated me well," said Jasper, laconically.

"No," rejoined Dorothy, eagerly. "It was only what you might have expected him to do; it was only what he had a right to do by the code most of us live by: but he too feels that it was a mistake. Or perhaps I ought to say that he feels it was n't as right as it seemed to him at the time."

"Well, that 's a step," admitted Jasper. And he added, "He did me a beastly injury."

"And what had you done to him?"

"I had taken my rights."

"Yes," said Dorothy, with intention.

"Do you mean that they were not my rights? He had given them to me himself."

"No; I don't mean that," said she, quietly. Her assent maddened him more than any denial could have done. It gave him a feeling of helplessness absolutely singular in his experience.

"Oh, I know what you mean," he retorted bitterly. "You mean that you despise me." Philip's words came back to her, and she wondered how she had ever borne to hear them from him, and allowed him to go from her feeling that what he said was true.

"No," she said gently.

"It's the same thing. I don't thank you for the difference. But you *shall* think differently of me!" He rose quickly and stood before her. "Listen. I have passed three days face to face with death since we met last. Perhaps I am not the same man you have known in all respects." His husky, inadequate voice gave the statement meaning, almost gave it reality. "Would you believe me changed if I were to say so?" He looked closely at her.

"I don't know," she said, looking up at him doubtfully. A new light came into her eyes. "Such things do change a man."

"You imply a doubt whether they would change me. But you shall believe it," he said fiercely. "I will go on to Maverick to-day and withdraw the suit against my father which is to come on to-morrow; I will give up to my brother the share in the ranch which my father claims for him."

"You will!" exclaimed she. "Oh, I shall be glad for your father." Her eyes left him musingly in a happy look.

"And for me?"

She glanced inquiringly at him. She brought herself back to the consideration of his relation to his proposal with an effort. "Oh, I shall be very glad for you, too, of course."

His face fell. "Is that what you mean?" he asked. "Is that all you mean?"

"I shall feel it is good of you — from your point of view; yes, very good."

He bit his lip. It was hardly this measured approbation that he had sought. She saw the defeated look on his face, and with a movement

of compassion and self-accusal, she rose, holding out her hand to him. "I shall think better of you, if that is what you mean. It is generous, it is right."

He held her hand firmly, searching her eyes with a piercing gaze. "How much better?" he asked.

She withdrew her hand. "What do you mean?" she asked, in confusion.

"I am ready to do all that there is to do to show my sincerity."

"Yes," assented she, bewildered; "that is true."

"Will you do nothing for me?"

"What do you wish?"

"Believe in me again." Hestooled over her.

"I will. I do." She withdrew herself from him a little, vaguely alarmed by his manner.

"You know very well what I wish, Dorothy. Believe in me as you used to."

"I can't do that," she said, looking into his eyes, unfaltering. Her breath came quickly.

"Would it be such a miracle, then?"

She nodded.

"Ah," cried he, "you can work for *him*!"

"It is not the same," she stammered.

"No," he rejoined; "it is not the same. It should be much more difficult. He won you from me through this mine."

"Oh, don't say it!" begged Dorothy.

"And he has not scorned to take a more material profit from that villainy. What is he giving up? You made that the test a little while ago. By that measure do I show so badly?"

"He will pay you the money," she said desperately.

"Perhaps. I don't know. It would n't be unlike him, you must own, if he did n't. But can he give me back what else he has taken from me?"

"What?" she asked in a half whisper, though she knew what he must say.

"*You*! Can he pay that debt? Can he give you back to me?" Dorothy dropped her eyes. He took her hand and bent over her tenderly. She seemed suddenly stricken powerless; she could prevent nothing. "It is only you who can pay that debt for him," he said.

His weakened voice had a winning note in its ineffectiveness. For the space of an instant, while she stood there arraigning Philip, as he meant her to, and liking his own surrender as he had hoped, something in her—an effect of nerves rather than of impulses, even the most trivial—responded to him. The plea was ingenious; it addressed itself with overwhelming force to a whole side of her nature; for a moment she felt as if she was about to be carried off her feet—toward what she knew not. Not away from Philip, certainly; but at least toward the man by her side. She felt the dangerous

stirrings of pity at her heart. But a moment later she glanced up and saw him watching her, and another thought came into her mind.

Then she spoke. "It does not seem to me a debt; but if it were, you must know that I could not pay it," she said steadily.

A look of bitter disappointment crossed his countenance.

"Do you mean that?" he asked, scanning her face.

"Yes."

"Yet you expect me to pay my debt," he said bitingly, "—what you regard as mine. You expect me to restore to my father and to him." It was a question, though he put it forth as a statement.

"I expect nothing. You wish that for yourself, do you not?"

Jasper smiled sardonically. "Do you suppose that I can wish for anything apart from my wish for you. You don't know how I love you—you have never known. Say that we may be again as we once were, and you will see what I would be strong enough for. You could do what you would with me."

Her eyes blazed with sudden intelligence. "Do you mean to say—do you dare to say," she said shakily, "that you would only do what you have been proposing to do, if—that you would not do it unless— Oh! oh! And you offered it as a *bribe*! Oh, go! go!"

He caught her hands, and, imprisoning them in his, looked down steadfastly into her eyes, with a long, intent, hungry look. An expression of acute misery came over his face. "Ah," he cried desperately, "now, you *do* despise me!"

She lowered her eyes. She did not answer. He dashed his hand to his face, and without a word walked quickly away from her side, and out into the roadway before the hotel, with the uncertain steps of a sick man.

Dorothy stood where he had left her. She heard his retreating steps, but did not look round. Her eyes were fixed on the rosy summit of the peak. As she looked the sun suddenly went down. A chill was borne to her through the air, and she started. She perceived that she must have been standing so a long time. She put her hand to her face. There were tears in her eyes, too. She saw her father coming toward the hotel from the direction opposite to that which Jasper had taken. A chill went through her for another reason.

XXXIII.

MARGARET stood in the window of her sitting-room at the Centropolis House, which commanded a view of the arrival platform of the railway, and exchanged signals with Deed as

he alighted from his train, on his return from Piñon. She saw Philip follow him, with their hand-luggage, and as he set it down on the platform, he too glanced up at her window, and, catching her eye, waved his hat toward her, with a smile of greeting. Then Vertner seized upon them, and she saw him going through the hopeless struggle to tell them only so much of the truth as he thought they would like; with a beating heart she saw her husband pressing, insisting, and finally pinning him, and Vertner going through the stages of impotent yielding, burlesquing his helplessness with desperate gestures. She saw her husband cowed and dazed, as she had feared, by his news, and saw Philip fall upon Vertner with questions. Then it was Vertner who took the initiative, and he forcibly pulled into the conference the conductor of the train, who was passing them, left them for a moment to dash into the hotel, bestirred himself, bustled about, and finally pushed Philip on the train again, handed his valise up to him, and waved a gay and cheering hand to him, as the train pulled out of the station. Deed, when he had seen the last of the train, turned and challenged Vertner again, and they talked soberly for some moments.

They were palpitating moments to Margaret. Since Dorothy had so suddenly left Maverick with her father she had been in a distracted state. It seemed as if she was almost to blame for it—as if she could have prevented it if she had not gone at Mrs. Felton's invitation for a long drive, on that day, to Loredano; and returned only to find them both gone, leaving no trace save a confused and hurried note from Dorothy, which told her nothing. She quailed before the thought of what this failure of his hope must be to her husband.

She heard his quick step in the passage, and ran to admit him. When she had kissed him she searched his face, and withdrew herself from his embrace in alarm, recognizing the set look of resolve she remembered from the fatal day on which he had left her to go and right himself with Jasper.

He went to the window, while she watched him anxiously, and cast a glance up and down the track. Then he dropped restlessly into a seat, and fixed his eyes dejectedly on the carpet. She took a seat opposite him; when he glanced up she was shocked by his haggard and desperate face. Again she saw in it that look of a man whose fight is done.

"I've got to stop this," he said briefly.

"What, James?"

"The whole of it. Have things been going so well with us for the last six months that I need say? You know what's happened?"

She nodded, with her eyes intent upon him.

"She's gone; Jasper's with her; I've

failed. That's the end of it. I say I've got to stop it."

"Oh, I shall be glad—glad!" she whispered, trying to trust him because she had learned that lesson, but inwardly filled with anguishing doubt.

"I've been a fool. Since Jasper paid us his visit at Mineral Springs I've known that; you showed it to me; and instead of owning up on the spot, and doing what was left to redeem you and me from the consequences of my folly, I've been blundering on since, trying to deny it to myself, and trying hard to believe that I could invent some new way to whip the devil around the stump, and avoid what I—what I did n't want to do," he ended huskily. "It would have worked if it had only been a question of myself or you: I dare say I could have found obstinacy, and pride, and reckless selfishness enough for that." He sighed. "But Philip makes all the difference."

"Yes," said Margaret, still in a whisper.

"Even with him, I thought I could help him to dodge the penalty; I thought I could hoax, or blind, or buy off fate in his case. But Jasper has got in his blow in return already; the infernal business of give and take has begun. The boy has got to repeat my experience, unless—unless—he's paid; he's restored; it makes no difference. There is a sore underneath. We must cure that first. My fault is so hopelessly mixed up with his that nothing he can do can really help him. It's I who have to do."

"But what, James?" cried Margaret, in an alarm she could no longer hide. "But what?"

He returned her frightened look with a tender one. "Jasper's suit against me comes on to-morrow."

"Yes," she assented breathlessly.

"If it is decided in my favor the fight merely shifts; it does n't end. If it is decided against me, am I likely to bear it well? Do you think I could resist striking back? That is the way it has been with me; that is the way it *will* be with me. It's endless. Ah, Margaret, we know that, don't we? Resistance can't stop it; it piles it up. And if that is true for us, how much more it will be true for Philip! The fight must be between brothers, there, with none of the habit of forbearance on either side that makes certain things impossible between father and son. I can't see him marching helplessly into that miserable maze, and involving an innocent girl as I involved you and him. I can't. I've got to stop it."

"But how? Fighting only makes it worse. You say so yourself," she said tentatively.

He stared into her eyes a moment.

"I'm not going to fight," he said. He drew

a long breath as he rose. She got up and came to him, and, slipping her arm in his, looked up into his face. He glanced down at her; his eyes gleamed with the exaltation of his resolve. "I'm going to surrender."

A joyous light dawned in her eyes.

"Do you mean that you will give him back the ranch—that you will restore everything as it was before—before—"

"Before I took what belonged to me? Yes, Margaret; I'm going to try your remedy, whatever you like to call it. I've used up all my own. Don't think I like it. I loathe it. But I'm going to do it. I shall sell the 'Lady Bountiful' as soon as spring opens, and buy the range back from Snell at once. It will be easy enough; this bluffing suit of Jasper's frightens him, though his title is perfectly good; and I shall let Jasper know immediately—before the trial."

"O James!" she murmured, clutching his arm, and looking up into his face, lovingly, admiringly, happily.

"Don't praise it, Margaret," he cried, turning hastily away from her shining look, as from something to which he had no claim, "or I sha'n't have the heart to do it. And God knows I don't want to do it." He walked away from her to the window, and went on, with his back to her: "It's right; you need n't say it; I know it. It's right, and it's the only thing to do, just as it was the only thing to do in the beginning. I see the folly and error of fighting evil with evil, fast enough, if that's what you want me to see: the way to conquer it is to yield to it, to give it more than it asks." He turned toward her with his hands in his pockets. "The mistaken way is to strike back, and to that mistake there is no end. I've learned that. But it's hard, and if I knew a decent way to dodge it I should n't be a hero about it. Don't imagine it."

For answer to this she simply put her arms about his neck, and drew his lips to hers.

"You are hero enough for me," she said.

XXXIV.

DOROTHY drew back a pace as her father came up to her on the piazza, while Jasper walked away in the other direction. Maurice was smiling, and wiping his brow with one hand; in the other he held his parson's wide-awake.

"It's warm walking," he said. "Who was it who just left you? I thought his back looked like Jasper's."

"It was Mr. Deed," she said, trying to find her voice.

"Ah, well, he will be coming back, then. But I'm sorry you did not keep him."

"He is not coming back," said Dorothy, in

the same still, controlled voice. "I want to ask you something, father," she added, with an effort.

He looked at her inquiringly.

"Well, my dear, what is it?" He turned half about, pursuing Jasper's retreating figure absently. "I'm sorry you did not keep him," he said.

"Listen, father." She laid a hand on his arm, and he looked around at her, surprised by her tone. "Did you borrow a large sum from him—from this Mr. Deed?"

He started.

"He has been telling you that?" cried he.

She went on, intent upon her purpose. "Is it true?"

He bit his lip. "Yes; it's true."

"And did you make Philip take his brother's mine to pay that debt for you, when—when—"

He gazed at her sternly; he seized her wrist.

"What is the matter with you, Dorothy? Are you mad? Don't let one of your impulsive ideas get the better of you. They make you absurd; they are very young."

"Is it true?" she repeated in a dry, estranged voice.

"No," returned he, doggedly; "of course it is n't true."

"But you took the money from him to pay him?"

He released his hold on her wrist, and shuffled his hands into his pockets. He shrugged his shoulders.

She stared at him irresolutely. "Will you answer me, father?" A cold terror crept about her heart. "Did you?"

He forced his vagrant eye to face her. "Excuse me, Dorothy. There are matters which I have always reserved to myself. They are not a part of your province. Please understand that this is one of them."

She put this away with a gesture. "Answer me, please, father," she said coldly. "Did you?"

"Yes; if you must know," he jerked out at last. "But—"

Her face grew very white and rigid. "That is all I want to know," she said. She clutched the work in her hands against her breast, and went quickly past him, and into the hotel.

She rose early the next morning, and taking her breakfast in her room, to avoid meeting her father (it had to come, but she did not feel strong enough for it yet), she walked out in the early morning sunshine to the Garden of the Gods. As she went through the splendid gateway, the two towering masses of rock caught up her thought to the level of their lonely summits; they seemed to swim up there in the air, in the isolation of a serene and im-

memorial past; they made human troubles appear small and fleeting. She walked on, finding a kind of medicine in the sweet, stimulating air and the bright sunshine.

In the first moments of her humiliation she had thought that she must seek refuge from her father somewhere, and Margaret had occurred to her as a resource. Her shame for him and for herself seemed in the beginning a feeling she could never face by his side. Their life together was too close to leave an opening for compromise; if she was to remain with him she knew that it must be as his daughter, with all that the word had meant for her since her mother's death; and she did not see how that could be; it implied a perfect trust and understanding between them which no longer existed. But she had seen immediately that she could not go away from him even for the moment; her permanent feeling of loyalty, which she had never allowed to falter, would not suffer it; if she could find it in her heart to leave him upon one impulse, she saw that she must straightway return to him upon another. The protecting, almost motherly, instinct which had taught her the thousand cares for his happiness that had so long compassed him about would not let her forego her place by his side. Her eyes were opened (even if they were not so widely opened as she supposed), and she seemed to be seeing her father through a new and loathly medium, which distorted all that she had trusted and loved in him; but the love and trust were actually stronger than all newer feelings. She saw this almost at first, and afterward it was borne in upon her: she took strength from the belief to face the prospect of the days lived by his side, which seemed now to stretch in a dismal procession far into an unlovely future.

She had thought of going to Margaret at first, as I have said, but that resort presented difficulties, even if she had been resolved to go somewhere, or to some one. She could not tell her about her father; and if she could, she was not sure that Margaret, with all her fineness of perception in certain directions, would understand.

No, it was not Margaret for whom something in her seemed to cry out. She felt bruised, disheartened, disillusioned; she longed to lean on a different kind of strength. She perceived, in a moment, that she was thinking of Philip; and the moment after faced the fact, with all its consequences, without disquiet. She saw him suddenly as her only refuge, and rejoiced, after a tremulous thought, in seeing him so.

His blundering force—not sharpened to a point, like his brother's, but so sure, large, restful—seemed to her, as her heart went out to him in the exile to which she had condemned him, the most excellent thing in the world. She

wondered where he was; she had said that she would see him; he would have come back with his father to Maverick. But when he found her gone, which way would he turn? The thought came to her that he would fancy she had fled from Maverick, of her own motion, to avoid the consequences of her rash yielding to his father's entreaty. It was suddenly intolerable to her that he should think that, and she thought she would walk on through the Garden of the Gods to Manitou, and send a telegram to Beatrice at Maverick to say where she was; she had promised her that much, and had not kept her promise because her father, for his own reasons, had asked her not to.

The unquestioning obedience which had gone with her unquestioning trust was broken down by her new vision of her father, and the knowledge that he would not wish a thing was not the final hindrance it had seemed yesterday. She quickened her pace, believing for a moment that her strong desire that Philip should not think what she fancied him thinking alone controlled her; but the need for him—the need for his strength, his unconscious manliness, for that open-air quality in him which seemed to annul difficulties and anxieties, for his wholesomeness and genuineness—came over her in an irresistible flood. And when she had recognized this, she did not deny its meaning to herself in any way; she knew that it was he whom she wished; and not for any other reason than for one obvious and sufficient one.

She had imagined, altogether afresh, while she lay awake during the night, the persuading causes which had led him to the act that had separated them, and saw her father in them all. In her passionate wish to exculpate Philip she perhaps implicated her father, in fancy, more deeply than she could have alleged any solid warrant for. But, indeed, in the strenuous swing to the opposite point of view which had been operated within her with the swiftness and certainty of her woman's processes, she now found it as abundantly easy to discover excuses for him as she had before found it abundantly hard. And the knowledge that her father had injured him in injuring her was not the reason it should have been for wishing that she might never have to face him again. On the contrary.

The rattle of a horse's hoofs echoed behind her on the hard road along which she was walking, and she turned and saw Philip coming toward her. He reined in his horse as he came near. Her limbs trembled under her, and she experienced an inconsequent impulse to flight; but she walked on until his voice behind her brought her to a halt, and she forced herself to turn and look toward him. He raised his som-

brero as he drew in his animal by her side, and with the same motion threw himself off, and stood beside her. He put out his hand silently, and she slipped hers into his waiting clasp, shyly and limply at first, and then, as her little hand was swallowed up in the embrace of his big one, and she felt him bending over her inquiringly, anxiously, tenderly, she surrendered it to him wholly, giving back his firm grip with her own quick, warm, vigorous clasp. Then she looked up at him, and read the suffering through which she had caused him to pass in the drawn lines of his strong, browned, honest face.

"Your father told me I should find you here," he said.

"Yes," she answered, dropping her eyes.

"You are not angry with me for coming?"

She glanced up at him again, her eyes filling perilously, helplessly. In that flashing gaze he saw himself forgiven and blessed. He took her in his arms.

"But you must tell me something first," she said, some moments later, when they had settled everything.

"How much I love you?" He shook his head, with a smile. "I can't."

"No, no; this is something serious."

"Ah!" returned he, prolonging the intonation.

"Oh, you know what I mean," she cried, answering the laughing look in his eyes. "This is a different kind of seriousness. I want to ask you something."

"Well?" inquired he, trying to be as sober as the occasion appeared to demand.

"How much did my father have to do with—with what you did?"

It was a dangerous moment. He temporized, as was his habit. "How—your father?" he asked. "I don't understand, Dorothy."

"Oh, yes, you do. I know that he had something to do with it. He has owned that to me. It is shameful; but I must ask you. I can't let you go on, I can't go on myself, not knowing what his actual share was in—in what you did."

"But you have forgiven me. What difference can anything else make?"

"Does it make no difference if he really did what I have been accusing you of—and did it without even the courage to do it for himself? Does it make no difference if he did it, in fact, and chose you—*you*, Philip—to do it for him—that it's his wrong, and that he's let me make you suffer for it? No; if that's true, we have wronged you too deeply. I could n't—"

"Don't say it, Dorothy! You are mad. The wrong, whatever it was, was all mine."

"My father profited by it. You found a large sum for him. I know that. How can I know that he did not instigate it?" she asked desperately.

He did not answer for a moment. He felt himself halted. For a single instant he felt a kind of impatience stealing upon his easy-going nature; but surely he could grant her this last barrier against full and actual surrender, this little withholding of herself from him. She doubtless took it for a sincere objection. The reflection lent him a patience which taught him a defense stronger in its weakness than any other could have been in its strength. "Rubbish, Dorothy!" he said; "rubbish! No one had anything to do with what I did except myself — unless it was some devil in me. Your father was entirely outside of the matter, and the money you are thinking of was paid back to Jasper long ago."

"Oh, was it? I am so glad."

"Well, I was glad to pay it," he rejoined soberly. He heaved a deep sigh of relief as she turned away, and forgave himself for so much of untruth as there was in his statement about her father's complicity as he caught sight of the glad smile on her face, and remembered how hard it would be to say exactly what the truth was about that. He knew that she could not always rest content with this; but for the moment it served, and if it came to another moment he hoped to be strong enough for it.

"He must pay you," she said.

"Who?"

"Papa. It is his debt — doubly his."

"Of course," assented Philip, unflatteringly, turning the sharp corner with the quick command of resource which this conversation was teaching him. "I have his notes; he is to pay me interest on them, and take them up as fast as he has the money." He said this without smiling, though a humorous memory of a long list of such arrangements made by himself on his own behalf mingled in his mind with the absurdity of the idea that Maurice would redeem his obligations. "It is simply transferring a debt from a hard creditor to an easy one," he said.

She wondered if he did not see how this, which looked so innocent in his phrase, had involved her, how the transaction had simply used her, how she had been bandied about in it by her father like a negotiable security. She did not blame Philip for his share in it; she felt sure — too sure — of the absolute generosity of his motives; but she turned scarlet with a new sense of shame for her father.

"And you will let him pay you?"

His candid, good-natured eyes did not quail, as she clung to him, studying his face.

"Let him! I'll sue him, if you like," retorted he, fondly. And it occurred to him that this might not be from every point of view an event without its rewards. The talk which he had had with Maurice before coming on to her had made several things plain to him; none of them increased his fondness for Maurice.

Dorothy had to laugh. "You need n't do that," she said. They turned their faces toward Colorado Springs, and walked on through the rock-strewn park — as empty at this hour as that other park in which they had lately parted so definitely, so finally. They found a number of things to say to each other which it would not be fair to repeat. Philip led his horse with his arm through the bridle, and Dorothy retraced by his side the steps she had lately taken alone.

The shining of the sun had seemed very good to her a few moments before; but it was a dull radiance compared to that which fell upon them as they walked together — walking, as she felt, into a new life, into an unexplored but happy future, into a future made up out of the most airy but the most substantial materials, a future guided and guarded by love.

She told him that she knew she could not guess how she had made him suffer; but if anything could teach her, it would be her own suffering in giving him that pain. It was foolish to talk of that; but how were they to be properly happy if they did not let themselves remember a time when they had n't been?

But they were, in fact, too happy in having found each other again by any means to study very minutely the process by which they had rediscovered that they were necessary to each other. Only Philip must sometimes say, for mere uneasiness in his restoration to her trust:

"You'd better say again that you forgive me. Or perhaps you'd better say you don't. If you say you do, it makes me happy, of course; but that is n't the point. You'd better harden your heart for your own sake."

She merely smiled at him.

"Dorothy," he went on more seriously, "I'm really all that you thought me. Your pardon is heaven to me; one must have known the other thing to know the sweetness of your trust; but I must n't abuse it. I did exactly what you said. I took the 'Little Cipher' from Jasper, knowing it to be his by all the laws that make right right and wrong wrong for men anywhere; and I saw long ago how it was all you said, and more than you said, touching you and me and our love. You'd better take back your forgiveness."

She shook her head. "I can't take back what I never gave. If I were to forgive you, I should have to judge first; and" — with a little lift of her eyes — "I can't judge you, Philip, any more." And then, in a moment, to turn him from this difficult subject, "How did you leave your father?" she asked.

"Ah, it's to him I owe you!" he cried. "He never said it; he merely brought me your message. But I know it well enough. It's from him you've taken a picturesque ver-

sion of the facts which enables you to think well of me. If you had known him, Dorothy, you would have been on your guard; you would have understood that he never sees quite straight; he sees too heartily, too warmly, and too hot-headedly to be a safe witness—especially where he cares. He cares so much—that splendid, downright father of mine!”

“Oh, he’s good! I have been so sorry for him. It was being sorry for him that first helped me to be a little sorry for you, you know.”

“Yes, I know,” he answered vaguely to her roguish smile, rather than to her words (it is difficult to confine one’s replies altogether to the theme of actual discourse in these situations; there are interruptions). He added in a moment, “You could n’t have minded about me for any one else’s sake so safely. It is always safe to do a thing because you like father.”

“Oh, I don’t know for whose sake I sent that message,” she declared ambiguously. She flashed a look at him, and challenged his smile with, “I did n’t say it was for yours.”

“No,” laughed Philip.

“No; I think it was for my own,” she assured herself. “I wanted to make sure that I had been right.”

She joined in his smile. “Well, you’re sure now,” he said.

“Am I? But now you see I don’t know whether I am right to be sure.” They could laugh at anything, and they laughed at this.

“That you were wrong?” queried he. “No; I should n’t like you to be sure of that. You were altogether in the right, Dorothy,” he told her more seriously. “Your only mistake is in pardoning me. Take it back while there is time.”

“I’ll see about it,” rejoined she, with a baffling glance at him which temporarily put an end to the discussion. “But how did you find us? How did you know where we were?” she asked suddenly, as she disengaged herself. This simple question had not occurred to either of them hitherto.

“Why, I did n’t find you exactly; I partly stumbled on you. But the finding, such as it was, is Verner’s. His acquaintance with the whole fraternity of railway conductors was a blessing for once. One of them remembered that you had traveled with him this far. After that I had to hunt you up, or rather your father, and he sent me on.”

“It was n’t fair of the conductor to tell,” she remarked.

“No,” said Philip, with equal seriousness; “that’s what I thought.”

Nonsense like this floated on the current of their mood, and they welcomed it as a defense against more serious things. There was so

much to be said between them that by a common impulse they avoided trying to say any of it, except as they said it in the interchange of silent glances. They seemed to themselves to have plenty of time before them; they best realized their happiness for the moment through a sense of the leisure which allowed them to feel that they could play with it.

Long silences fell between them, and they would walk on, hearing no sound but their own footsteps, and those of the horse following them; and at these times they let the sunshine, the gay, brisk, bright morning, which seemed made for them, and the massive beauty of the park, express their bliss for them in their various voices. But they had to talk, too, and they spoke a good deal, in a fragmentary, unserious way, of their future; they speculated luxuriously about it, they made and unmade plans, they warned each other affectionately that neither must build too much on the virtue and solidity of the other’s character in scheming this life together. But they said they would be constant, and that must be their sure armor against all doubts and differences—the certainty that they were all in all to each other. They owned soberly the differences of character existing between them, but they agreed that it was largely these which had drawn them together, and they promised each other to respect them always, if for no other reason; they said that they should rejoice in them.

Philip told her that he should not even be jealous of her having all the sense in the family; every one had been telling him, since he had been old enough to make mistakes, that what he needed was a “balance-wheel”; he should have one now, and nothing could be more useless than a balance-wheel that kept quiet. He said he should be rid, now, of the left-handed compliment that he had excellent “works,” but no contrivance for keeping them in running order, and making them perform their functions. It appeared that their functions would be brilliant, if the lack were supplied. Now they should see! If they were n’t, it would be her fault.

“Oh, I sha’n’t be strict with you, if that’s what you are hoping for,” she declared; “I’ve had enough of that.”

“But I have n’t. It’s the only thing for me. I shall never be of any use without it. And you must remember I’ve got to earn our living. When you see that, perhaps sternness will come easier to you.”

“I don’t know. Shall I never have a holiday?”

“Well, you’ll have to spend a good deal of your time forgiving me for the daily assortment of folly and recklessness. You might lie off for that.”

"Ah, that's all very well. But, as Mr. Vertner says, 'Where do I come in?'"

"Dear old Vertner!" exclaimed Philip, in the overflow of his liking for the world. "What a first-rate, unprincipled, warm-hearted, loyal good fellow he is! He would n't like your not coming in handsomely. But where don't you come in? I don't see but you've got your work cut out for you."

"My work, yes; but my pleasure—how about that? If I'm to spend all my time correcting your faults, how shall I ever find a moment to enjoy them?"

"Enjoy them?"

"Well, of course I like them. How should I like you if I did n't?"

"Yes," admitted Philip, meditatively; "they do cover most of the territory in sight."

She laid a silencing hand on his lips. "Hush!" she said. "It is I who am all faults. You will find it all you can do to get along with me."

He stopped short in the road along which they were going, and took her in his arms. He looked down into her face for a long moment tenderly.

"I'll risk it," he said.

XXXV.

"WELL, that's over!" exclaimed Vertner, one afternoon a month later, as he opened the door of their house for his wife, and followed her in. "I must say I don't feel like coming back home and settling down to the old humdrum routine after an event like this. Can't we have some champagne?"

"In the middle of the afternoon?"

"No; I suppose not. But I feel the need of some excitement. Perhaps we have reached the climax, though. They looked very happy going away, did n't they?"

Beatrice seated herself provisionally in her wedding finery, stooping first to pick up one of Edward's toys from the floor. They had drifted into the room in which Margaret had borne to see Deed go from her in anger on another wedding-day. The iron pyrites still winked from the what-not; the Navajo blanket continued to do duty as a portière; the rag carpet was on the floor; the stained-glass window, through which the sun was shining at the moment, continued to take itself without seriousness.

"Yes," said Beatrice, smoothing her silk thoughtfully with long, ruminating fingers; "they did look very happy going away. But do you suppose they will be able to keep it up?"

Vertner hovered restlessly about, without sitting down. "What makes you think they won't?" he asked.

"I did n't say they would n't. I was only wondering."

Vertner sighed, and gave an absent touch to the lavender tie of festal effect which he had worn in honor of the occasion.

"It's a large field for speculation—a any marriage," he said. "Perhaps this is a little extra large. But, then, they're both extra nice. I guess it will go."

"You would n't say that—" began Beatrice, doubtfully.

"Yes, I would. There are a lot of things of that kind that I could say; but there are answers to all of them. Yes," he repeated meditatively, after a moment, "all of them. You see they are interested in each other. They won't get tired of each other's conversation right away; and by the time they begin to—well, I should n't wonder if Dorothy were a little older."

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Vertner, as if she had been surprised in a covert thought; "do you think that, too, Ned?"

"I *have* thought it; but only at moments. In the other moments—"

"Well?"

"I've thought that Phil might be something of a trial to a woman at any age."

"I don't believe you think any such thing," declared his wife, promptly. "Why, there's something almost likable even about his faults."

"Yes. Have you noticed that is what every one says? I say it myself, and I stick to it. But has n't it occurred to you that in some situations—like a wife's, for example—a man's faults can't be the perennial joy that they are to an impartial outsider like you, who does n't have to breakfast with them?"

"Oh, I know, Ned. But Philip is so good."

"Ah, now you've hit it! He's a good fellow: that's exactly what he is—the best. And if his need to be a good fellow sometimes makes him a good fellow at some one else's expense, why that's only what you mean by his faults being likable. If he has the sense to avoid being some time or other a good fellow at his wife's expense,—or what she will think her expense: that's the real trouble,—I don't see why she should n't continue to admire him for the manly and charming fellow he is, to the end of the chapter. She starts in with one great advantage: she is acquainted with him."

"And with another," added the practical Beatrice: "that they are not to live with her father."

"Yes; that's almost the pleasantest thing about the marriage—that it sets her free of her father." He seated himself in the chair before the fire, where he sat in the evenings to read the Denver papers; and, after piling on a couple of logs, stretched out his feet cozily to the

crackling blaze. "I don't see any harm in his new field of labor being \$60 or \$70 to the eastward. I should n't be sorry to see the fare raised — if I could always be sure of a pass. I believe you'll see great changes in her: she will be just as nice, but differently nice. Come to think of it, she will *have* to be rather nice to be really worthy of Phil. That little piece of business of his at Piñon just before his father found him, and he went down to Colorado Springs to look her up, is the kind of thing that might help a woman to like him exclusively for his virtues — if she knew about it."

"You mean his selling the 'Pay Ore' to pay Jasper back \$5000 when he found that those Ryan people had opened a paying vein in his own mine? Yes; that was strong in him."

"Strong! Well, if you'd ever opened a true fissure vein that showed all the symptoms of making an income of \$3000 a month for you, for four or five years to come, and had sold your claim to raise ready money, you would think it strong. It's the sort of thing to make any one who ever owned a mine think Phil about right. When I remember that, I have to believe that if they are not happy, it will be her fault. Think of the rascal never having told her about it!"

"Oh, I should n't wonder if she had a good many things to learn."

"About her father, yes. But she'll never learn them from him. And Maurice's being so far away will prevent the question from coming up, I hope, for her sake. Talk about aproposity," — this was one of Vertner's words, — "what do you say to Maurice's finding that position in New York? I always said he had a manner. Now he's found a place where he can use it. To be assistant rector of a fashionable city congregation, where the people demand a certain distinction, and don't haggle too much about the salary they give for it, or the sincerity they get back for it, is a position in which Maurice can't help shining if he tries. A place like that, where too much earnestness would imply a criticism on the congregation, and be in a man's way, would have been a great thing for him if it had come to him younger; he might never have found himself out. And even as it is (if he can keep the place — if this story does n't rise to plague him), imagine his parish visits! He will raise them to the dignity of a career. And how he *will* manage the music!"

"I don't care," said Beatrice, coming over and standing near him by the fire, with her elbow on the mantel; "I'm sorry for him. Did you see him this afternoon, after the service, when Dorothy said good-by to him in the vestry? He really cares for her; I shall always say that for him."

"Oh, don't tell me that he has his good points," retorted Vertner, rising. "I'm his consistent admirer. Have n't I praised him since the first day I saw him? I hope I know what is due to an editor who has had the discretion to relieve me of an inconvenient reputation, and does n't mind leaving his money in the business."

"I wish you'd give up that wretched paper, Ned."

"Why, the Salvation Army people were around yesterday suggesting that very idea. I think I will."

"Yes; I suppose they are afraid of its influence," said Beatrice.

Her husband stared at her for a moment; then he snatched her down upon his knee with a howl of delight.

"Yes; that's it," he agreed. "They are frightened at the way I'm spreading churchly ideas among my two hundred and thirty-four subscribers. They want to buy me off."

"No, but seriously, Ned?"

"Well, they want a paper of their own, under another name, and they see that the 'Kalendar' has the plant and all that ready for them. They heard that I knew when I had had enough, and they made me an offer."

"And you've accepted it?"

"Yes, at a loss of a hundred thousand dollars."

"Absurd!"

"Did n't I expect to make that out of the paper when I started in?"

"I suppose so," admitted Beatrice, with a smile.

"Well, then," challenged her husband. "And that is n't the only thing I've lost, either. I've lost my confidence in human nature. I supposed you could *give* people anything."

"And can't you?"

"Not the 'Kalendar,' with the Rev. George Maurice as editor. Heigho! I was sorry Deed was so cold to him."

"Oh, I think he feels very sore about Mr. Maurice's connection with what Philip did — with that matter of Jasper's mine."

"Don't call it Jasper's mine, please, Trix."

"But what shall I call it? It *is* his mine, is n't it?"

"Well, it's become so — by a fluke; but it is n't ladylike to press the point."

He regarded her with a quizzical smile, and Beatrice burst into a little rejoicing laugh. "You are trying to set me a standard for Dorothy's behavior, I think," she said.

"If she falls below the standard I shall punish you for it. I don't mind letting you know that. Well, I don't care," he declared warmly, after a moment; "it would be mean to take a man back, and forgive him handsomely, and

persuade him that there was a new deal, and then to twit him at appropriate moments about the old hand, in the face of it."

"Of course it would," assented Beatrice, with equal warmth; "but Dorothy is n't like that."

"No," returned Vertner, reflectively; "women are, but probably Dorothy is n't. It's really a kind of generosity that has made her hard with him, when you come to think of it. I should n't wonder if she knew how to be at least as generous in forgiving as in condemning. I guess we can trust her. But it would be a temptation for some women — living next door to the subject of discussion."

"Yes, yes, Ned; but you will see. To Dorothy that mine in sight from her door will be like a sacred pledge — a guarantee, if you can think she needs one. His having done that — his having sold the mine to meet that debt to Jasper, and then having taken the position of superintendent in his own mine under the new owners —"

"Yes; it does rather force her to cast a benevolent eye on the 'Little Cipher' as a part of the view from their cabin window. But it will make it embarrassing for Jasper if he should want to look after the 'Little Cipher' himself when the Ryans' lease is up, won't it?"

"Oh, Jasper!" exclaimed Beatrice, impatiently; "I don't care about Jasper!" She drew off her long white wedding-gloves, and, rising from his knee, began slowly to smooth them out upon the mantel.

"Ah!" exclaimed her husband from the window, "that's the limitation of your sex — your not caring about Jasper. You have to like people to be interested in them. Where's your miscellaneous human interest?" he asked, turning upon her.

"It is n't centered in Jasper," replied Beatrice, with a smile.

"Do you mean to say that the spectacle of that successful young man's first defeat does n't move you?"

"Oh, I enjoyed that on Mr. Deed's account."

"I should hope you did! If I were Deed, and had a friend who did n't enjoy that up to the hilt, I'd disown him. It was sublime."

"It was effective," admitted Beatrice.

"Effective? It was a ten-strike. It bowled Jasper out. And it was the only thing that could have done it. At a casual glance — that is to say, at a fool glance — it looks weak. When you come to your senses you see how weak it was. If I had enough of that sort of weakness, I'd take a contract to twist the earth backward."

"You need n't do that, Ned, to prove that Mr. Deed did the best and bravest thing. I'm ready enough to admit that anything that humiliates Jasper as much as that must have a good deal of some kind of force."

"Ah, yes," cried Vertner, in sober joy; "it did weary him, didn't it? Taken with Dorothy's dismissal, it seems as if it might also save you the trouble of disliking him. My word for it, he is disliking himself."

"And yet he has the ranch back; he is to have it under his sole charge for the rest of the partnership term; he has all that he has claimed."

"Yes, yes," assented Vertner, heartily, with emphatic nods of his small, shrewd, blond head; "that's just the pesky part of it. He was safe against every chance but that; and if it had happened to be anybody but Deed, he would have been safer against that chance than any. But it did happen to be Deed, you see. Jasper had a perfect position. The incalculable has happened, and left him with no position at all. It makes the poor fellow feel foolish."

"But I don't believe that was Mr. Deed's object."

"No; and that's the other pretty and excellent point about it. He has accomplished exactly what he has been after from the beginning, by giving it up and turning his back on it."

"Yes; I suppose he has won, as we should say. But now he does n't seem to care. He seems to have got past that."

"Ah," cried Vertner, as he seated himself in his chair before the fire, and held out his hands contentedly to the blaze, "that is winning. It's a good thing to win. But I should n't wonder if the best thing was not to need to win."

Wolcott Balestier.



TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Word or Two, By Your Leave!

WITH this number THE CENTURY completes a volume, and with November its twenty-fourth year will begin. The aims and accomplishments which give this magazine its individuality are so well known that it is hardly necessary to recall them to our readers. But with the march of the years new readers come forward and take the places of many of the old. To these, as well as to our old friends, we would now address a word or two, in pursuance of an old editorial custom.

THE CENTURY has always shown the courage of its opinions, and in the past year it has taken a firm stand editorially on some of the most exciting questions of our times. Eschewing narrow partizanship of every kind, it compliments its readers by the belief that they will respect the honest expression of opinion on matters touching our national life and national morals, even though these opinions may not be always acceptable.

It has been the avowed purpose of THE CENTURY to foster American literature and art, and to hold up a pure and workmanlike standard in both art and letters. It has kept in close touch with the new movement in both these lines, and has tried not only to minister to the instruction and entertainment of its readers, but to encourage and bring forward all that is best and most inspiring in the various arts—not only in the literary and plastic arts, but in those of architecture, landscape-gardening, etc. In addition to this, it has opened its pages to discussions by competent writers of great religious, educational, economic, and political questions.

One peculiar distinction of THE CENTURY has been the taking up of important matters, such as the Siberian exile system, in a thorough and influential manner; and the publication of important histories and biographies. THE CENTURY never had more numerous features of this kind in preparation than at the present moment. Some of these are announced in connection with the new year of the magazine. Others, upon which much work has been done during years past, are still in preparation, and will be announced later.

We would wish to speak especially of one feature of THE CENTURY's new year which seems to us of great charm and value—namely, Mr. Cole's engravings of Old Dutch Masters. This is a work in which this distinguished artist is very deeply interested, and he himself thinks that he has achieved certain results here not fully attained in his remarkable series of Old Italian Masters. In such engravings as these, made part of a "popular magazine," the world's best art is indeed "popularized" in the best sense; that is, brought promptly and effectively, by means of the most artful and sympathetic translation, into the homes and hearts of great numbers of the people. It should be a satisfaction to remember that it is American wood-engraving, paper-making, and printing which have made this possible.

Do not Miss the World's Fair!

SOME weeks still remain in which those who have not seen the World's Fair may yet enjoy that never-

to-be-renewed privilege. In the general astonishment at the beauty of the housing of the exhibition, perhaps not enough has been said concerning the contents. That these are well worthy the attention of the student of every or any department of human enterprise, goes without the saying,—though in some departments much more than in others the truly instructional method has been observed; as, for instance, in transportation, piano-making, and the archæological and anthropological exhibits under the charge of Professor Putnam. In respect to this last-named feature of the Exposition, while circumstances rendered it impossible to make the ordered display early in the summer, it has finally assumed proportions of the most dignified character; and very properly—considering the occasion—has become doubtless the most thorough exhibition of the history and condition of the native races of America ever brought together. Indeed no great "group" of exhibits at the Fair is more impressive than that of the Columbus caravels,—floating near the delightfully reproduced Convent of Rábida, and near also to the dwellings of the living aborigines, as well as the relics of their ancestors.

It still remains true that the greatest feature of the Exhibition is the architecture and the landscape-gardening,—including in these all their sculptured and painted decorations and adjuncts. In these the deepest pleasure and the deepest instruction are to be found, as well as the largest and longest benefit to the country.

If the visitor can only be a single day at the Fair, or a single night, it is worth any sacrifice to enjoy this alone. And if it were to be a question between the daytime or the illumination at night, we would advise the latter; for surely no eyes now opened on this world are likely ever again to behold any sight so nobly beautiful.

A True Friend of the American Working-man.

IT is with a peculiar sense of personal grief and loss that THE CENTURY pays a tribute of affection and high esteem to the memory of Colonel Richard T. Auchmuty, who died in July last. The crowning work of his life, the establishing and building up of the New York Trade Schools, was one which from the outset enlisted the warm sympathy of this magazine, as expressed by repeated contributions on the subject—one of them from his own pen—which have been published by us from time to time during the past ten years. In fact, we think we can say now without impropriety what his modesty would not have permitted us to say while he lived, that the series of articles which have appeared during the present year in this department of the magazine, on the subject of American boys and American labor, owed their inspiration entirely to him. The facts therein set forth were drawn in large measure from records and documents which he had collected and preserved, and the proof-sheets of the articles were carefully read and revised by him. Almost the last work of his life was the writing of a kind of brief for a

closing article of the series, which he wished to have take the form of an appeal for the establishing of trade schools in various parts of the country.

It would be impossible to exaggerate his devotion to this cause. From the time when he first took it up, soon after closing a career of honorable service in our civil war, down to the final hours of his life, it absorbed all his time and thought, and his zeal in its prosecution became steadily more intense and exalted. He gave his life to the cause, with the deep conviction that he was grappling with an evil that threatened the welfare of the nation, and he fought for it with an indomitable will that was equaled by nothing save his modesty. There was never any public disturbance about what he was doing. He founded his trade schools, taking liberally from his private fortune in doing so, and had them firmly established before the general public knew anything whatever about them. In the course of time, a personal friend, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who had been quietly observing the good work so modestly going forward, endowed the schools with a munificent gift of a half-million dollars, placing them forever beyond the experimental stage, and giving to their noble founder assurance that the work of his life had not been undertaken in vain.

We shall give in the closing article of our labor series such an account of these trade schools that it is not necessary to go into more detailed mention of them at this time. We prefer to dwell now upon Colonel Auchmuty's personal relations to them. These were always those of a fond father for his children. He was never weary of talking of his "lads," as he called the pupils, of showing photographs of his graduates, and of tracing their careers in the world. He was firmly of the opinion that the American people needed only to be informed of the facts about the condition of the American labor field, as we have set them forth, in order to realize both the injustice involved toward our own sons and the grave peril to us as a nation. He was equally convinced that once they had realized these things, the people would see to it that the remedy was supplied.

His patriotism, as pure as it was deep, was at all times inexhaustible and unmistakable. He was, in the fullest and best sense of the term, an American. He was the model citizen, embodying more perfectly than almost any other man of his time what Mr. James Bryce has aptly called the "home side of patriotism," the "sober and quiet sense of what a man owes to the community into which he is born, and which he helps to govern." His heart beat warm and strong for his country, and especially for the youth of his country; to see them growing up in idleness, and thus going directly and surely to crime, gave him as keen a sense of pain as a father would feel over the errors and misdeeds of a worthless son. In the last year or more of his life, when he was suffering unceasing and torturing pain, sitting practically helpless in his home, his mind was always on his beloved schools and their future, and his chief solace in his anguish, expressed over and over again, was that he had been shown before he died that the schools were so well organized and so firmly established that they would continue and would flourish after he had gone.

Surely a life like this, so modest, so gentle, so noble, so full of beneficence for all the people, is a national

legacy of priceless value. In a time, too, much given over to strident patriotism of a demagogic and pernicious character, this record of the unostentatious but powerful and far-reaching work of a simple, generous gentleman comes like a benediction. It ought to be more than this. It ought so to arouse patriotic instincts that in every part of the land American citizens will imitate the example of Mr. Morgan, and make the trade schools of New York the models for a national system of similar institutions.

Substitutes for the Extinct Apprentices System.

WE have endeavored to show in previous articles of this series that American boys are no longer learning useful trades, for reasons which it is not necessary to recapitulate here; that while American boys are growing up in idleness, and are filling our prisons, American trades are controlled by foreigners whose sympathies are not with American institutions and customs, and whose influence upon American society is in the direction of turbulence and even anarchy.

This being the situation,—and we are confident that the evidence we have adduced in support of our contention proves it to be as we have stated it,—the pressing question is, What is the remedy? In this as in all other matters of national concern we shall find our surest and safest guides in the experience of the human race in other countries which have been called upon to solve similar problems.

It should be borne in mind that in this matter we are following in the footsteps of European nations. Prof. John D. Runkle, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who is one of the most zealous and intelligent advocates of industrial education in this country, says in one of his valuable reports on the subject:

There is common testimony to the fact of the decay of the system of apprenticeship, and the causes, with only slight modifications, are the same the world over,—the conflict between labor and capital, the rapid introduction of machinery, and the changed conditions resulting in all the producing and manufacturing industries.

The same authority sustains the view that we have endeavored to establish of the results of the changed labor conditions, by saying:

With the gradual and almost total extinction of apprenticeship, labor has become not only unskilled, and nearly dead to all sense of professional pride and ambition, but too often dishonest, demoralized, and brutal.

As to remedies, Prof. Runkle adds:

The consequences are serious and far-reaching, and thoughtful persons everywhere are beginning to seek a remedy. As the system of apprenticeship was based upon a form of education, we naturally seek the remedy through the same agency.

It is through this agency that all the leading nations of Europe have found their remedy. They have been during the present century constantly increasing their number of technical schools, until at the present time nearly every country in Europe has a comprehensive scheme of industrial education, which ranges from the manual-training instruction of children up through apprentice and artisan schools to the high polytechnic or scientific institutions which take rank with the great

universities. Germany and France at one time outstripped England in this field, but England was quick to take alarm, and her magnificent guild schools in London are now the equal of any in the world. The late Dr. Charles O. Thompson, President of the Rose Polytechnic Institute, at Terre Haute, Indiana, who visited the European technical schools a few years ago and prepared for our National Bureau of Education a circular upon the subject, said of them:

These schools are increasing in number in every European country. In the matter of attempting to provide some substitute for the extinct apprenticeship system, France clearly takes the lead. There are two distinct plans now in vogue: one to introduce manual instruction into the ordinary elementary schools; the other to erect apprenticeship schools, sometimes called superior elementary schools.

In 1873 there was only one school in France in which trade-teaching was combined with elementary instruction, but since 1882 manual and technical training have been included in the compulsory subjects of primary education. Many towns have apprenticeship and professional schools. The best of these are in Paris, that of the Boulevard de la Villette ranking with the finest in the world. No pupil is admitted to it until he is thirteen, and then only on certificate of elementary education. The course of instruction is for three years, half the time being devoted to schooling and half to practical work. The graduates at the age of sixteen rank as skilled workmen, earning wages as large as are paid to workmen who have spent a much longer time in the shops. There are excellent apprentice schools also at Lyons, Rouen, Rheims, Havre, and other towns, and a free national trade school at Châlons, whose graduates command at once nearly full journeymen's wages.

Germany has also a very superior system of technical education, the children of the country passing from the elementary schools to the technical or trade schools, and from there to the Polytechnica, or technical high schools, which rank with the great universities. In addition to these agencies, all the guilds, which are associations of master tradesmen, take apprentices, and are required by law to superintend their training, to give them time and opportunity for thorough instruction, to look out for their moral welfare, and to urge them to attend the technical schools for further instruction. These schools exist in all parts of the empire, some of them giving day and others evening instruction. Under such a system it is not surprising that Germany is able to add so liberally to the world's supply of skilled workmen.

The English race awoke to a realization of the full importance of technical education in 1851, when the

world's fair in London showed them that they were far behind France and Germany in the mechanical arts. They went to work at once laying the foundation for a system of industrial education, with the result of overtaking if not surpassing Germany and France within a few years. The London guild schools are unsurpassed by any others in the world, and technical schools of the first rank are to be found in Glasgow, Birmingham, Leeds, Newcastle, Sheffield, Dundee, Cardiff, Dublin, and other parts of the United Kingdom. Many manufacturers, as in France, have trade schools, established by themselves, in connection with their works, for the instruction of the sons of their employees. Still, so far as the number of technical students is concerned, England is far behind Germany, for her system is not compulsory and exists almost entirely without state aid. Switzerland, Austria, Russia, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Bavaria, in fact all European countries, have systems of industrial education, which in many respects rank with those which we have described. In most of these countries they are numbered by hundreds and thousands, and scarcely a district can be found without one or more of them. In speaking of them as he witnessed their results displayed at the Paris Exposition, Mr. John W. Hoyt, the United States Commissioner, said:

Of schools of this class we have few, if indeed any, in the United States. They have been an incalculable blessing in European countries; and though the character of the people and the condition of the arts are quite different here, it may, nevertheless, be well for the municipal authorities and benevolent persons of large means to consider whether numbers of the children now growing up in ignorance, pauperism, and crime could not, through this double agency of training in the rudiments of education and also in the processes of skilled labor, be both saved from ruin and made useful members of society.

In another part of his report, Mr. Hoyt said:

As a means of improving the social condition of individuals and populations, by affording the means of profitable employment to thousands who would otherwise suffer from want, they [the schools] are hardly less interesting than as potent agencies for the advancement of a multitude of handicrafts, in the perfection of which the whole world is interested.

The nations which have developed these beneficent institutions have acted upon the idea that their children should not only be educated to some useful employment, but that it is of the first importance to a nation to develop to the highest degree the mechanical talent of its inhabitants. How far we as a nation are lagging behind the rest of the civilized world, and in what way we can overtake it, we shall discuss in the next article of this series.



OPEN LETTERS.

State Education of Frenchwomen.

THOUGH the leaders of the French Revolution favored the education of the people, irrespective of sex, the reform was never carried into effect. How little was done in the same direction by the Restoration may be judged from the single fact that a royal ordinance set aside just fifty thousand francs for primary instruction! It is not surprising, therefore, that when Louis Philippe came to the throne more than half of the male and over three quarters of the female working-class of France could not read. It was not till 1833 that Guizot succeeded in establishing state primary schools, and even then only for boys; and not till 1867 that French girls were treated, in this respect, with equal justice. Voltaire's remark is pat here: "*La France arrive tard à tout*," and the truth of Jules Simon's finally dawned on the nation: "Every time a woman is educated, a little school is founded."

To-day elementary instruction is rapidly on the increase among French girls. For instance, the latest report—that for 1887—of the number of women who could sign their marriage certificates shows an advance of 1.7 per cent. in respect to the preceding year; 83 per cent. of them could affix their names. There were 117 more girls' schools in 1889-90 than in 1888-89, and 468 new teachers. In 1889, 97,910 girls applied for primary certificates, as against 100,269 for the following year—an increase of 2359; while 75,079 in the former and 79,313 in the latter year passed the examination and got the certificates—an increase of 4234. Furthermore, the scholarships accorded in 1892 in the superior primary classes show that in France, as is often the case elsewhere, girls stand higher than boys in school work. Thus, 2642 boys and 1476 girls competed: 1104 of the former and 693 of the latter passed; while 643 boys and 436 girls finally won scholarships. A somewhat similar result was reached in the competitive examination for the *agrégation*—a very high and difficult degree to obtain—in living languages. Between 1883 and 1887, 20 women competed and 12 passed, while 108 men competed and 62 passed—the women thus being a little more successful than the men.

But the establishment and growth of state secondary instruction for women is, perhaps, the most notable event in the history of female education in France. Prior to 1878 secondary instruction was very poor and very scarce, and was exclusively in the hands of the Church and private individuals. The state took no part in the work. In 1867 M. Duruy, then minister of public instruction, attempted to supply the want, in part at least, and founded courses of lectures (*cours*). But the Catholic Church vigorously combated the in-

novation, and public opinion did not seem to welcome it; so at the end of the first decade of the experiment, only some half-dozen *cours* appear to have taken root. Even in Paris, notwithstanding its population and the reputation of the professors, there were but 128 pupils at the *cours*. In 1892-93 the number of paying pupils was only 122.

It was not till 1878 that M. Camille Sée, then a deputy and now a member of the *Conseil d'Etat*, secured the passage of a bill which empowered the state to take upon itself the secondary education of girls,—“one of the fundamental creations of the Third Republic,” says M. Berthelot,—and three more years had to elapse before the first girls' *lycée*—that of Montpellier—was actually opened. Up to 1881 not a single girls' *lycée* existed in all France, though boys' *lycées* dated from the days of the First Empire. At present, however, there are about thirty, and, in addition, nearly as many *collèges*, and some sixty *cours*.¹ The *lycées* and *collèges* have about 8000 pupils in charge of about 1000 teachers, 800 of whom are women and 200 men. Such is the brilliant result obtained in twelve years' time. From 1881 to 1887 the average annual increase of pupils in the *lycées* was about 550, the total number being 71 in the first, and 3330 in the last named year. In 1889 the total had risen to 3672, in 1891 to 4963, and in 1892 to 5625. The total for the *lycées*, *collèges*, and *cours*—that is, the whole number of girls receiving state secondary instruction of every kind—was, in 1892, 12,697. The preceding year the total had been 11,645, showing an increase for 1892 of 1052.² The following statistics of the diplomas delivered by the *lycées* show, in another way, the growing popularity of these schools. Thus, in 1883, eight girls were graduated in the five years' course, and 80 in the three years' course. In 1884 the figures were 37 and 153; in 1885, 85 and 253; in 1886, 95 and 336; and in 1887, 129 and 403. The cost of the whole state establishment for girls' secondary instruction was put down in 1887 at nearly three million francs. It has considerably increased since that time.

It is, of course, in Paris that these *lycées* have developed most rapidly. The capital already possesses three of them, and others will probably be established in the near future. It cost 1,650,000 francs to open the first—the Lycée Fénelon,—and 850,000 francs, the second—the Lycée Racine. That they meet a want is proved by the fact that, at the beginning of the school year 1892-93, the Fénelon was so crowded that the adding of an annex was discussed, and in the mean time a series of *cours* was established in the Faubourg Poissonnière. These *cours* were so overcrowded last winter that their erection into a *lycée* is contemplated.

¹ A French *lycée* may be likened to our best high schools. A *collège* is an inferior *lycée*, supported mainly by the department. A *cours* is supported by fees, and is less complete and more independent of the state than the *lycée* or *collège*.

² These statistics for 1891-92 have not yet appeared in any printed report, but are kindly furnished me by M. Elie Rabier, Director of Secondary Instruction at the Department of Public Instruction.

The curriculum of the *lycées* embraces morals, the French language, reading aloud, and at least one living tongue; ancient and modern literature; geography and cosmography; the history of France and an acquaintance with general history; arithmetic, and the elements of geology, chemistry, physics, and natural history; hygiene, domestic economy, sewing, the elements of common law, drawing, music, and gymnastics. This course of study covers five years, and is divided into two parts—the first of three and the second of two years. Diplomas are given at the end of the two years' course, and also for the completion of the full five years of study. If this program of studies be compared with that laid down for the boys' *lycées*, it will be evident that those who drew it up were governed by M. Legouvé's dictum, "*L'égalité dans la différence.*"

One of the objects which M. Sée and his republican colleagues had in view in passing the bill of 1878 was to offset the educational work of the convents, which were, and in fact are still, hostile to the republic. "It is a political law and also a social law," M. Sée said on one occasion. "I see only one inconvenience in this law, if well applied," remarked an English statesman; "it will render republican France too strong in Europe." "We cheerfully accept this prediction," exclaims M. Sée, in a burst of patriotism.

"The results have surpassed our hopes," said M. Sée in 1889. "We studied what other nations¹ had done, and we thereby saw so clearly what we ought to do ourselves, that we have outstripped them." One of these results was the establishment of two admirable normal schools,—the Superior Primary Instruction Normal School at Fontenay-aux-Roses, near Paris, the like of which does not exist in any other country, M. Buisson² informs me, in that its pupils must be teachers before becoming pupils again, and which prepares principals and teachers for the primary normal schools and for the superior primary schools,—and the Superior Normal School of Girls' Secondary Instruction, which was founded in 1881 at Sèvres, also near Paris, and which is another creation of M. Sée, and it is the counterpart of the famous Paris Ecole Normale for men. The opening of these institutions called for an outlay of 2,400,000 francs in the single item of preparing the buildings. Between the years 1881 and 1887, 909 young women applied for admission, of which number 219 were received. In January, 1889, 153 of its graduates were professors in the various state institutions for girls, where they draw salaries ranging, in the *lycées*, from 4500 to 7000 francs per annum, and where they have aided in almost supplanting the male professors, who at first monopolized this field of work.

Progress may be reported also in the domain of higher or university education, as is evidenced by the following table, kindly furnished me by the director of

superior instruction, which gives the number of female students during the past four years in all the state schools of France for higher education:

	1889-90	1890-91	1891-92	1892-93
Law.....	3	2	2	2
Medicine.....	142	104	123	119
Sciences.....	28	23	22	26
Letters.....	111	92	158	173
Pharmacy.....			1	3
Miscellaneous.....	4	8	5	10
Totals.....	288	359	311	333

Much of the honor for this result belongs to Laboulaye, who once told me that when women first began to apply for admission to the Paris Medical School, the matter was referred to him for resolution by the then minister of public instruction. In his report Laboulaye recommended that if women were ready to pass the same examinations as men they be granted the same privileges as men. This rule was accepted, and has been applied ever since pretty generally throughout the whole French state school system.³

Though many students in the above table are foreigners, the number of Frenchwomen pursuing studies in the universities is steadily on the increase, a result due in large measure to the existence of the girls' *lycées*. Thus, in 1892 there were eighteen Frenchwomen in the Paris Medical School alone, and five pursuing scientific studies, while in the course in letters Frenchwomen were in a great majority among the female students, there being 82 French to 15 foreigners. Commenting on these figures, a leading Paris paper⁴ said: "It would seem, therefore, that women have definitely conquered a place in our universities. It is a revolution in our country accomplished pacifically, while women have been knocking in vain for years at the doors of the German universities."

Theodore Stanton.

The Question of Sex in Teachers' Salaries.

MR. M. BABCOCK, Deputy Superintendent of the Department of Public Schools of San Francisco, writes to us as follows: "In the June CENTURY, St. Paul is spoken of as the first city providing for equal pay for women and men teachers doing the same work. For the last nineteen years California has had a law recognizing the same principle. It reads as follows: 'Females employed as teachers in the public schools of this State shall, in all cases, receive the same compensation as is allowed to male teachers for like services, when holding the same grade certificates.'"

Mr. Babcock incloses a printed list of the schedule of salaries paid in the San Francisco school department in accordance with the above provision.

¹ In his report on his own bill, laid before the Chamber of Deputies in 1879, and which fills one hundred pages, the account of female education in the United States comes first, and opens with these words: "No country began earlier nor has done more or better than the American republic." This report, and several other volumes—some of them quite rare—bearing on woman's education in France, and used in the preparation of this letter, have been deposited in the library of Cornell University.

² Director of Primary Instruction at the Department of Public Instruction, and one of the leading authorities in France on pedagogics.

³ One or two recent and rather remarkable examples of the very liberal way in which women are treated in official educational cir-

cles in France may be mentioned here. Last winter a graduate of the Paris Medical School, Dr. Blanche Edwards-Pillet, was made professor at the School for the Training of Male and Female Nurses in the Bicêtre Hospital. A few weeks later, Mlle. Jeanne Chauvin, LL. B., a graduate of the Paris Law School, was appointed to the chair of Domestic Law and Economy in the girls' *lycées* of Paris. Miss Klumpke—an American, by the way—was received by the late Admiral Mouchez as a special student in celestial mathematics, and appointed by him, while director of the Paris Observatory, head of the Bureau of Measurements, which important post she still fills with marked distinction.

⁴ "Le Temps," February 10, 1892.

A Muzhik's Gratitude for the Gifts of Americans to Starving Russians.

MR. JONAS STADLING of Stockholm, author of the articles on the Russian famine in *THE CENTURY* for June and August, forwards the following translation of a letter which a Russian peasant addressed to the editor of the "Selsky Vestnik":

Through your paper I have learned that somewhere beyond the sea there is a country called America, and that there live merciful people who during our great distress gave us a helping hand, sending us large vessels with alms. Although I did not receive anything of the magnificent help from their hand, yet I rejoiced to think of some way of expressing to them my gratitude in remembrance of such an act in our dire distress, which we have had to pass through; and therefore I send three colored eggs for this day, when the whole world rejoices, and the angels in heaven sing, and even we sinful men here on earth sing with our mortal lips: *Christ is arisen!* Thus do also the poor people rejoice who have received this help from the Americans, and break out in exaltation singing to-day: *Christ is arisen!*

Thus far the letter to the editor. Inclosed was the following letter to the Americans, together with three colored eggs, which he asked the editor of "Selsky Vestnik" to forward to America. The letter reads as follows:

Christ is arisen! To the merciful benefactors, the protectors of the poor, the feeders of the starving, the guardians of the orphans,—to-day *Christ is arisen!* North Americans! May the Lord grant you a peaceful and long life and prosperity to your land, and may your fields give abundant harvest,—to-day *Christ is arisen!* Your mercifulness gives us a helping hand. . . . Through your charity you have satisfied the starving. . . . And for your magnificent alms accept from me this humble gift, which I send you, American commissioners, and to the entire America, for your great beneficence, from all the hearts of the poor, filled with feelings of joy. . . .

Yours in joy ever devotedly,

Theophan Lukjano Poluschkine,
Peasant from the government and district
of Samara, the "coldest" of Starodvorjansky,
the village Vodjanay.
March 15, 1893.

The Apprentices System in Switzerland.

It is with great interest that I have read your article, "The Disappearance of the Apprentices System," in the June number of *THE CENTURY*.

In Switzerland, ten years ago, the tradesmen found that there was a general decline of good workmanship, resulting mainly from insufficient apprenticeship. The Society of Swiss Tradesmen has laid down rules as to how long a youth has "to serve his time" at such or such a trade (between 2½ and 5 years), and at the end of apprenticeship he has to pass an examination. In many instances the boy has to pay from 300 to 500 francs, besides finding his lodging and board. Sometimes he gets a little pay the last year of his time.

The tradesmen knew they could not turn back to the old ways of the "guilds," but united in not employing workmen who have not served their regular time. On an average, there is one apprentice allowed to three workmen. With very few exceptions, this system has worked well; we have better workmen, and we are sorry that generally the best leave for your country.

I was glad to find such technical schools as the Pratt Institute of Brooklyn and the Drexel Institute of Philadelphia. May not the further development of these schools help to solve this difficulty, if the tradesmen themselves will not or cannot take it in hand?

H. J. Burger,

Judge for the Graphic Arts from the
Swiss Confederation.

CHICAGO.

"The Century's" American Artists Series.

L. H. CALIGA.

MR. CALIGA is a native of Auburn, Indiana. In 1879, when twenty-two years old, he went to Munich, where he became a pupil of the celebrated Professor Lindenschmitt. He remained under his instruction until 1883, when he returned to Boston, Massachusetts. While in Munich, Mr. Caliga won several Academy medals. Although he is indebted to Munich for his art training, the pictures painted since his return home suggest little of the conventions of the Munich schools, and set forth only its best qualities. They are well drawn and constructed, are reserved and dignified in their brushwork, and show the thoughtful and earnest student.

W. Lewis Fraser.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Quits.

A DIALOGUE FARCE IN TWO SCENES.

I.

SCENE: An artist's studio. Sketches, drawings, paintings, and various properties displayed. An unfinished study upon an easel, before which PICTOR is at work.

PICTOR (*giving a touch or two to the canvas*):
"There! That's not so bad. I've certainly never done anything much better. Strange how easy it is, sometimes. Now, I worked all day at that thing yesterday, and then rubbed it all out. It goes just like rolling off a log, this morning. If I can only keep steadily at it without being interrupted, it will be done this afternoon. But, confound it all! there's sure to be some old bore poking around, and coming in just

when I'm doing the best work I'm capable of. I'll lock the door and lie low." (*Puts down palette and brushes, and rises to go to the door. Just then a knock is heard without.*) "I told you so! Come in!" (*Enter SCRIPTOR.*)

SCRIPTOR: "Thought it was a dun, I'll bet."

PICTOR: "No—not exactly."

SCRIPTOR: "Well, it is n't your washwoman, this time. I thought I'd drop in this morning to see whether you'd starved yet. There's one beauty about you artists, and that is the fact that it's always easy to find you alone. Now at our office there's always a lot of things going on—people coming in and going out—authors with manuscripts, and illustrators with sketches; so that we always seem busy, you know. There's no repose in a publisher's office."

PICTOR: "Not like a studio, eh?"

SCRIPTOR: "Not at all. Oh, I suppose you do work sometimes; but then one would n't know it except for the pictures you manufacture."

PICTOR: "They can't grow, of course."

SCRIPTOR: "That's what I say. But I never find an artist at work. They are 'just through,' or 'just going to begin,' or 'resting a little'—"

PICTOR: "We're a lazy set, you know. All the world knows that."

SCRIPTOR: "You don't mind my smoking a cigarette, do you?"

PICTOR: "Have a cigar—there's a box on the mantel."

SCRIPTOR: "No, thanks. I prefer a cigarette. That is, if you don't mind—"

PICTOR: "Oh, not at all. Light it, by all means."

SCRIPTOR: "All right. Got a match?" (*Laughs, and lights a cigarette.*) "What were you doing?"

PICTOR: "I was working—that is, idling, over that thing on the easel."

SCRIPTOR: "I see. May I ask what is it intended to represent?"

PICTOR: "Oh, it's only a little landscape study."

SCRIPTOR: "Oh, yes. 'Early Morning in the Catskills'—or something like that, I suppose?"

PICTOR: "Yes; something like that."

SCRIPTOR: "It's not done, is it?"

PICTOR: "No. I don't think I'll leave the canvas bare in that corner."

SCRIPTOR: "Come, don't be sarcastic."

PICTOR: "I'm not. I mean it."

SCRIPTOR: "It's very nice." (*Examining it closely.*) "Some of it is first-rate. Really it is. I'm not joking. There are good things in it."

PICTOR: "I'm glad you like it."

SCRIPTOR: "I do really. You're getting on. Why don't you send it to some exhibition?"

PICTOR: "I don't know but I will—that is, if you really think it's good."

SCRIPTOR: "Well, of course I'm no judge of art. I don't set up for a 'connoozer'—as they say in 'Parree.' But I know what I like, old boy, and there are some mighty good things in that."

PICTOR: "It's good of you to say so. It's rarely one can get a candid opinion."

SCRIPTOR: "You really like me to say what I think?"

PICTOR: "I hope I know how to take fair criticism. You know an artist can hardly judge his own work."

SCRIPTOR: "Well, then, if you won't mind my saying so, I think there's one thing you ought to fix up a bit."

PICTOR: "Yes?"

SCRIPTOR: "Yes. There's a tree over there, is n't there?"

PICTOR: "Yes; I meant it for a tree."

SCRIPTOR: "Well, I suppose it's all right. But, do you know, it seems to me too green. Could n't you soften it a little? I don't know how you fix those things, myself—but you know all about it, of course. You could darken it up a bit, or even paint it out."

PICTOR: "Yes; I could."

SCRIPTOR: "Well, don't be offended. Of course I don't know. I only give my opinion for what it's worth. Ah!" (*catching sight of another sketch on the*

wall) "that's better. If you were to make it look like that, it would improve it twenty-five per cent.—really it would!"

PICTOR: "But that is a dry day. This other was painted after a rain-storm."

SCRIPTOR: "Oh, that's it, is it? Well, I would n't have thought of that. But maybe the name would have told that. 'After the Storm,' eh?"

PICTOR: "Well, I had n't quite decided on a name for it."

SCRIPTOR: "No? I suppose it's safer to wait until it's done before naming it. It's a great scheme, old man. Paint a cow, and if it turns out a horse, all you have to do is to change the name. What else have you got that's pretty or new?"

PICTOR: "Oh, I don't know. Look around if you like."

SCRIPTOR: "Well, I will. But go on painting, won't you? I'd like to see how you do it."

PICTOR: "There's no hurry. It can wait."

SCRIPTOR: "No doubt you feel sensitive about working when there is anybody here. You don't like to make mistakes when any one is looking on." (*Goes toward the wall, and examines the sketches, hastily passing from one to another.*) "I'm just the same about shaving. I can't bear to shave when any one is watching me. I often tell Mrs. Scriptor so. She's sure to begin telling me her plans for the day as soon as I have got well covered with lather. Hullo! Here's a mighty fine-looking girl—who's that?"

PICTOR: "It's only a quick sketch. It's meant for Miss Walton."

SCRIPTOR: "You're joking!"

PICTOR: "No. It's not very good; but, not to deceive you, I meant it for her."

SCRIPTOR: "Well, she's a mighty nice girl. I always liked her. She comes of good stock, too. As good as any in the city. She—"

PICTOR: "Don't you know we are engaged?"

SCRIPTOR: "No, I did n't. That is—I'm not certain, now you speak of it. I think I do remember congratulating you,—did n't I?"

PICTOR: "Oh, no doubt. Much obliged, I'm sure. Yes, we have been engaged for over a year."

SCRIPTOR: "I believe artists always paint their lady-loves. What's this thing?"

PICTOR: "That? Sort of an impression. It's only a suggestion, you know—cloud effect."

SCRIPTOR: "Glad you told me. Why don't you artists ever finish these things? What's the use of painting over the heads of the public?"

PICTOR: "You can't very well help it when you paint clouds."

SCRIPTOR: "Ha, ha! not bad. But really, you'd sell a sight more if you'd finish 'em up slick and smooth. I don't say it's high art, of course; but I say that it's business. And business is what goes nowadays, my boy."

PICTOR: "No doubt you are right. Why don't you study art? Maybe you'd make a big thing of it, with your capacity for business!"

SCRIPTOR: "I never thought of it. I don't think I'd care for it much. It's pleasant enough when you're sketching out of doors; but then there's no great scope for a man in art. You just fix up a model, and then toil over it for weeks; and very likely you don't sell it,

after all. But I did n't come up here to talk art; and I would n't have got on the subject, only that you asked me. I came up to see you about a story of mine. Luckily it's right in your line—society, you know, and evening-dress, and all that. And I thought maybe you could knock off a few striking pictures to it, like those Du Maurier things in 'Punch.' Then if the story is a go, why we can 'divvy' on the proceeds. I don't care for pictures, myself. But the women like them, and they're the ones who read the magazine stories, they say. How does it strike you?"

PICTOR: "I would n't mind looking it over."

SCRIPTOR: "All right. Of course you don't know till you have read the manuscript. I've brought it with me. Please take care of it, as it's the only copy I have."

PICTOR: "Oh, I'll take good care of it."

SCRIPTOR: "All right. Here it is." (*Hands manuscript to Pictor.*) "Well, I only came up for a moment. Good-by."

PICTOR: "Good-by." (*Exit SCRIPTOR.*)

PICTOR (*as soon as the door is closed*): "I did n't punch his head! The recording angel ought to put it down in red ink."

II.

SCENE: SCRIPTOR's working-room. He is sitting before a table piled with magazines, manuscripts, papers, and various literary adjuncts. PICTOR enters after knocking. SCRIPTOR rises and shakes hands. He points to a chair, and PICTOR seats himself.

SCRIPTOR: "Well, old man, you are a rusher! I did n't expect you for a week more, at least. You can't have read the story through already."

PICTOR: "Oh, yes. Why not? You know I only need to skim them over."

SCRIPTOR: "I don't quite understand you."

PICTOR: "Why, you know, one learns just what to expect. I had n't read more than a page or two when I saw what you were driving at."

SCRIPTOR: "Oh, say now! This is tough!"

PICTOR: "Tough? How? Don't think I mean to criticize you, Scrip, my boy. I know how it is. You have to dash these things off to please the 'young girl of the period.' They sell—that's all there is to it."

SCRIPTOR: "Then you did n't like it?"

PICTOR: "Like it? Oh, yes. First-rate, first-rate!"

SCRIPTOR: "Well, you have a queer way of putting things, it seems to me."

PICTOR: "How do you mean? You don't mean to say I've hurt your feelings?"

SCRIPTOR (*rising and walking about*): "No, no. Of course not. I like to get an unprejudiced opinion. That's what a writer wants."

PICTOR: "Well, it's not for me to pick flaws in the thing, you know. I s'pose it's all right. It'll probably go somewhere. They print lots of rot nowadays. I've seen plenty worse than this in print."

SCRIPTOR (*savagely*): "You're very kind, I'm sure. What's the matter with it?"

PICTOR: "Why, I did n't say there was anything the matter with it, did I?"

SCRIPTOR: "No, not exactly. You only 'damned it with faint praise.'"

PICTOR: "I did n't think you were so touchy. You

don't consider it as good as some of the things you've written, do you?"

SCRIPTOR: "I don't know."

PICTOR: "Well I do, then. It is n't anything like so good as your story 'Room No. Thirteen.'"

SCRIPTOR: "Oh, hang it all! I hate the name of that piece."

PICTOR: "That's always the way with you writers—you can never judge your own work. Now that story was *new*. The character of the old miser was a daisy! That was the best thing in it."

SCRIPTOR: "No doubt. That was the character Tom Parker wrote up for me."

PICTOR: "Well, I did n't know that."

SCRIPTOR: "But what's wrong with this story?"

PICTOR: "I did n't say anything was wrong with it. But if you want me to criticize it, why did n't you say so? I thought you wanted me to illustrate it."

SCRIPTOR: "So I did; but I like to know what you think, all the same."

PICTOR: "I don't pretend to know anything about literature; but I know what interests me."

SCRIPTOR: "Go ahead, Pictor; tell me what you think of it."

PICTOR: "Well, it strikes me that it is n't in the best of taste to make the girl marry the widower."

SCRIPTOR: "What else could I do with her?"

PICTOR: "Blamed if I know. I don't pretend to write. I only tell you how it seems to me."

SCRIPTOR: "Never mind the plot. What struck you about the writing?"

PICTOR: "It was illegible."

SCRIPTOR: "You know what I mean."

PICTOR: "The literary style, eh? To tell you the truth, I am sick of reading love-stories. One would think that men and women were a lot of moon-sick loons, to judge by the things you fellows write."

SCRIPTOR: "I don't agree with you."

PICTOR: "Very likely not."

SCRIPTOR (*emphatically*): "I think it is the best thing I ever wrote."

PICTOR: "I don't see why."

SCRIPTOR: "I don't like to brag about my own work—but did n't you think the old gardener a pretty good piece of character? It ought to be: I drew him from life. He is Jabez McIntosh—my uncle's man. You've seen him?"

PICTOR: "You mean the old fool who talked all that dialect in your story?"

SCRIPTOR: "Yes."

PICTOR: "Oh, that explains it. I skipped all that."

SCRIPTOR: "What the deuce did you do that for?"

PICTOR (*coolly*): "I never read dialect. I don't like the stuff."

SCRIPTOR (*indignantly*): "How did you mean to illustrate the story without reading it?"

PICTOR: "I skimmed it. Any old fellow will do for the gardener. I can't draw him talking dialect—can I?"

SCRIPTOR: "Of course you can't. I'm not an idiot. I only wanted you to enter into the spirit of the story."

PICTOR: "That's all right. I mean to. But I did n't see much to illustrate in it. I've brought you up some sketches to see how you like them."

SCRIPTOR: "Let's look them over." (*Goes to the*

desk, and Pictor displays rough sketches on wrapping-paper.) "What 's this first one?"

PICTOR: "That 's the shipwreck."

SCRIPTOR: "I can't make head or tail out of it." (*Turns it over and round.*)

PICTOR: "No wonder. You 've got it upside down." (*Turning it.*)

SCRIPTOR: "But I don't see anything."

PICTOR: "Use your imagination a little. It's only a suggestion."

SCRIPTOR: "What 's this — a shark?"

PICTOR: "Heavens, no! That 's the heroine, clinging to a spar."

SCRIPTOR: "But goodness, man! She was only three years old! That is when she was an infant!"

PICTOR: "Are you sure?"

SCRIPTOR: "Sure? Did n't I write it?"

PICTOR: "Can't you change it to fit the picture?"

SCRIPTOR: "I never heard such cheek!"

PICTOR: "Well, then, I don't see anything exciting to illustrate in the story."

SCRIPTOR: "Why, it 's full of good society situations. There 's that scene after the ball."

PICTOR (*sarcastically*): "Yes, outdoors at black midnight. It 's a fine subject!"

SCRIPTOR (*chagrined*): "I 'd forgotten that. Well" (*reflecting*), "what could you do with the grizzly-bear fight?"

PICTOR: "Where am I to get a grizzly bear?"

SCRIPTOR: "What for?"

PICTOR: "To draw. Did you think I was going to evolve one out of a fur rug?"

SCRIPTOR: "How do I know? I did n't think artists had to be written down to. How would you like to have me write up a thrilling intrigue between two lay-figures?"

PICTOR: "You need n't talk nonsense."

SCRIPTOR: "I 'm not. I thought you were a good, all-round illustrator."

PICTOR: "Well, I am."

SCRIPTOR: "Then why can't you get something out of the story?"

PICTOR: "You ought to know. I did n't write it. I like something lively. These sketches of character of yours are all right, I suppose, but there 's nothing to draw in them."

SCRIPTOR: "Then you don't care to illustrate the story?"

PICTOR: "I 'm willing enough, but I don't think it 'll sell for much — to speak candidly. What you ought to do, Scriptor, is to write a good lively ballad — something like 'John Gilpin,' say. There 's life in that, and lots to draw."

SCRIPTOR (*in amazement*): "'John Gilpin!'"

PICTOR (*boldly*): "Yes, it 's a good lively old story, and has lots of stunning situations in it."

SCRIPTOR (*stiffly*): "I guess you don't care for the story."

PICTOR (*coolly*): "No. I can't say that I do. But I 'll sling off a half-dozen sketches for it. I 've no doubt they 'll do well enough for one of the cheap magazines."

SCRIPTOR (*with reserve*): "Really, if you 'll pardon me, I don't think I 'll ask you to illustrate the story. It may not be good for much, and you may judge it correctly; but I can't agree with you. So I 'll trouble you for the manuscript, if you please."

PICTOR (*apparently delighted*): "Oh, very well. And when will you do the 'John Gilpin' racket?"

SCRIPTOR (*losing his temper*): "Do you mean to insult me? Do you think I 'd write doggerel for you to peddle around the city?"

PICTOR: "I 'm not talking of the literary merits of the manuscript. I 'm only looking at it as an illustrator, that 's all. You need n't get huffy over it. If you 'll tell me what you want me to draw, I 'll draw it for you."

SCRIPTOR (*recovering himself*): "I beg your pardon, I 'm sure. You know we 'literary fellers' are apt to be touchy. No doubt your standpoint is different from mine."

PICTOR: "Of course. I meant no offense, I 'm sure. Only I can't see much to draw in the story."

SCRIPTOR: "That 's right. I like your frankness. Perhaps it 's just as well to let it go without pictures."

PICTOR: "No, no. I 'll get you up something. I 'll look her over again. Maybe there are some good things in it."

SCRIPTOR: "All right. But — could you let me have it pretty soon? I think I know where I can place it."

PICTOR: "Why, of course. I 'll bring it up in a day or two. Good-by."

SCRIPTOR: "Good-by." (*Exit PICTOR. As he closes the door, SCRIPTOR comes to the front with a look of despair.*) "I wish I 'd never let him have the story! He has no more appreciation of literature than an Eskimo has of ice-cream. Probably he 's out of temper because I criticized those old daubs of his, the other day. I do hate a man who 's lacking in fineness of feeling!"

Tudor Jenks.

A Song to Her.

(TO S. A. S.)

My songs are all for her
Whose love I fain would win:
Each to her heart, a wanderer,
Goes singing: *Let me in!*

Her eyes my beacons be,
Her lips my rosy guides,
And in her heart a melody
For every word abides.

Be brave, be brave, my song,
Nor falter in the quest:
Love in her heart has waited long
To greet the singing guest.

And be it yours to know
The latch lift on the door;
Once in her heart — Go, lyric, go!
Be hers forevermore!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

